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## ART. I—THE GREAT ANARCHY.

*Stories of the Adventurers in Native Service, in India, during the latter half of the 18th Century.*

*(Continued from No. 217—July 1899.)*

### CHAPTER VIII.

THOMAS now underwent a wholesome change of view and conduct. About 1797 he had established himself at Hánsi. Here, as he told Colonel Francklin, his biographer, was his capital, where he rebuilt the decayed city-walls and strengthened the defences of the Fort. "As it (the town) had been long deserted, at first I found difficulty in providing inhabitants ; but by degrees I selected between five and six thousand persons to whom I allowed every lawful indulgence. I established a mint, and coined my own rupees, which I made current in my army and country :\* as from the commencement of my career at Jhajhar I had resolved to establish an independency, I employed workmen and artificers of all kinds. . . . cast my own artillery, commenced making muskets, matchlocks, and powder ; and in short made the best preparations for carrying on a defensive and offensive war."

This lucid explanation is enough to show that the Irish tar's occasional deviations into a predatory life were no more than a small part of his permanent programme, and we must now consider the whilom free-lance in the position of an independent potentate. For a brief moment he had realised a mighty dream.

His prudence was not always active ; but at this moment it was reconcilable with his ambition. The field in Hindustan being occupied by stronger powers, the Sailor-Raja naturally

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\* The present writer has met with one of these rupees. It is a small thick coin, bearing the title of the Emperor Shah Alam, in Persian, with a capital T. in English character. He also conversed with one of Thomas's native officers at Hansi in 1853, who spoke of the drinking-bouts of his old commander, but otherwise with admiration. Thomas was familiarly called "Sahib Bahadur."

looked in the direction of the Punjab. "I wished," he said afterwards, "to put myself in a capacity of attempting the conquest of the Punjab; and aspired to the honour of planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock." This might have been done then, perhaps, had Thomas been left alone; but there was a young man growing up among the Sikhs whose efforts were to make the task another matter when it came to be done, half a century later.\*

Another mark of superior judgment which our adventurer showed at this period was his care for his men, whom he not only paid well, but encouraged by providing a pension-fund for the benefit of their families. Rs. 40,000 were to be set aside for this purpose yearly; and as long as his powers lasted the pensions were punctually paid. At the same time he strenuously bore down all opposition to his authority, which by the first month of 1799 had been firmly consolidated in the greater part of the Province. He had, indeed, now, a real and respectable power. Besides his older acquisitions to the Southward—of which the revenues sufficed for the maintenance of his army and the connected arsenals, he derived from his new lands the net income of two hundred and fifty estates (formerly rated at about 170,000 pounds sterling, p. a.) which he hoped to raise to their old prosperity. His military force was not, at this time, very large; he had, however, three well-drilled battalions under British, or Indo-British, commanders, with fourteen guns and his *Khas Risala* of Pathan cavalry. With this contingent he presently took the field in a new attack upon the Jaipur State, by the invitation of his old master's nephew—the Marhatta Wital Rao—acting, however, not as a subordinate, but as an independent ally, and stipulating for compensation in specie. After some temporary successes the invaders learned that the Raja was marching against them in person, at the head of 40,000 Rajputs inured to battle. The Marhatta pronounced for an immediate retreat; but Thomas persuaded him to remain; and they took possession of the walled town of Fatephur, on the N.-W. of the State, in the sandy neighbourhood of the great desert. No trees were to be seen save the thorny acacia known in those regions as *Babool*, but of this Thomas found enough, when cut down and shaped, to make an *abattis* in front of the town, by the wall of which his rear was sufficiently protected.

Hardly had he completed his works when the hostile columns began to appear. The adventurer was now in a grave posi-

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\* This, of course, was Runjeet Singh, of the Shukarcharia clan, born at Gujranwala about 1780, and now chieftain by the recent death of his father. (v. "Ranjit Singh," by Sir Lepel Griffin. *Rulers of India*. Oxford 1894.



tion, confronted by an overwhelming force, supported by an ally of proved incompetence, and dependent for deliverance on his own skill and the courage of a comparatively small force of mercenaries. On the third day after their arrival the enemy made a formal commencement of the leaguer, on which Thomas resolved on an offensive defence ; making a sortie against a body of 7,000 Rajputs who had advanced to cut off his water-supply by seizing on the neighbouring wells. Taking two battalions and eight field-pieces escorted by a few troopers, Thomas repulsed the Rajputs ; but next morning was set upon by the main body of their army. His Marhatta allies proved useless ; but the result of his unaided efforts is a lesson to all good soldiers, not, indeed, to despise any enemy, but neither to despair because they are outnumbered.

The foe advanced in three divisions ; one to threaten the camp, a second to occupy the town ; the third to try conclusions with the followers of the audacious white man. This last force might well appear to menace destruction to the isolated invaders ; being composed of no less than ten regular battalions, with the marksmen of the Raja's body-guard, a quantity of cavalry and twenty-two guns. The General-in-Chief led them on against Thomas and his two thousand, who took post on a sand-hill to await the attack while their comrades defended the town. In the end Thomas not only repulsed the attack, but was able to hasten to the aid of the garrison : while that small but well commanded force, observing his approach, came out in rear of the enemy, who were thus placed between two fires. Thrown into confusion and having no good leaders, the vast multitude broke and scattered in flight. Some time was now lost in persuading the Marhatta horse to take up the pursuit, and Thomas admits the loss of two twenty-four pounders which—according to his narrative—remained embedded in the sand. He adds that he lost 300 of his men and a European officer ; and he had ultimately to retire from the invaded territory along with his pusillanimous ally.

This strange account rests on the unsupported evidence of George Thomas ; but, seeing that his narrative is always confirmed by independent testimony in all cases where such is forthcoming, it may be received with some confidence here. Certain it is that he was not hindered in retiring with the bulk of his force, and that neither then nor on any subsequent occasion did the Raja of Jaipur ever venture on attacking him ; while Thomas had sustained so little damage that, before the summer was over, he had made another raid into the western sands, and harried the possessions of the Raja of

Bikanir who had co-operated with his brother of Jaipur during the late campaign. From him Thomas extorted a handsome indemnity and next turned his attention to his former enemies the Cis-Sutlej Sikhs.

While thus employed he received an invitation from Ambaji, one of Sindhia's generals, to join in an expedition against Udaipur. His share in this brief campaign was probably of little importance ; but the period is so far noticeable that it showed the beginnings of unruliness among the troops, and of hostility on the part of General Perron. Against his own men Thomas displayed a resolute firmness ; and, when ordered, in the name of Sindhia, to separate from Ambaji, he replied that he was acting under that General and could take orders from no one else.

At the end of 1799 Thomas was once more back at Hási ; but before the end of the cold weather set off to renew his campaign against the Sikhs of Jhind and Patiala. In this, as he reports, " I had been more successful than I could possibly expect when I took the field with a force of 5,000 men and thirty-six pieces of cannon. I lost, in killed, wounded, and disabled, nearly one-third of my men, but the enemy lost 5,000. I realised nearly two *lakhs* (say £20,000) and was to receive an additional *lakh* for the hostages."

Thomas was now at his zenith ; " Dictator " as he said, " in all the countries south of the Sutlej." Had his prudence and his diplomatic ability equalled his other gifts, he might have altered the history of Hindustan. As often happens, he was his own worst enemy, offending his neighbours by reckless raiding, utterly defying authority, when exercised by a Frenchman, and (occasionally at least) immoderate in the use of intoxicating liquor. That he, about this time, threw away good cards is very plain. At the beginning of the year 1800, the last French danger to the British Government on the Southern side of India had been removed by the fall of " Citizen Tippoo " ; while in Hindustan Daulat Rao Sindhia was looking askance at General Perron, and divided between hatred of the English and fear of Jaswant Rao Holkar, who was adopting a very threatening attitude. In this conjuncture Thomas opened negotiations with Holkar, and with Begum Sombre, at the same time employing the friendly intervention of Capt. E. V. White, with a view to obtain the support of Lord Wellesley in Calcutta.

George, who had left Ireland many years before ninety-eight, was always a loyal British subject. He now proposed to occupy the Punjab and place his conquests at the disposal of the Government. " I have nothing in view," he said, " but the welfare of my country and King. I shall be sorry



to see my conquests fall to the Marhattas ; I wish to give them to my King." Certain necessary conditions being assumed, there was nothing unreasonable in the aspiration. The Sikhs, as has been shown, were not then the formidable opponents they were to become under Runjeet Singh, with a new generation of foreign officers ; and Thomas easily beat them whenever he wished. In the opinion of Major L. F. Smith (a writer to whom we are constantly driven in studying the time) the substitution of Thomas for Perron at the head of Sindhia's Regulars needed little more than a word from Wellesley ; and Smith further assures us that the officers of British birth, of whom he was one, would have rallied round Thomas whatever the French might do. But it would seem that the importance of all this was not known to the Calcutta authorities : or, perhaps, the Peace of Amiens was already dawning on the vision of far-seeing statesmen. Wellesley was in somewhat intimate correspondence with the Prime Minister, and knew that First Consul Bonaparte had reasons for desiring to be on good terms with our nation. About this time the Consul wrote, with this design, his famous letter to George III. ; and, though duly snubbed by the Cabinet of St. James's, he was only waiting for events which ere long opened the way to a Treaty. In these circumstances the Governor-General may well have refrained from interference with French influence in Upper India. The abstinence proved a mistake ; British interference, postponed for a couple of years, found the Marhattas in greater strength and union, the friendly Sailor-Raja of Hariana being no longer there to help.

These matters will fall to be dealt with more appropriately in the account of General Perron. Here we have only to notice their effect on the waning strength of George Thomas. Early in 1801 he nerved himself for a final effort, augmenting his little army and leading the best and largest portion to a fresh foray against the Sikhs, in the course of which he got within four marches of Lahore. Here he received intelligence that Perron had conducted a raid into Hariana—instigated, it is thought, by an appeal for aid from the Punjab. With habitual decision Thomas at once set his face homewards : beating off the Sikh horse who tried to harass his retreat, and rushing his men along at the rate of from 30 to 40 miles a day, he reached Hansi, only to find the birds of prey flown. Perron, discovering that he had made a mistake in attacking Thomas with so small a force, retired rapidly to Delhi ; but he presently returned with reinforcements. In August 1801 the two armies drew near to each other at Bahadurgurh, about 15 miles west of Delhi.

Perron, with or without an honest desire for peace, invited negotiation: and Major L. F. Smith was sent to the Hânsi camp to invite George to discuss preliminaries in a personal interview with the French General. With our knowledge of the warm patriotism of the one and the almost certain ambition of the other, we are prepared for a failure. "Mr. Perron and himself," Thomas afterwards said, "being subjects of two nations then in a state of hostility, it was impossible that they should act in concert. . . . he was moreover convinced that, as a Frenchman, Mr. Perron would always be prepared to misrepresent his actions." He was willing, he added, to take part in the conduct of operations anywhere; but he informed Sindhia that he could act only under an Asiatic General. When at length persuaded to go to Perron's camp, he took an escort of his best men, and went, as he said, "prepared to observe the greatest circumspection in the interview."

A discussion conducted in this spirit was not likely to end well. Perron stated his ultimatum with due plain-speaking;

Thomas was required to surrender the lands of Jhajhar, to enter the service on a fixed monthly salary and to detach immediately four battalions to assist Sindhia against Holkar, who had just driven the army of Sindhia before him and taken his city of Ujain. The spirit of Thomas would not brook these terms, specious as they appeared; he was in friendly communication with Holkar; he suspected Sindhia of treachery; he was determined not to serve under Perron. He accordingly, to use his own language, "without further discussion abruptly broke up the conference and marched away in disgust." He retired to Hansi, while Perron went back to his own head-quarters at Aligurh, leaving the campaign to be conducted by an officer of his own nation, Major Louis Bernard Bourquin. Thomas had thrown a garrison into his fort of Georgegurh commanded by a native officer named Shatab Khan: and Perron was able to put pressure on this person by reason of his being an Aligurh man, the members of whose family were at Perron's disposal. Another diplomatic move was made by inciting the Sikhs to invade the North of the district: Begum Sombre, too, was called upon for a contingent, which she sent; and reinforcements were ordered up from Agra. Surrounded by this ring of fire, our poor adventurer was brought to bay; he sent an earnest appeal to Holkar, and, without waiting for a reply, betook himself to the North, as if to encounter the Sikhs, but in reality hoping to draw off the attention of the invaders from Hansi, where he had his stores and where his family were residing. In this move he was successful; Smith's brother being left with a detachment to



watch Georgegurh, the bulk of the army marched towards Jhind in pursuit of Thomas. That adventurer now doubled back unperceived by the enemy, reached Georgegurh by marching 70 miles in two days, and put Smith to flight with a loss of 700 men, besides arms, baggage and ammunition. This was about the 26th of September; next day Bourquin's cavalry reached Biri, a village near Georgegurh, and at once made a reconnaissance of Thomas' camp. They found it skilfully pitched, with a village on the left, the Fort on the right, and the front defended by a line of sand heaps, probably artificial. The rear was also partly protected by another village.

On the afternoon of the 29th, Bourquin came up, and, without affording the men time to rest, immediately ordered an attack supported by the fire of thirty-five guns. But the shot fell into the sand; the wearied infantry could do little; twenty-five of Bourquin's tumbrils were exploded by shot from the enemy's batteries: then two battalions sallied from the works under an officer named Hopkins, who "delivered a volley as if they had been at a review," and charged Bourquin's left with such vigour that it gave way in complete confusion. Night separated the combatants; in the morning a truce was made and it appeared that out of eight thousand men the assailants had lost one half in killed and wounded, amongst them being four European officers, one of whom was the younger Smith, who was shot dead: Thomas had only lost 700 men, but amongst them was Captain Hopkins, whose leg had been broken by a round shot during the last charge and who died of his hurt a few days later. Hopkins was the son of a British officer who had left him to make his way in the world encumbered with the charge of an unmarried sister: and Thomas in this hour of his own distress found means to send Miss Hopkins Rs. 2,000 for her present necessities with a promise of more should more be required.

But he was himself now almost at his last resources. Shatab Khan, the commandant of the fort, treacherously fired all the fodder; and Thomas, apparently losing his wonted courage, remained inactive for a month, hoping, perhaps, that help might come from Holkar.\* Finally, finding himself deserted, with neither forage for the cattle, nor food for the men, with treachery undermining his resources, and his men deserting daily, Thomas conceived the enterprise of cutting his way through the investing enemies and throwing himself into Hansi there to make a final stand.

Accordingly, at nine o'clock on the evening of the 10th

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\* Skinner thought that Thomas had a long bout of drink and consequent incapacity at this period.

November, accompanied by his two remaining Christian officers, Hearsey and Birch, escorted by his body-guard and mounted on a fine Persian horse, Thomas burst out, drove off a party of the enemy who tried to intercept him, and, making a considerable circuit, reached Hansi next day. It is pleasant to know that the animal who carried his master 120 miles in 24 hours was nobly provided for and long survived in the stable of Sir F. Hamilton Bart, the British resident at Benares. The soldiers left in camp laid down their arms with loud lamentations; and, refusing to serve another leader, departed for their own homes by permission of the victors.

Arrived at his Capital, Thomas prepared for its defence, casting guns and strengthening the fortifications. On the 21st November, the besiegers opened their trenches; and, after some sorties, effected an entry within the walls, though the citadel still held out: Thomas had still his two faithful friends, and about 1,700 men; and with these he continued his resistance: in these operations the leader of the Begum's contingent was killed.\* At daybreak on the 3rd December three strong columns advanced to the assault; and Thomas came out to meet them, clothed in chain armour like a Crusader of old. The enemy, as we are informed by James Skinner, who was among them, lost 1,600 men; and he adds, "We had to come several times to hand-to-hand fighting." Skinner's brother attacked Thomas sword in hand, but could make no impression on his coat-of-mail. The Homeric conflict was renewed next morning, and trenches were traced within two hundred yards of the fort: but all in vain, the cannon buried harmless shot in the earthen ramparts, and the fearless George, roused from his drunkenness, drove off the assailants with the old cheerful daring. Recourse was now had to mining; and Bourquin openly boasted that he was suborning the soldiers of the garrison and was determined to take Thomas alive or dead.

All the gallantry of the Irishman was ultimately to no purpose. He had stood against enormous odds for three months, defying the power that was paramount in Hindustan; and, after such exertions, and inflicting on the enemy a loss of so many thousands of brave men, he was more outmatched than ever. Revenge must be had for this, thought Bourquin, with the ferocity of a low and selfish nature. The desperate defence of an untenable position is an offence against the laws of war; and Bourquin had cause for anger without the generosity of nature which would mitigate such feeling in a

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\* This was Captain Bernier, mentioned above as one of the witnesses of the Begum's marriage with Levassault. Skinner calls him 'Mr. Bunnear.'



better man. He openly boasted to his officers of the terrible example that he would make of Thomas. The conversation occurred at tiffin in the mess-tent; and the English and East Indians present were shocked at the Frenchman's cruelty of purpose. The meal being over and the *molliâ tempora fandi* coming on, these worthy fellows united in respectful but firm remonstrance; to which Bourquin so far yielded as to consent to an attempt being made to get Thomas to yield without delay or further fighting. Despite the loss of his brother, Major Smith undertook the task, and repaired to the Fort under a flag of truce. The forlorn adventurer was open to reason, as his friendly visitor pointed out to him the cruelty of demanding further sacrifices from his followers in pursuing what was so easily seen to be a vain resistance. "Considering," said Thomas, "that I had entirely lost my party, and with it the hope of *at present* subduing the Sikhs and powers in the French interest; that I had no expectation of succour from any quarter . . . in this situation I agreed to evacuate the Fort."

He surrendered on the first day of the year 1802, being allowed to retain his arms, his family, and his private property, consisting of three lakhs of Rupees in specie, shawls, and jewellery. Honourable terms were also given to the garrison. What was to be the next phase was still unsettled when Thomas decided the question by an outbreak which did not admit of any hope of permanent relations. The officers had made him an honorary member of their mess, where he indulged freely in those habits of conviviality for which he was always known. One evening, after the cloth had been removed, the talk turned on politics. The Peace of Amiens was not yet concluded; and Perron was engaging—as we shall see presently—in schemes for opposing the English in Hindustan. "Well!" cried Bourquin, lifting his glass, "here's success to General Perron!" Most of the guests ignored the invitation; but that was not enough for the Irishman, who considered it a deliberate insult. Drawing his sword, he rushed at Bourquin, who had only time to escape from the mess-tent and hide himself in that devoted to the Zenana. Thomas, in his elation, sprang upon the table, where he stood waving his sword and calling on all, with peals of hoarse laughter, to bear witness that he made "the Frenchman run like a jackal."\* Being presently pacified, he allowed himself to be conducted to his quarters. On arriving at the Fort they found a sentry standing at the gate, and were—as a matter of course—challenged with "who goes there?" "Sahib Bahadur," answered Thomas, giving the name he was wont to give to his own men on such

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\* The words are recorded by Skinner, who was present.

occasions. On the sentinel answering that this was not the watch-word, the fallen hero's passion returned. "Not know Sahib Bahadur?" he cried, and cut the poor fellow down. It was necessary to get rid of such a guest, and the next day Thomas, with his family and his goods, was escorted to Sardhana by the still friendly Smith.

Thomas had married a French dependent of the Begum's whose Christian name was Marie; and she had borne him three sons and a daughter. These—mother and children—he left in charge of the Begum, with a lakh of rupees for their support. The Begum—it should be remembered—was deeply indebted to him, for money and for yet more; she accepted the charge and acquitted herself fairly well. An oil painting of one of the sons—John—which used to hang in the palace at Sardhana, is evidence that the subject was a man of some consideration; his dress is handsome, though it is in the Asiatic style. The daughter is believed to have been married at Delhi and to have left issue there; and the grand-daughter of another son, James, was living at Agra a few years back, the wife of a Mr. Martin. A third son was in the service of Runjeet Singh, and rose to the command of a regiment.

Thomas went on to Anoopshahar, whence he was, by order of the British Government, put on board a boat accompanied by Captain Francklin\*—afterwards known as the author of several works of Indian history. As they floated slowly down the river, Thomas dictated to Francklin a quantity of information about the Sikhs and other tribes among or against whom he had been engaged; and—what is perhaps more generally interesting now—gave him an account of his life to which we have been indebted for most of our present record. But the change of life was too much for the adventurer's constitution, tried as it had been; and he died at Berhampore on the 22nd of August, being—as was supposed—in his 46th year.

That George Thomas was the equal of General de Boigne is not to be maintained: the latter having been a military officer of good education, while poor George was but a Tipperary bog-trotter, trained on board a man of war such as is described by Smollett. To have risen in a few years from the fore-castle to be the leader of an army, and the ruler of a State, must needs have demanded no common gifts and exertions; and we may perhaps see in this forgotten loafer more than the germs of a true hero. He was tall and handsome, a master of the Hidustani idiom, and able to read and write Persian; and, what is much more, he was true, generous, and brave;

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\* "Francklin, Capt. G., Military Memoir of G. Thomas, 4to. Calcutta: 1803." There is a similar book on Jas. Skinner by Fraser (London 1851). Both are in the India Office.



and a patriotic subject of that Empire of which his native island was, is, and must be, a most important part.

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## CHAPTER IX.

Although the Begum Sombre was not strictly a "European adventurer," the remainder of her story may be worth a brief notice for the light that it throws on the condition of the part of the country where her fief lay, and on the nature of the steps by which it was gradually delivered from anarchy. By the time of the flying visit paid by Thomas at Sardhana, the Begum's affairs had become finally settled; and she had no more serious troubles to the day of her death, nearly forty years later. The worst of Sombre's followers were dead, dismissed or subdued. M. Saleur was in command; Bernier, his Lieutenant, had been killed, leading the contingent against Hansi, as mentioned in the preceding chapter. Stepson Aloysius had died in 1801, and his tomb is still to be seen in the desecrated Church at Agra; he left a daughter married in due time to a Mr. Dyce, a somewhat dour Scotchman who was bailiff of the landed estates. These were managed on a hard but efficient system under which the tillers of predial land were little better than predial serfs, from whom the management endeavoured to recover the whole of the net produce. Nevertheless, the little Principality, with outlying dependencies beyond the river Jumna, was a real oasis of plenty among the war-worn tracts by which it was surrounded; and the fear of falling from bad to worse kept the peasantry from their natural means of defence—escape to other lands. Contemporary history shows that the dread of losing labourers was, in those evil days, the only check upon rapine and misrule. "The sword rose, the hind fell;" the field turned to forest; and the miserable husbandmen flocked to the Begum's territory as to a land of milk and honey. In 1840, when the Princess was dead, the Revenue Board at Agra sent an officer to make the necessary fiscal arrangements; and this gentleman reported that in those favoured regions the rates of assessment on the cultivation averaged about one-third higher than what prevailed in the adjoining territory under British rule. Now, the British demand of those days professed to be two-thirds of the net rental; what then could have been left to the Begum's tenants? As the British territory had been at peace for more than a generation, the Begum had not latterly enjoyed her old advantages; and an observer of a few years earlier noted that, under her administration, cultivators were compelled to

till the land by the presence of soldiers with fixed bayonets; luckily there were no native newspapers! The first act of the Board, after receiving the report of the settlement-officer, was at once to reduce the total assessment of the province from nearly *seven lakhs* (Rs. 691,388) to a little over *five*. Further, a whole schedule of miscellanies was abolished, including export and import dues, taxes on "animals; wearing apparel, cloth of every description; sugar-cane, spices and all other produce. . . . transfer of lands and houses and sugar-works. . . the latter very high." The result of all this had been that, for the last few years, many of the estates had been deserted and thrown on the hands of the management, who made the best they could out of them by means of hired labour. The population rapidly returned under the new régime (*Reports of Revenue Settlement*, N.-W. P., Vol. I.). \*

Meanwhile our modern Deborah judged her people and increased her store. When, in 1803, Generals Arthur Wellesley and Stevenson marched into the Deccan, Sindhia was assisted by the Begum's contingent under Saleur, and they formed the guard of camp and baggage during the sanguinary struggle of Asai. On the 1st of November Lake overcame the forces of Ambaji at Laswari; and the Begum had to mend her ways. Seated once more in the historic palanquin in which she had already seen and suffered, she was borne into the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, arriving in the evening, just as dinner was over. On the announcement of her arrival Lake rose hastily and went to the door of his tent in time to catch her Highness in the act of descending from the litter. In the excitement of the movement the General gave his visitor a hearty kiss: "See, my friends!" cried the self-possessed lady to her attendants, "how the Padre receives his penitent child." The red coat and face of this jolly father of the Church militant are said to have struck the bystanders with astonishment; but the result was a complete success. The Begum was confirmed in a life-tenure of all her possessions, Lake having plenary political authority from the Calcutta Government; and for the rest of her days she maintained a sort of mediatised rule in her provincial capital. Of her palace and church—still standing—, as of the unhappy offspring of the harsh land-agent and the grand-daughter of Sombre who became the Begum's heir, of all the litigation that followed, this is hardly the place to speak. Our business is with the state of Hindustan before the British occupation; and those who desire an entertaining summary of this later history of Sardhana may be referred to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 280, p.p. 459 f. f.

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\* For a few further particulars regarding Sardhana, see Appendix.



Hitherto we have been dealing with cases of persons more or less known by name; but many of the adventurers, especially towards the end, when they became numerous, have been seldom heard of beyond the circle of their own families and by the few who have had the opportunity of coming across the record of Louis Ferdinand Smith. Of such was a gifted but unfortunate gentleman, Joseph Harvey Bellasis.

Bellasis was an English gentleman who began life as an officer in the Bengal Engineers. About the year 1796—the period of the Mutiny against Sir John Shore—there was great and general discontent among the officers of the Bengal Army; and Bellasis, with others, saw fit to leave the service. Being yet young, he sought for fortune in the employ of one of the quarrelsome “native Powers” who were then contesting the miserable remains of the once mighty Moghul Empire. He had seen instances of men, with advantages inferior to his own, rising to place and wealth in such employment; and he willingly engaged in the army of Daulat Rao Sindhia, under the immediate command of Ambaji Ainglia, often mentioned in these pages. He is reported by Smith to have possessed all the gifts of “undaunted courage, an excellent education, an elegant person, great activity of body and energy of mind; he was generous, open, candid and affable, an accomplished scholar and finished gentleman, of fascinating address.”

How all these talents failed to command success the remainder of the short story will show, though without fully disclosing the reasons of failure. Ambaji was, perhaps, an unfortunate selection in the first introduction of a high-class Englishman entering the native service; being always noted for his opposition to the British interest and for his leanings towards Jaswant Rao Holkar, who was the rival of his master, Sindhia: he was also a man of parsimonious habit, and—apparently—of restless and imprudent nature. At the beginning of their relations he was favourable to the new recruit, whom he commissioned to raise four battalions. These, according to Smith, would have made the finest body of its size in Hindustan, if only Ambaji had provided properly for their equipment and pay. Bellasis felt indignation at his chief's parsimony, which he did not attempt to conceal; apparently his character was deficient in the suppleness which must have been requisite in a foreigner anxious to win his way with an Asiatic master. A little later—about three years before the end of the century—another Mahratta General, Lakwa Dada, was engaging himself in the cause of the “Bais,” widows of the great Mahadaji (whom the new Sindhia was ungratefully plundering and persecuting) and was suddenly dismissed from

the service and driven into active revolt. All Central India was instantly in commotion; the rebel chief occupying several places of strength between Bundelkund and the Gwalior territory, in alliance with the Raja of Dattia, a petty State bordering on Jhansi. Ambaji proceeded to attack the confederates with several brigades of regular troops; that newly raised by Bellasis being one. The latter was presently ordered to capture Lahar, a very strong position about midway between Gwalior and Kalpi; and he performed the service—which was full of risk and difficulty—as well as if he had been leading the best troops in the world rather than a raw levy. But he met with an ungenerous return: the assault of Lahar had severely tried his men; and before they had rested, or even buried their dead, Bellasis was bid to march them off to the storm of another fortress. Then he lost patience, and addressed a strong remonstrance to the Mahratta General; pointing out that his compliance with the order would leave him without the means of providing for the care of his wounded, while there was no urgent necessity such as might demand the sacrifice. The enraged barbarian expelled him from the camp, and confiscated his property. The young officer was now sorely tried: he had lost his position in the British army, and found himself stranded in a foreign land without the means of subsistence. In this extremity Bellasis had to swallow his pride and sue for reinstalment; as he was a useful, however touchy, servant, his prayer was granted; and he was presently employed in a new campaign in the same part of the country. This was a war which Daulat Rao had begun against his own overlord, the Peshwa or president of the Mahratta confederacy. In December, 1799, it fell to the lot of Bellasis to lead another forlorn hope; Perron had now repaired to the scene of war, and found it necessary to assault a place called Saunda, in the Dattia state; Bellasis headed the stormers with his wonted valour, and was shot through the head while mounting the breach. "Thus," writes the chronicler, "fell poor Bellasis; an ornament to society and an honour to his nation. . . whose heart was pure and unsullied and his sentiments noble and refined."

A very different destiny awaited men of far less merit. Two of the later Brigadiers of Sindhia's Regulars were John Hessing and Brownrigg: of the latter we need only note that, like Skinner, Shepherd, Gardner, and Sutherland, he refused to join Perron against the British, and all were ultimately provided with posts or pensions from the Company. The short career of the Hessings—father and son—demands a more detailed notice.

Hessing was a native of the Netherlands who had served



in the army of the first Sindhia ever since it was reorganised in 1789: he is described by Smith as "a good, benevolent man and a brave officer." This guarded estimate accords with the facts of the case. In 1790—about the time of the campaign against Ismail Khan, and when Hessing could not have been many months in the service, he incurred Boigne's displeasure to such a degree that he was obliged to leave his battalion. Sindhia, however, took compassion on him and gave him the command of the Khas Risala—his personal troop or body-guard—on his last visit to Poona in the early part of the year 1792. Hessing, however, does not seem to have remained long there; for, about the time of Sindhia's death, in 1794 he had made over the body-guard to his son and gone to Agra where he was put in charge of the Fort. But, in 1801, when the force had been augmented, the son took part in the important campaign against Holkar the fortunes of which vacillated so remarkably in Malwa. Perron, for some reason, did not take the command on this occasion; perhaps did not like to be far while Thomas was being hunted down. Old Hessing, indeed, never returned to active service, and soon after died in his bed at Agra. So the commonplace Dutchman, who had actually lived, in that stormy time, the life of the fabled Halcyon, died before the evil days came; and while the bones of the brilliant Bellasis lay in an unmarked ditch of Bundelkund, his remains were interred in the finest monument of the whole Cemetery, fashioned in the likeness of the famous Taj Mahal and decorated by a fulsome epitaph as long as a leading article in a newspaper. Such are the ironies of Fate.

The younger Hessing was a man of crude tactics and doubtful military merit. At a great battle under the walls of Ujain, Holkar broke his line with cavalry charges, and killed or wounded—mainly killed—four-fifths of the force. Of the European officers, Captains Graham, Urquhart, and Macpherson, with four subalterns, were all slain in defending the guns; Major Deridon, Captain Duprat, and Lt. Humpherstone were made prisoners; Hessing owed his safety to the speed of his horse. His next appearance was in 1803, after the death of his father; he raised the 5th brigade at Agra; and was in charge of his father's old post, the command of the Fort. When Lake arrived in October, Hessing, Sutherland and five other European officers, were put in arrest by the men, who feared their complicity with the British; but had to ask their intervention a few days later when they perceived the impossibility of making any further defence. By the mediation of these gentlemen terms were obtained from Lake, and they were provided for at the peace which shortly ensued. Of young Hessing no further record is requisite. Sutherland died

some years later, and was buried at Muttra—where his tomb is to be seen still—; Deridon founded a family of farmers, whose present representatives have preserved few signs of their European origin. Brownrigg, a gallant young fellow of approved and exceptional merit, was employed by the British Government, and ere long killed in action, at Sirsa, fighting the lawless Bhatti population, who had been only partially tamed by Thomas.

Just at the end of its existence the trained force underwent some serious trials. The war against the Dattia Raja, in whose country Bellasis lost his life, does not seem to have proved deadly to any other of the adventurers. On the 5th of January, 1800, after Perron had gone to the theatre of operations and assumed the command, a severe action took place, in which the chief command, under Perron, was held by James Shepherd, to whom Ambaji had given the charge of five battalions. The action was undecisive; and it was not until May 3rd that the overthrow of the confederates could be completed. On that day the infantry on their side was led by an Irish officer named William Henry Tone, brother to the well-known Theobald Wolfe Tone, and himself a man of character and acquirements. Poor old Lakwa Dada was at last driven from the field, and shortly after died of disappointment and fatigue, at a sacred shrine where he had taken sanctuary. The Dattia Raja was killed fighting; and Colonel Tone—though he got off on that occasion—met a soldier's death next year, in the employ of Holkar. Col. Shepherd soon after joined the British, and was given service in the Bundelkund Police.

Of others of Holkar's officers a more tragic record than that of Tone remains to be told. Jaswant Rao, though a gallant leader of horse, was a brutal enough barbarian by nature and made himself worse by habitual intemperance; which finally ruined his reason and abridged his days. On the Chevalier du Drenec leaving his service to join his French compatriots in the service of Sindhia, Holkar promoted an Anglo-Indian named Vickers to the command of the vacant brigade; two others being under the charge of two excellent officers, named Harding and Armstrong. On the 25th of October, 1802, after the failure of Thomas—with whom he would have been wiser to have co-operated—Holkar was brought to bay at Indore; Sindhia's army being commanded by Sutherland. The battle was fiercely fought. Mindful of the success of the year before at Ujain, Holkar made a vigorous charge of horse, covered by a general cannonade. The enemy's line was broken, but formed again under protection of a counter-charge by Sindhia's body-guard. While the



fight was thus swaying to and fro, in medieval fashion, among the horsemen, Vickers advanced in line and routed six of Sindhia's battalions; but Captain Dawes opposed his further progress at the head of four of the old regiments, Boigne's veterans, whose backs no enemy had ever seen. Then Holkar brought up his cavalry once more and renewed the carnage. Dawes and two subalterns were slain, the European gunners were cut down in their batteries, where Holker himself got two wounds, and Major Harding was killed at his side. Of the loss in rank-and-file there is no record.

It is sad to follow the fate of the gallant Vickers. After Lake's victories in 1803 Holkar felt that he might well be the next object of attack; and, indeed, he knew that he deserved it. One of his officers had the luck to be absent; but Col. Vickers (with Major Dodd, Major Ryan, and four subalterns) was beheaded by the truculent chief on their boldly telling him that they could not bear arms against the British.

Of the brothers Smith a very few more words will be sufficient. The younger, as we saw, was killed at the beginning of the deplorable campaign of 1801; a campaign that need never have been fought but for the ambition of Perron and the too ardent patriotism of George Thomas. The elder was pensioned after the conquest in 1803-4, and appears to have settled in Calcutta, perhaps on the staff of *The Telegraph*, a paper published in that city; finally bringing out the little volume to which we have been so much indebted.

A few French and other Continental officers remain to be just named. Colonel Duprat commanded the 8th. brigade in 1798, his claim to promotion arising from a nefarious attempt to capture the Bais—widows of Mahadaji—from the camp of Amrit Rao, on the 7th June of the preceding year. Colonel Dugeon, however, was more successful in a later enterprise of the same sort; when Amrit, accepting Sindhia's assurances that molestation should cease, ventured to return to Poona (which he had left in not unnatural alarm). As the son of Raghunath Rao—whom the English called Ragoba—Armit Rao should have known by experience both what Sindhia was and what was the general value of Marhatta faith; yet he trusted; perhaps however he could not help himself. Dugeon watched his opportunity. One morning, on the last day of a great Moslem festival, he and his men came down to the river side at Kirki—opposite to where Amrit was encamped with the ladies—affecting to be interested in the religious solemnities and the movements of the crowd. Suddenly, a screen of his men removing from the bank, the gallant Colonel opened fire on the defenceless ladies' tents from 25 field-pieces; and before the guard could rally from their first natural consterna-

tion, Dugeon was across the river and made the occupants of the tents prisoners.\* In November of the following year the Colonel was put in charge of the palace and person of the blind Emperor at Delhi; Duprat succeeding to his brigade. In 1799 he was, for some unexplained reason, replaced by Sutherland, not usually a favourite with Perron, who—as will be observed more fully hereafter—seldom confided in a man of British blood. Perron soon afterwards removed Sutherland from this command, which he bestowed on Col. Pohlmann, who was either an Alsatian or a German. Of this officer we only know further that he had a command in the Deccan when it was invaded by Stevenson and Arthur Wellesley; and, with the support of another brigade under Col. Duprat, he made that stiff resistance at Asai that cost the future Duke of Wellington a full third of his army; one regiment (the 74th. foot) losing no less than 17 officers, with 400 rank and file and non-commissioned; out of ten staff-officers only two escaped, and the young General's horse was shot dead under him, while his orderly-trooper was killed at his side. What became of Pohlmann eventually is not recorded; most of the French officers appear to have returned to Europe, but Pohlmann and Shepherd appear to have taken service under the East India Company.

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#### CHAPTER X.

The chief interest of the concluding portion of the story arises out of the character and conduct of the officer to whom Daulat Rao made over the command of the Regulars, and the civil charge of the territory assigned for their support, on the departure of Gen. de Boigne.

This, it may be remembered, was that Pierre Cuiller (the ex-mariner) who has been so often mentioned in these pages under his assumed style of "Gen. Perron." Extending, as his career does, over the whole period of the existence of the regular corps in Sindhia's service, it is no less interesting from the picture that it shows of an attempt at civil administration in pre-British Hindustan. His case exhibits an epitome, so to speak, of the extremes of fortune to which an adventurer of those days might be liable, and of the peculiar trials awaiting a man of uncultivated character when at last the luck turned and successes came which he had done little to earn and for the enjoyment of which he had made no preparation. An average man he was, of mediocre abilities, without either exceptional merit or conspicuous failings. When Boigne was leaving India, on that indefinite furlough

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\* See Grant Duff's *History of the Mahrattas*, II. 320.



from which he was never to return, he probably acquiesced in the appointment of his successor, estimating him as "a man of plain sense; no talent, but a brave soldier."

But the General's last advice to Sindhia betrayed anxiety as to Perron's political wisdom and judgment; for he enjoined upon him "never to offend the British; and to discharge his troops sooner than risk a war with that nation."

Like Thomas, the new Commander-in-chief of the Regulars—as has been stated above—was originally a seaman. Coming out with Suffren, he deserted his ship and entered the service as a client of Mr. Sangster, the Scots gun-founder, who procured him a post as Sergeant of infantry; and his further promotion was due to his industry, which—according to Smith—was such that "his pleasures arose from the labours of his profession." A resolute plodder, like this, will always prosper until he comes to be confronted by extraordinary circumstances demanding originality and resource. By great activity and constant attention to duty Perron won his way to the good graces of his superiors; and when old Mahadaji went to Poona in 1792, his time for distinction was at hand.

Sindhia had always been on good terms with Ahalia Bai, the wise and good Lady of Indore, who was faithfully served by Tukaji Holkar as long as she was able to control that rough soldier's zeal. But in 1792 the Bai was breaking, the inroads of devotional austerities anticipating the ravages of years and natural decay. Tukaji now began to assume a freer hand: the absence of Sindhia seemed to give an opportunity: he summoned Ismail Beg to his standard and marched towards Ujain. The readiness of the Beg to fight with any one and in any cause we have already noticed, and thus, on the present summons, he joined the widow of Najaf Kuli in her sand-locked fortress of Kanaund. This was a stronghold walled with clay, a material almost impervious to round-shot; and the nature of the surrounding soil rendered the approach of heavy guns peculiarly difficult: the water-supply, moreover, was deficient; and the shrubs of the surrounding jungle did not afford timber of sufficient scantling to be of use to the works of a besieging army. When Perron was sent against the place, the widow and her champion reckoned upon holding out long enough to allow of Tukaji coming up to the relief. But they were doomed to swift and bitter disappointment. First the Beg tried a sortie, which was driven back with loss. Then the valiant widow-sister of the infamous Pathan Nawab Gholam Kadir—was killed by a shell upon the rampart. Finally, the men lost confidence in themselves and in the Moghul Jonah who had brought the tempest on them, and began to talk of throwing him overboard. Ismail, getting wind of these mutterings,

resolved to be beforehand with his would-be sacrificers, and opened secret negotiations with Perron, who willingly entertained them. The place was surrendered on promise of life to the Beg and his garrison; and the unlucky *sabreur* was removed to the Fort at Agra, where he remained a prisoner until his death, about four years later; living an idle life, on a pension of Rs. 600 per mensem, in the house on the highest and most ventilated part of the place, still known as the house of Dan Sah Jat. He was the greatest cavalry-leader of the day; and had never been beaten until he encountered the Regulars.\*

When Gen. de Boigne returned to Aligurh, after defeating the main body of the invaders at Lahkairi, he received orders to send to Sindhia, at Poona, a force of 10,000 of these trained foot-soldiers, which was accordingly despatched under the command of Col. Perron. And when the General returned to Europe in the beginning of 1796, nothing was more natural than that the man who had held the heights above Kardla against his compatriot, the famous Michel Raymond, should be selected to fill the vacancy. The force at the time comprised only three brigades, and Col. Trimont, who commanded one, died at this very juncture. The choice lay, therefore, between Perron and the remaining brigadier. This was Col. Sutherland, never a favourite: if any question was made it should have been left to be decided by the retiring General de Boigne, who, however, does not appear to have moved in behalf of the French sailor. The results, in any case, were momentous; involving the fate of Sindhia's dynasty and of the British Empire in Hindustan.

When Perron assumed the command the force was far from being so large as it ultimately became, though probably of sufficient strength for all reasonable uses, trained and inured to battle as it was. Each of the three brigades was composed of ten battalions, each battalion consisting of 400 rank-and-file, 94 non-commissioned officers, and with a Major, Captain, and one or two subalterns of European origin. With each were 50 guns, of various calibres for field-service and siege, the Bombardiers being Christians and the gunners natives of India. The Artillery was guarded by 200 disciplined horsemen. Later, Perron added a fourth brigade, similarly constituted; in 1803, when war was imminent, a fifth was raised; at the time of Lake's advance from Cawnpore, the brigades of Begum Sombre and Filose brought the whole strength of the force to a total of close on 60,000. There was also a corps of 500 light horse

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\* But see extracts in the Appendix, from which we may perhaps conclude that the General would have preferred to be succeeded by Col. Sutherland.



attached to each brigade, with a contingent of irregular infantry carrying match-locks fitted with bayonets, a compromise between musketeers and pike-men which was very unlikely to be useful against disciplined troops. The pay of the Christian officers was high; the salary of a Lt.-Colonel, serving north of the Narbada river, was Rs. 2,000 per mensem, besides table-allowance; when sent into the Deccan, an increase of 50 per cent. was made to all. Perron had, in addition to the pay of his rank as General-in-Chief, sufficient profit out of the assigned lands to bring his income up to 60,000 Rupees monthly!

Nothing is recorded as to military affairs for the next twelvemonth. Perron lived at the Sahib-Bagh, the house formerly occupied by his predecessor, midway between the City of Koil and the Fort of Aligurh; while Col. du Drenec, who had come over from Holkar's service to that of Sindhia, and now commanded one of the Brigades, was provided with quarters in a house in cantonments mentioned above as having been afterwards used as the Court-house of the British District-Judge. As to civil administration, the General did as much or as little as he thought good. At Delhi, and within the narrow circle of the sphere now left to the Emperor, his authority was paramount; but his attention was mainly directed to the collection of the revenue, which was done by the help of large bodies of troops kept at hand for the purpose. In the event of recalcitrance on the part of landholders a severe and early example was made, the village of the defaulters being plundered and burned, with bloodshed on occasion. In the department of justice matters were no less summary; there were no rules of procedure, and neither Hindu nor Moslem law was properly administered. The suppression of crime was treated as a negligible quantity; the *Amil*, or District-Officer, sent in his report on any special case and acted according to such orders as Perron chose to send back. As to rating, there was nothing of what has since been known as "Settlement;" the *Amil* took what he could get from the landholder; and the landholder got what he could from the cultivators. No one dared to build a handsome masonry-house, nor to celebrate a showy wedding, or give silver bracelets or bangles to the females of his family; such things would have only served as signals to the chartered spoiler. The well-to-do accumulated what they dared not enjoy, to bury it under ground and often die without having revealed the place of its concealment. Every considerable landholder had a sort of unauthorised custom-house—*Sayar-Chabootra*, as it was called—where goods *in transitu* paid such dues as the rural magnate deemed available. Besides this, they derived an income from shares in the booty taken

from travellers by professional gangs of gypsies and predatory tribes. The obstacles to commerce were completed by disbanded soldiers who roamed the country. What wonder if—as in the days of the ancient Deborah—"the highways were unoccupied, the travellers walked through byways."\*

Perron, as one of our authorities has suggested, thought chiefly of making hay while the sun shone: nevertheless it must be confessed that he was prepared to uphold his position. In 1798, finding a Mahratta rival in possession of the palace at Delhi and the person of the Emperor, he sent a force under his compatriot, Col. Pédron, who sate down before the gates and attempted to effect the reduction by a mixture of bribery and blockade. For the time being he was unsuccessful. When at last the garrison yielded, the charge of the palace and its august inmate was confided to Col. Dugeon, the gallant conqueror of the old ladies at Kirki; but hardly was this accomplished when a Marhatta competitor re-appeared at Agra. Perron marched against him in person and took the town; but the castle held out for two months, and its capture cost him 400 men; the trouble did not end until April 1799. Then followed the campaign against Lakwa Dada and the Dattia Raja of which a brief mention was made in the notice of the ill-starred Bellasis. In all these affairs Perron acquitted himself as an energetic commander; and by the end of the year—like the late Marshall O'Donnell—had not an enemy left, unless he failed to conciliate his brother blue-jacket in Haryana. George Thomas, in an independent position, appeared a harbinger of British power; and British power the Frenchman was determined to oppose. This feeling probably accounts for the obstinacy with which Thomas was pursued, as we have already seen, and finally abolished.

By the beginning of 1802 Perron had attained his zenith: having brought all Hindustan into subjection, and being regarded as Suzerain by every chief Hindu or Moslem—from the Sutlej to the Narbada. His demeanour now underwent a total change. Surrounded by flatterers, he gave all his confidence to Frenchmen, like Louis Bourquin; and actually sent one Descartes as Envoy to France to seek the alliance of First-Consul Bonaparte, then on the eve of breaking the short-lived Peace of Amiens.

Some conception of the enormous resources at this time acquired by the whilom man-of-war's man may be formed by reference to a schedule of his possessions annexed to the

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\* These facts have been gleaned from various sources; such as the letters of an "old Resident of Aligurh" in ancient files of the Delhi Gazette, and the Statistical Report of Messrs. J. R. Hutchinson and J. W. Sherer, Roorkee, 1856.



Treaty made with Sindhia at the termination of the war ; from which we find that he held, personally, in addition to the 27 districts formerly assigned to Gen. de Boigne, seven fiefs (*Jaigirs*) which he had "resumed" from their former owners ; four large estates (*Talukas*) in the Delhi territory ; twelve Districts west of the river Jumna ; the *Soobah* of Saharunpore ; yielding—under the crude management then subsisting—an aggregate of over four millions of Rupees ; say £400,000 per annum. This vast domain was his own absolute property, over and above his official pay and allowances, and the whole patronage of 4 brigades.

Of the manner in which Perron conducted this important part of his administration we obtain a glimpse in the *Memoirs* of James Skinner to which frequent reference has been made in these pages. Of all his Brigadiers only one—Col. Sutherland—appears to have been of British blood, from first to last ; and this although a very considerable portion of the battalion-officers, captains, and subalterns were of that class. His selections, dictated partly by natural feelings, were not the less unhappy in the end. "Every low Frenchman," writes the indignant Smith, "every low Frenchman that he advanced, with outrage to others, repaid his unjust preference with ingratitude." That the partiality was not due to superior prowess on the part of the General's compatriots, is shown by the "singular fact that, though there were as many French and Foreign officers in Sindhia's service as (there were) British subjects, only four French officers were killed during twenty years' service, while fifteen British officers fell in the same space of time."\* Bourquin—the champion against Thomas—is a signal instance of a bad choice. Bourquin's inefficiency in that campaign has already been observed : and it led to his temporary supersession as a brigade-commander ; but his reinstatement was not long retarded, for in the same year he had charge of the 3rd brigade ; and at the beginning of 1803 he was at Delhi, with a second brigade ; and on that occasion displayed another side of his versatile baseness. For, fancying that Perron's influence with Sindhia was on the wane, Bourquin availed himself of the opportunity to enter into a conspiracy for ousting the General and obtaining his place. With this object he plundered Perron's banker of nine lakhs of Rupees ; seduced the men from their allegiance, besieged Col. Drugeon in the palace, and wrote to the native officers of the cavalry at

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\* It must be borne in mind that this testimony though not wilfully dishonest—is from a prejudiced source. Perron may have been injudicious in the disposal of his patronage ; but he was a brave and loyal Frenchman, as will be seen hereafter.

Aligurh offering them large rewards for the arrest or assassination of Gen. Perron.

But we need not anticipate. For the moment we will leave the General in the command of the army and of the country, with the enjoyment of his vast property and of an apparently impregnable position. His vain struggles and rapid collapse will form the subject of a new chapter.

( *To be continued.* )

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## ART. II.—THE TURKISH SIPAHIS AND JANISSARIES.

Etat Militaire Ottoman depuis la Fondation de l'Empire jusqu'à nos jours. Par S. E. Ahmad Javád Páshá. Constantinople.

**F**IVE centuries ago Turkey was the greatest military Power in Europe, indeed in the whole world. The Ottoman Empire occupied, in the south-eastern quarter of the European Continent, a similar position to that which the Russian Empire to-day occupies in the north-eastern, a mighty armed and aggressive power, threatening to overwhelm by the mere weight of numbers the rising civilization of the west. The march of the Turk from conquest to conquest was a swift and sure triumphal progress. From the time his horse-tail standards were first displayed on Asia's plains, barely two centuries had elapsed before the Roman Empire of the east, the Christian Kingdoms of Bulgaria, Bosnia, Servia and Hungary, and the military monarchy of the Mamelukes in Egypt had fallen before his conquering arms ; and his fleets and armies were threatening the coasts of Italy and the frontier fortresses of Poland and Germany ; " the Historie of the Turkes being," as Knolles wrote in the seventeenth century, no less than that of the woefull Ruine of the greater part of the Christian commonwealth." This surprising growth and expansion of the Turkish Empire was, no doubt, chiefly due to its position, as the representative of Militant Islam ; all the scattered fragments of the Arabian Khalifat and the Musalman world which had been shattered by the Mogul invasions, now rallied round the House of Othman and grouped themselves beneath its horse-tail standard. But the rapidity and permanence of the Turkish conquests must be ascribed before all to the excellence of their military system ; no such thorough elaborate military organization has ever been known to exist among any of the nations whom we class under the general designation of Oriental. The Ottoman Turks had a standing army of professional soldiers, permanently organized and strictly disciplined, and paid, clothed and lodged by the State, while all the Christian nations of Europe still relied on general and feudal levies of Militia, on the hire of bands of mercenaries, or on the personal prowess of the military caste of the nobility. The institution of the Janissaries preceded the first commencement of the Standing Army System in Europe by nearly two hundred years. For a brief interval during the immemorial rivalry between the Continents of Europe and Asia, between the conflicting civilizations of the west and the east, the advantage in military science and discipline lay on the side of the Orientals.

In the ancient warfare of Grecians against Persians, of Romans against Parthians, the military systems of Europe proved as superior to those of Asia as they are at the present day. The early conquests of the Arabs were due to religious zeal, courage, and numbers, and not to any superiority of their military system. The Semitic race has always been conspicuously lacking in professional military skill, and the "Junúd" of the armies of the Khalifat were formed rather on a local and territorial than on a military basis. When the services of a permanent military body were required, Semitic rulers always had recourse to alien agency. King David had among his men of war bands of "Cherethim and Pelethim" (Cretans and Philistines?). The Khalifs of Baghdad surrounded their throne with Turkish body-guards. The Sultans of Egypt recruited their corps of Mamluks from Turks and Circassians. And down to the present day the Arab, though a born warrior, makes an indifferent regular soldier.

The Mongolian race, on the contrary, at one time at least in its history, displayed a marked genius for military organization. Enough traces of it exist even at this day in China, to show that the "Banner Armies" must have once formed an effectively organized fighting force. The organization of the Mogul hordes with which Changhiz Khan and his successors overran all Asia and all Eastern Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was planned on true military lines, at once simple and thorough. Every able bodied Tartar was a soldier, was one of a squad of 10 men, the best man of the squad being and Onbáshi, or Decurion. Ten of these squads formed the squadron, which was commanded by the senior of the ten Onbashis, with the title of Yuzbáshi (centurion). Ten squadrons formed the alai, or regiment, commanded by the senior Yuzbáshi as Minbáshi. Ten regiments formed a division, or Tomán, commanded by the Tománbáshi. Ten Tománs formed the Army Corps, or Urdu (*Anglice* Horde), under the Senior Tománbáshi, with the title of Orlok or Marthal. Ten of these Urdus formed the national army under the command of the Khan, who retained the immediate personal Command of one of them. Thus the Khán's orders had only to be repeated through five officers to reach every soldier in the army. It would be difficult to imagine any system more simple and effective for a nation of martial barbarians.

It will be observed also that each commander of a unit is head of one of the smaller units composing it. We shall find this system repeated in the Turkish Janissaries, and also in the first establishments of Standing Armies in Europe, where, for long, General Officers continued to be Colonels of regiments, and Colonels had companies in their own regiments. Any



student of the history of the wars of Chinghiz and of Timúr must see that the Moguls were possessed of military talents of no mean order.

The early army leaders of the Ottoman Turks also displayed great military talents, whether inherited or acquired ; but it is doubtful whether the institution of the Janissaries and the other corps of their Standing Army was an original idea, or whether it was suggested by the counsels of Byzantic or European renegades. The idea was so thoroughly opposed to all oriental traditions and customs that we should be inclined to ascribe it to the latter source. The establishment of a picked Corps of foot-soldiers was a strange innovation in oriental warfare. The Mamelukes were all Cavalry. The Mogul armies were composed mainly of horsemen. The Turks themselves were so averse to serving on foot that the Janissaries were recruited at first exclusively from Christian boys taken captive in Turkish raids. However, the credit of their institution is always ascribed to Alá-ud-dín, brother and vazir of Sultan Orkhán, the second monarch of the House of Othman. The foundation of a Royal Standing Army was first laid by the entertainment of a Corps of paid Cavalry called Ulufagi (soldati) ; and another corps of Ghurabá (Foreigners) formed from adventurers of other tribes and nations who enlisted under the Osmanli banner. The Turkish order of battle was the same as that of the Moguls, in five corps or bodies ; main body, vanguard, rearguard, right wing and left wing. The Ullufagis and Ghurabá were each divided into two alái, or regiments, known by the prefix of Sagh (Right) and Sol (Left), having their permanent stations on the right and left wings of the army. Two other regiments were afterwards raised on the same footing, one of them called the Sipáhis (Troopers), stationed on the right wing, the other the Siláhdars (Gensdarmes), stationed on the left wing.

These six regiments constituted the whole force of the paid or regular Cavalry, and were all known by the general name of Sipáhis, a word which among the Osmánlis signified only a horse soldier, and was never applied to the Infantry. It was used for any Cavalier, but was particularly employed to specify these paid troopers, and was the particular designation of one of the regiments, distinguished as the Sipáhis of the Red Standard.

The colours of the standards which served to distinguish the " Alti Bulúk " or " Six Troops " were as follows :—

Ságh Ulúfaji	...	...	Red and White.
Sol Ulúfdji	...	...	Red and Yellow.
Sagh Ghurabá	...	..	Graen.
Sol Ghurabú	...	...	White.
Sipáhis	...	...	Red.
Siláhdárs	...	...	Yellow.

The regiments were organised in Troops (Bulúk) of from 25 to 30 troopers each, with a Bulúk báshi (Captain) and a Bairakdár (Cornet), with a standard for each troop. The first four regiments, called the Bulúkiyát-i-arbia (Four Troops), were generally kept about the Sultan's person, and were maintained at a strength of about 500 men. The other two regiments were much stronger, and were augmented or reduced by increasing or diminishing the number of their Troops for war or peace establishment. In the old Muster Rolls a regiment has at one time 300 Troops, aggregating 7,000 men; at another time 100 Troops, with 3,000 men.

The two regiments of Ulúfaji were reckoned the senior corps in the whole Ottoman Army, and they always furnished the guard for the Sanjak-i-sharif, or Sacred Standard of the Prophet, when it was taken into the field.

The regimental staff of each regiment was composed as follows: an Aghá (Colonel); a Básh Kiáyá (Major); a Kiáyá Yeri (Adjutant), who signed all orders; a Básh Cháush (Sergeant Major), who performed the duties of a Provost Marshal; and the Básh-Bulúk-báshi (senior Captain), who corresponded to the Rissaldár-Major of our Indian Cavalry regiments.

The Colonels were called by the name of their regiment, as Sipáhi Aghási, Siláhdár Aghási, &c. They ranked among the Agháyán-i-Berún (Masters of the Outer Court) in the official hierarchy of the Báb-i-Humáyún (Sublime Porte).

The whole body of officers of the six regiments went by the generic name of Bulúk Aghálari (Lords of the Troopers).

The Sipáhi regiments were all maintained on what we call in India the Siláhdár system; that is, the Porte paid a lump sum for each trooper, and he found his own horse, forage, arms, and equipment.

It would appear that the sipáhis wore some kind of distinctive dress, from the mention of "the dress of a sipáhi" by Turkish writers. Bishop Newton, writing in the early part of the eighteenth century, says, the Turkish Sipáhis wore "martial apparel of red and yellow," whence he deduces their identity with the horsemen of the Book of Revelation, described as having breast-plates of jacinth and fire and brimstone. Old pictures of sipáhis show them wearing long robes of scarlet or crimson with high cylindrical white or yellow turbans. A picture of Prince Eugene at the siege of Belgrade, painted by the lesser Vandyck, now in the possession of T. Croysdale, Esq., of Hawke House, Sunbury on Thames, shows the sipáhis wearing white turbans and red robes with yellow braid. Uniformity of costume does not seem to have been rigidly enforced in the Ottoman Army,



though it appears they had some early ideas of its utility. One of Amir Timur's Corps Commanders gave each of the 10 Tomans, or Divisions, which formed his corps a distinguishing colour for its standards, horse-furniture, kamarbands and turbans, &c., and we are told that Timur was greatly pleased with the effect when the corps passed before him in review. At the inauguration of the Ottoman standing army system, a fair start seems to have been made towards uniform dress. But the experiment never got any further; and it was on this very question of Uniform that in modern times the Sultans and their soldiers came to a fatal misunderstanding.

History leaves the armament of the sipáhis as undefined as their dress. Knolles says the Turkish horsemen were "much pestered with arms;" carrying lance, scimitar, dagger, battle-axe and bow and arrows. The latter was later on replaced by a pair of pistols and sometimes by a musket. Turkish historians speak of the lances of the sipáhis. The regiments were recruited from the pages of the seraglio (Ichoghláns), who were mostly Christian boys captured in war or levied as tribute from the Rayás: when fully grown, these boys were enrolled as troopers in the sipáhis, if not otherwise provided for. The sons of sipáhis, also could claim, as a right, enlistment in the corps: soldiers of the dismounted corps such as the Janissaries, &c., were also transferred to the sipáhis as a reward for distinguished service; when the members of the corps required further augmentation recourse was had to general enlistment.

The dismounted troops of the paid or regular Army formed 8 separate corps as follows, all organized in companies:—

The Corps of Janissaries (Infantry).

The Corps of Topjis (Artillery).

The Corps of Top Arábajis (Train).

The Corps of Jabajis (Ordnance Storekeepers).

The Corps of Khumpárajis (Bombardiers).

The Corps of Laghúmjis (Sappers and Miners).

The Corps of Sakkus (Watercarriers).

The Corps of Ajam Oghláns (Foreign boys, Recruits), which served as a training depôt for the other 7 corps.

The Turks attributed the first institution of the Janissaries to the Prophet Muhammad, who, they said, after the battle of Beder, converted and enlisted in his army a number of infidel prisoners of war. This, however, was a pure fiction, of a piece with many of the facts related in Turkish histories. The sofa Tazkiras, or enlistment certificates, given by Janissary Captains to novices seeking admission to the corps referred its institution back to the "Kalú Balá" (he said that it was

good), meaning the creation of the world; a vaunt that reminds us of the boast of the old Gardes Françaises and of our own Royal Scots, of descent from the guards of Pontius Pilate.

The first ten companies of Janissaries were raised in the year 1326 A. D. by Sultan Orkhán with 1,000 Christian boys made captives in the raids of the Ottoman armies. The boys were of Greek, Armenian, and Syrian parentage. They were circumcised and instructed in the faith of Islám, given Musalman names, and practised in gymnastics and the use of arms. They were organized in companies of 100, the highest military unit then known in European warfare. The companies were numbered and were also distinguished by a badge. These ten companies or Bulúks retained their numbers, badges, organization, and even their original dress for five centuries: a unique historical instance of the survival of a military organization. The new corps was paraded for the purpose of receiving the blessing of the celebrated Saint Háji Bektásh, who stretched out his arms over the heads of the front rank, and exclaimed "Let them be called Yangichari" (new militia): and from this utterance of the saint they derived their peculiar name, which has now become familiar to all the languages of Europe; while as a reminiscence of his outstretched sleeve as he was in the act of blessing them, their uniform cap of white felt was garnished with a strip hanging down to their shoulders. The Janissaries were commonly spoken of as "Háji Bektásh's soldiery:" and Dervishes of the Bektáshli order were attached to their companies under the name of Hú-kashán, or shouters of Hú (Heú), or Allah hú, by which cry they incited the soldiers of Islám to the battle.

These new soldiers so fully fulfilled the expectations of their masters that the number of Bulúks, or companies, of them was speedily raised to 61. Moreover, the Turkish irregular infantry, or "Azabs," were picked of their best men who were formed into more companies of Janissaries; but to these companies the Arabic name of Jámáat was given, instead of the Turkish Bulúk. And the men of these Jámáats were called Yáyás, a Turkish corruption of the Persian word Piyáda (a foot-soldier). In the same way the Turkish word Kiáya is simply a mispronunciation of the Persian Katkhudá. The number of Jámáats was successively raised to 101, and they were numbered from one upwards like the old Bulúks, and also received badges and in many cases distinguishing titles. Thus the first four companies, which were raised from the baggage-carriers and guards of the Sultan, went by the name of Dawajis, or Shuturbáns (Turkish and Persian respectively



for Camel-drivers), and their Captains, were called Dawaji Báshi. No. 1 Jamáat had a camel for its distinguishing company badge.

Early in the Fifteenth Century Sultan Murad II., being assailed by a powerful coalition of the Christian Princes, formed all his royal hunting establishment of Sagbáns (chasseurs) into 34 companies, or Odas (Chambers), of Janissaries, numbered from 1 to 34. This was the last formation of Janissaries, and the total number of Companies long stood at 196. But in the 17th Century the brutal murder of Sultan Othman, the Second, by the men of the 65th Jamá'at, caused that Company to be broken up, and its number thereafter remained vacant, a solemn curse being pronounced upon it once a week at the distribution of candles in the Janissary barracks. The total number of Companies thereafter stood at 195, namely 61 Bnlúks, 100 Jamá'ats, and 34 Odas of Sagbáns.

The Bulúks and Jamaáts are also indiscriminately called Odas by Turkish writers, from the chambers or wooden barracks in which the Janissaries were lodged in garrison : they are also commonly called Ortas, which seems to be an equivalent term.

The Janissaries not only had free lodging in barracks, but they were fed and clothed by the Sultan. Free rations were the keystone of their organization. Each Company had two soup kettles, which were regarded as its Palladia, with almost superstitious veneration. If the soup kettles were lost, all the officers of the Company without exception must be cashiered. The Captain of the Company was called the Chorbaji (soup-giver): the Adjutant, or Serjeant-Major, was the Ashji-báshi, or chief-cook. The whole corps was called the Ojá, or Hearth : and its officers were spoken of collectively as the Ojá Aghálari, or Lords of the kitchen-range.

The Segirdum Ashji-báshi, or Headquarters chief-cook, was a great man on the staff of the Janissary Agha, and a conspicuous figure at parades and reviews, where he had to be supported on each side by a Janissary to enable him to support the weight of the silver pots and pans, chains and choppers with which his dress and person were adorned as the insignia of his high office.

Each company had six officers ; the Chorbaji is generally called a colonel by European writers, who also commonly give the designation of regiments to the Odas ; and, indeed, in later times the Oda, though retaining its original organization, often bore on its rolls some hundreds, and even in some cases thousands, of names. And the rank and position of the Chorbaji certainly corresponded more to that of a field officer in European armies. He was not required to live in barracks with the men, and was mounted on parade and in the field.

The Oda-báshi occupied more the position of a captain, or company-father, living in barracks with the men, punishing them with his own hand, and supervising all the daily details of duty.

The Bairakdár, or Ensign, carried the Company colour, and acted as a subaltern officer.

The Vakil-i-Kharch kept the pay and equipment accounts of the Company assisted by civilian clerks (yázfjis).

The Ashji-Báshi, or chief cook, gave out the rations to the Company and superintended the kitchen, which was also the guard room and prison of the Company.

The Básh-Karakullukji (Corporal-Major), also called the Básh-Eski (Chief-Ancient), kept the guard and duty rosters of the Company.

To these six officers may be added the Sukká-Báshi (Head Water-carrier), or Sú-Báshi, who was attached to each Company of Janissaries to command the Sakkas, or Bhistis, serving with it.

The 1st and 5th Bulúks each had an extra officer called the Zembilji.

Each Company was divided into squads of 20 men, with an Ashji or Cook as Serjeant, and a Karakullukji as corporal to each squad. These formed one Mess and in the field lived in one tent; having a horse or mule to carry their bell-tent, and the sheepskin rugs which they used for sleeping on. Each tent had the badge of the Company painted upon it.

The corps of Janissaries had a large Head-quarter establishment which was always permanently located at Constantinople after the capture of that Imperial City. Here the Diván, or Military Council, of the corps assembled, composed of six General Officers; the Yangichari Aghási, or Captain General; the Kul Kiáyá (Master of the Slaves), or Lieutenant-General; and four Major-Generals, called respectively the Sagbán-báshi (Head Dog-keeper), the Zagharji-báshi (Head keeper of the Pointers), the Samsúnji-bashi (Head keeper of the Mastiffs) and the Turnáji-bashi (Head Falconer). The Kul-Kiáyá was Chorbaji of the 1st Bulúklis; the Major-Generals were all also Captains of Companies: only the Janissary Agha had no Company; the corps of Janissaries had at first been commanded by the Sigban Báshi; but Sultan Selim the ferocious, the conqueror of Egypt, having quelled a meeting by the execution of the Sagbán-báshi, appointed an officer from his own household troops to be Aghá of the Janissaries, and settled the corps staff upon the footing on which it remained for three centuries more. The Aghá was always appointed directly by the Sultan and was the only officer in the corps who need not have been a Janissary. He ranked with a



Pasha of two horsetails, and had a seat in the Imperial Divan, or Council of Ministers, that he might represent the opinion of the formidable body he commanded. He took the field only when the Sultan commanded the Army in person, until later times, when the Sultans ceased to lead their armies, and he then accompanied the grand Vazir.

The Kul Kiáyá acted as the Aghá's Deputy, and commanded the Janissaries in the field when the Grand Vazir commanded the Army.

The Sagbán-bashi took the Aghá's place at Constantinople when he and the Kul-Kiájá were absent in the field.

The three other Major-Generals commanded the Janissaries in the Army when the latter was commanded by a Seraskier, neither the Sultan nor the Grand Vazir being present. They also superintended the conscriptions of Christian boys.

The Staff Officers at the corps Head-quarters were as follows:—The Mazhar Aghá, Captain of the 25th Bulúk, which furnished the A'ghá's escort and bodyguard. He acted as Aide-de Camp to the Aghá.

The Básh-Cháush, Captain of the 5th Bulúk, to which was attached the Company of Cháushes who acted as provosts and executioners.

The Kiáyá yeri, who performed the duties of Adjutant General and signed all the orders. He was always Captain of the 32nd Bulúk, which furnished the guards and orderlies for the Headquarters office.

The Beitul Málji was the Treasurer of the Corps, and Chorbaji of the 101st Jamá'at.

The OjáK Imám was Captain-General of the Corps and was Chorbaji of the 48th Jamá'at.

The Yangichari Katibi was the Chief Clerk, or Record Keeper. He had under him a number of Yázijis (Scribes) who were employed in his office or detached to act as writers with the Companies.

The Headquarters at Constantinople was called the OjáK (Kitchen Range), or the Aghá Kápúsi, and consisted of a palace for the Aghá's official residence, a hall for the Diván, or Council of the corps, offices, record rooms, and quarters for guards and orderlies.

The promotion of the officers was by selection from the ranks, and then by seniority through all the grades up to Oda-báshi. The promotion to Chorbaji was by selection from all the Oda-báshis, the newly promoted officer being generally posted Captain of a Company of Recruits (Ajami Yáyá-bashi) from which he was transferred as vacancies occurred to be Captain of a Company of Janissaries (Kapie Yáyá-báshi).

The promotion to General Officer was by selection from the Chorbajis.

To ensure a flow of promotion forty Military fiefs were placed at the disposal of the Janissary Agha, to be conferred on General Officers and Chorbajis. The officer accepting one of these received the title of Yáyá Bey and a horsetail standard, and vacated his place in the corps. The position corresponded with that of a colonel with off reckonings in our Indian Army, and the term Yáyá Bey may be translated "Infantry Colonel."

The Chorbajis were promoted indiscriminately into the Bulúks, Jamáats and Odas of Sagbáns; for all the Janissaries, whether Buluklis, Yáyás, or Sagbáns, were exactly on the same footing, and there was no more difference between them than there is between our Fusiliers, Light Infantry, and other British Regiments of foot. The Chorbajis of the Jamá'ats of Yáyás wore yellow boots and were mounted on parade in presence of the Aghá or other General Officers of the corps, while those of the Buluklis and Sagbáns wore red boots, and marched on foot with their Companies in presence of a superior officer.

The Sultan was always enrolled at his accession as a private in the 1st Bulúk, which had a crescent for its badge. On the first quarterly distribution of the pay he attended in person at the barrcks to draw his pay as Private, and when it was handed to him, his Khazánadár added to it a handful of gold coins and distributed it to the men of the Company. This Bulúk was always kept at an extra strength of 500 men, and was permanently quartered at the capital. The 64th Jamá'at, called the Zagharjis, had a full moon for their badge, and were 300 strong.

The 68th Jamá'at were the Turnajis, and had a crane for their badge. They were stationed at Widdin, and had a peace strength of 150 men.

The 71st Jamá'at were the Samsúnjis, and had a Mastiff for their badge and a strength of 200 men. These four Odas were always owned by the General Officers of the Corps.

The 60th, 61st, 62nd and 63rd Jamá'ats were kept at a strength of 200 each, and were always quartered at Constantinople, each of them furnishing 100 men to form a company of Solaks (Sinistrals) as Body Guards for the Sultan. They were so called because those who marched on the off side of the Sultan's horse drew their bows with the left hand. They retained their old equipment as archers, and were picked for their size and strength from among the men of their Jamá'ats. Each company was commanded by a Solak-báshi. Von Hammer, the able and voluminous historian of the Ottoman Empire, reckons the solaks as separate companies, thus making the total number of Odas of Janissaries 199.



But the Solak companies were mere detachments from particular Jamá'ats: they had no flag or soup-kettles, no special badges, though they had a special dress.

The Company Badge, or Nishán, was painted over the barrack doors, on the lanterns, and on all the furniture of the company; it was embroidered on the flag and on the canvas of the tents, and was tattooed on the arm of every soldier. These badges were generally the figures of animals or birds, lions, falcons, &c.; weapons, such as bows, muskets, cannons, &c. or tents, minarets, palm-trees, cypress trees, &c.

The 82nd Jamá'at had the title of Zumbúrukji, and had a cross-bow for its Nishán. The 31st Bulúk was said to have been first raised for service afloat, and had an anchor for its badge: other Odas also have anchors, ships, and war-gallies. The 45th Bulúk was singular in having the motto "Ala Allah Tawakkul" ("our trust is in God"), in lieu of a badge, for its Nishán.

Many of the Odas had official titles by which they were distinguished, as well as by their numbers. Fourteen of the Jamá'ats, including the first four, had the title of Shuturbans. The 14th, 49th, and 66th were entitled Kháseki, or Royal. The 55th Bulúk had the title of Ta'alimkhánaji, or Gymnasts, and the 33rd Sagbáns were called the Avjis, or Marksmen.

When the Janissaries were outlawed in 1826 and were hunted down and killed in every city of the empire, many of the men used a violent chemical preparation to remove the mark of the Nishán tattooed upon their arms, which cost them their lives through blood-poisoning.

The Janissary, when first enrolled, was rated as a "Kúchik," or young soldier: he afterwards became an "Amalmánda," or tried soldier; and finally an "Oturak," or Sedentary. These three classes had different rates of pay, and there were again successive grades in the classes, so that the system much resembled that in our own Indian Native Army to-day. The lowest rate of daily pay of a private was one asper, and the highest 40 aspers (about eight annas). The Oturaks, or Sedentaries, were men who were unfit by age for field service, but were employed on garrison duty: when they became too old for that also, they were made supernumerary to the strength of the company, but continued to live in barracks and to draw pay and rations. When Sultan Murad the Terrible invaded Persia, veteran Janissaries who had served under Sultan Sulimán the Magnificent at the siege of Sigeth were carried in litters at the head of the columns to encourage the troops by their reminiscences of former triumphs. When a Janissary became Oturak, he was allowed to grow his beard; and they were Oturaks who were sent to persuade Charles the Twelfth

to surrender at Bender, and whom he mortally affronted by threatening to shave their beards for them, causing them to cry out "Ah! this head of iron (Demir-básh)! if he will perish, let him perish!"

The Imperialist General Montecuculli, in his treatise on the Art of fighting the Turks, has much to say in praise of their military system, and contrasts the happy lot of the aged Janissary with the miserable fate of the old soldier in the armies of Europe, left to die like a dog in a ditch when worn out with toil and wounds in the service of an ungrateful master.

He also advocates a conscription of boys in European countries, to be trained as soldiers, like the Turkish Ajam Oghtans, as an advantageous method of obtaining recruits. There was no system of conscription in European countries in these days.

The pay of all the troops in continual pay (the Kápi-Kuli, or Imperial Troops) was calculated by the day, but issued only once a quarter. Each quarter's pay had a cant name made up from the initials of the three months for which it was due; as "Masar" for the months Muharram, Safar and Rabi-ul-awwal; and Rajaj, Rashan, and Lazaz for the other quarters.

Muster-rolls and pay abstracts were carefully prepared and checked beforehand; facsimiles and translations of the pay-rolls are given in Ahmad Tavád Pasha's book. The accounts are in the Raqam character which is still used in financial and commercial transactions by the Musalmans in India, but is now quite obsolete in Turkey.

The quarterly pay was drawn from the Imperial and Provincial Treasuries, much as the monthly pay of the troops is drawn in India, and was carried to the barracks for distribution to the companies. A debtor and creditor account was kept with each man in the company, many articles of equipment and also extra messing being debited to the account. A cash chest was kept in each company, and the amount of the estates of deceased Janissaries went into the company's funds.

When a new Sultan ascended the throne, he secured the support of the Kápi-Kuli by a Julús Bakhshish, or Accession gratuity. As in most Musulman States, the succession was generally disputed; and the claimant who could obtain the support of the regular army was sure to gain the day. The soldiery naturally put a high price on their services, and the treasury was emptied to satisfy their rapacity. This was one among other causes of the disorganization of Turkish finance which led to the payment of the troops falling into arrears. This again caused mutinies and revolutions, to appease which



the Porte, having no money to pay the troops their due, granted them assignments on the customs and land revenue, and trade monopolies. In later days, in many of the principal cities of Turkey, the customs were entirely managed by the Janissaries, and some of the companies thus became wealthy trading corporations.

The General Officers of the Janissaries received, in addition to their pay, handsome sums as Arpalik, or forage allowance, to enable them to keep up a brave show. Many of them became Pashas and Vazirs: it was no uncommon thing in Turkey for a slave and a private soldier to rise to the highest positions in the State. Abdi Agha, who was Kul-Kiáyá of the Janissaries at the memorable seige of Candia, afterwards became Vazir and Viceroy of Hungary, and bravely defended Buda against the Germans, dying sword in hand to gain the breach in the final and fatal assault, like a true Turk of the old school.

The Janissaries were governed by a written code of martial law; not so voluminous as those of modern times, however, for it contained only 14 articles, and they were very briefly expressed. Discipline was strictly maintained for a long time, and only gradually decayed with the general decay of the institutions of the Empire. Any officer could sentence a soldier to confinement to barracks for a specified period, the Chorbaji or the Oda-báshi alone had the power to order corporal punishment to the extent of 39 blows with a stick, which were inflicted by the Oda-báshi himself. A General Officer could order 79 lashes, which were inflicted by the Cháushes with a whip. The Janissary Agha, or the Diván of the corps, could give imprisonment for life or for long periods in the Castle of the Seven Towers, or could dismiss a Janissary from the service, or could sentence him to death by strangling or decapitation, the sentence being confirmed by the Kázi-Askar, or Military Judge.

The execution was always carried out privately in the castle, and a gun was fired to announce the event to the outside world.

When a Janissary was sentenced to dismissal for flagrant misconduct, he was publicly expelled from the corps, the strip of facing-cloth on the collar of his coat being ripped off in presence of the company.

The officers and Kasákullukchis were held to be justified in striking, knocking down, or even killing, any soldier who openly refused to obey their lawful commands. The reduction of the number of blows and lashes to 39 and 79 rings strongly of the semitic hypocrisy which has so largely leavened the institutions of all the Oriental Nations which have adopted the religion of the Arabian prophet; and expressed itself in the "forty stripes save one" of the Jewish Penal Code.

The Janissaries were at first recruited from captive Christian boys swept up in the annual campaigns of the Turkish Armies, which were slave-raids on a gigantic scale. Later on, their ranks were replenished by an organized conscription of boys from among the Christian subject of the Sultan. Every five years the Janissary Major-Generals went into the provinces, each having a circle allotted to him, and organized press-gangs to traverse the districts and collect all the finest and strongest boys between the ages of ten and fifteen, till the required number was made up. The boys were marched to Constantinople, Adrianople, and Broussa, where the handsomest and most intelligent were selected to serve in the Imperial Sarái, either as Pages (Ichoghlans), or as recruits for the Baltajis or other corps of the Sultan's Palace Guards. The rest were formed into companies of Ajam Oghláns (foreign boys), commanded by Janissary Officers, and underwent circumcision, instruction in the religion of Islam, and military training. Their novitiate lasted, as a general rule, seven years, and they were then drafted into the active army. The Bostanjis, or Sultan's Park Rangers, got the first pick of them; the Topjis, or Artillery Corps, had the next choice; the residue went to the Jebejis and the Janissaries.

The Bulúklis were at first condemned to life-long celibacy; but it is doubtful if this rule was ever enforced on the Yáyás, and Sagbáns, who were originally Mussalmans. A regulation so repugnant to Moslem custom and tradition could not be expected to last long. When a Janissary married, he was allowed to live out of barracks, resigning his rations to his comrades. These married men generally became shop-keepers or artisans in their garrison town, only coming to the barracks for muster and pay.

These men soon claimed to have their children enrolled as Janissaries, and this was sanctioned. The orphan children of deceased Janissaries were enrolled as Fazlakhwárán (crumb-eaters) and maintained on the surplus rations of the Company. Soldiers of the irregular infantry corps of Azabs, Levends &c, were sometimes transferred to the Janissaries as a reward for distinguished or meritorious services; and, finally, the general enlistment of any Musalmans was authorised.

The last levy of Christian boys was made towards the close of the seventeenth century; the cause of the suspension of a system that had worked so well, and was such a source of strength to the ruling Musalman race, does not seem clear.

Probably the Turks by blood who already formed the majority of the Kápi-Kuli, disliked the introduction of the foreign renegade element into the ranks: or the victories of the Christian Powers, and the loss of Ottoman territory at the Peace of



Carlowitz, which entirely altered the relative positions of Islam and Christendom, may have deterred the Turks from further provoking the resentment of the Ráyás, who from that time forward no longer looked on the Turk as a master who must be propitiated, but as a usurper who might be dethroned. From whatever cause, the levy of tribute children ceased entirely just when one might have imagined that it would be most needed, when the Turkish armies were decimated by a long and disastrous war.

But the innovation that gave the *coup de grâce* to the military value of the Janissaries was the institution of the Yangi-chari Yamáki, or Reserve Janissaries. Sultan Murad the Third, finding the numbers of the corps grievously thinned by a long, tedious, and indecisive war with the Germans on the frontiers of Hungary, permitted Turks to enlist as Reserve Janissaries, who should be available for service in time of war, but should only draw pay and rations when actually employed with the soup-kettles, returning to civil life on the conclusion of a campaign. By this means the war strength of a company was to be raised to 500 men, though the number of officers was not augmented. The fame of the corps and the power of its officers attracted crowds of volunteers under these new regulations, and, in consequence, on the opening of a campaign the Janissaries were made up to war strength by a mob of untrained and undisciplined men. Moreover, the Chorbajis, to enhance their own importance, soon passed the limit of 500 and enrolled any man who presented himself; so that, in process of time, some companies came to have thousands of men on their rolls; and at the time of the dissolution of their corps, the Kirk Bin Kul (Forty thousand slaves), as they were still called, mustered about a hundred and fifty thousand. The Yamak had the badge of his Oda tattooed on his arm, took the oath of fidelity, underwent the ceremony of enlistment and received a Sofa Tazkíra, or certificate, from the Chorbáji. Ahmad Javid Pasha has given one of these curious documents in his history of the Turkish Army. Its long preamble breathes a spirit of exalted fanaticism mingled with military pride. It proceeds to certify that Ataulla Effendi, son of Abdur Rohman Bey, has placed his coat upon the sofa of the 19th Orta of Bulúklis, and become their comrade. The seal bears the numeral 19 and a cypress tree, the device of the Orta, and it is signed Sayyid Hasan Ustá.

The ceremony of swearing in a Janissary recruit was performed before the assembled company. The statutes of the corps were read to him, and an oath of fidelity was taken by him; the Oda-báshi then invested him with the coat and cap of a Janissary, and hailed him as "Yoldásh," or comrade, at

the same time giving him a buffet as an earnest of the discipline in store for him.

The "Sofa" was the raised dais, or platform, which ran along one side of a Janissary barrack-room, on which the men sat and slept. The barracks were ranges of wooden buildings erected in all the towns in which garrisons were quartered. There were two blocks of barracks at Constantinople, the Askir Odalar and Zangi Odalar, or Old and New Barracks. No woman could venture into the streets near the Janissary Barracks: if she did, she must do it at her own risk, and was debarred from complaint or redress if she were outraged. The quarters surrounding the barracks were full of coffee shops and wine-taverns in which the soldiers spent their time and their pay.

After the establishment of the seat of the Empire at Constantinople the Companies or Odas of Janissaries were kept permanently quartered in the capital, or in the chief cities and great frontier fortresses of the Empire.

30 of the Buluks, 11 Jama'ats, and only 1 Oda of Sagbans, were permanently quartered in Constantinople; 42 Companies in all. The other 153 companies were for the most part stationed in brigades in the great fortresses, Buda, Belgrade, Kaminick, Oczakoff, Kars, Baghdad, &c. Each of these Brigades was commanded by the Senior Chorbaji in the garrison, with the brevet rank of a General officer and the title of Sarbrad Aghá (Lord of the Marches). The junior Chorbaji present performed the functions of Kiáya Yeri, or Brigade-Major, and signed the orders. Single Companies were detached to garrison stations and were relieved from time to time. A distribution list of the corps in the year 1750 shows 74 Janissaries in garrison at Batoum, and 71 at Jerusalem. The Senior Officer at a single station had the title of Sirdar (Commandant) and the powers of an Aghá. The Janissaries at the permanent head-quarters of this Company were included among the Yerli Kuli (Territorial Troop): those detached on temporary garrison duty were called Naubatji (Duty-men).

The Janissaries originally sent to garrison Misr-al-Káhira (Cairo) and the cities of the Barbary Coast, became permanently detached from the corps, ceased to have any connection with the Ojá at Stamboul and formed an organization of their own. In Algiers the Janissaries seized the Government, electing one of their own body as Dái (Dey), which signifies maternal uncle in Turkish. The mutinous Janissaries in Servia in 1800 also elected Dáis to be their leaders and rulers. This curious title is supposed to have been derived by the Turks from some tradition of matriarchal institutions among the Mongolian nations in pre-historic times.



The Sarhad Aghás kept the keys of the great fortresses. When the Emperor Joseph invaded Servia, he found it more convenient to negotiate with the Aghás than with the Vazirs and the Pashas: for the latter could not enforce obedience to their orders among their own people: whereas the Sarhad Aghá with some 5,000 Janissaries at his back, could make his wishes respected on the spot, and at the same time could rely on the support of the all powerful Oják at Stamboul.

The dress of the Janissaries, like their formations and their pay, underwent scarcely any alteration during their five centuries' existence as a military Corporation. They may be said to have been the first troops in Europe to wear a uniform dress, and the attempt to change the fashion of it was one of the causes that led to their final and fatal quarrel with their master, the Sultan.

The head-dress was a cap of white felt, called Uskúf (Italian Scuffia), with a strip of the same falling on their shoulders, said to be in memory of the sleeve of Haji Bektásh. It may be, however, observed that a hanging bag, or top, to the cap appears to have been a common feature in Turkish military costume, and is preserved in the busby-bag of modern hussars, adopted from the Hungarians, who followed many fashions of the Turks, their masters for well-nigh two hundred years. The Uskúf was of different shapes for the various ranks and grades: it had a copper plume-case in front, and a gold-lace band round the base. The origin of the gold band is said to have been as follows. At the sack of Apollonia, a Janissary had looted a golden bowl, and, to hide it, put it on his head under his cap; but the gold showed beneath the edge of the cap, and Sultan Murad spied it, and made the man come to him, and discovered the bowl. But the Sultan was so pleased with the appearance of the man, that he ordered that all the caps should have a gold band round the edge in future; so the name of the cap was changed from Uskúf to Zar-kuláh. The ordinary cap worn by the privates was mitre-shaped: those of the cooks and their assistants wore conical: the high cap worn by the grenadiers of European armies on their first institution was copied from a Janissary head-dress. The Chorbajis and Oda-báshis wore a high cap with a broad flat top, and a turban twisted round the base.

The General Officers and Chorbajis wore plumes and aigrettes of different kinds according to their rank and position: the most common was a fan-shaped plume of black heron's feathers. The Solaks wore similar plumes, but of white feathers, and so lofty that when they marched by the Sultan's horse, their plumes screened him from the gaze of the crowd.

In later times the Janissaries wore their dress caps only on occasions of State parade, and ordinarily wore a twisted white linen turban, like that now worn by the French Zouaves. The Karákalluchis were distinguished by a high cylindrical turban, and other ranks by a globular one.

The caps were issued by the State, and every Janissary also received annually ten yards of the blue cloth of Salonica, linen for the shirt and the turban, and a pair of red leather shoes. The blue cloth was made into a jacket (*dolmán*) and a pair of wide trousers, (*shalwár*.)

The wide and long skirted coats were supplied by the men themselves and were of any colour, but they were obliged to be of a particular cut for the different ranks. The colour was generally dark blue or dark green, but the officers often wore scarlet robes.

The robes of the General Officers were trimmed with fur. On the march, the long skirts of the coat were kilted by being drawn through the girdle, or *kamarband*, which was of striped silk or cotton; and the wide shalwar were tucked into leather leggings.

The Karákullukchis, or Corporals, wore heavy girdles of copper, which, according to Baron de Tott, "weigh 15lbs., and with it these officers may kick down and kill any Janissary."

The Ashjis (cooks) wore black leather gowns studded with *plaques* and knobs of copper or silver according to their rank, and had silver-handled knives and choppers for insignia. On dress parades the Ashji-báshi was supported on each side by a Karákullukchi to enable him to support the weight of his metal ornaments.

The Chosbajis of the Jamá'ats of Yáyás wore yellow boots; those of the Buluklis and Sagbáns wore red boots.

All the Janissaries, as slaves of the Sultan, had to shave their chins and cheeks, and were only allowed to grow moustaches.

The officers were all allowed to grow beards, as also were the Oturaks, or superannuated Janissaries.

The Yamaks, or Reserve Janissaries, were also allowed to wear beards.

In the Companies, or Odas, of Sagbáns the men used to wear the wooden spoon with which they ate their soup, stuck in the plume-case of their caps instead of a plume; and their Chorbajis used to similarly wear a silver soup-ladle, whence they were nick-named Káshukji-báshi, or Lords of the Ladle.

Silver badges, to be worn in the cap or turban, were given to Turkish soldiers for acts of distinguished bravery. Sabres and pelisses of honour were bestowed on officers, sometimes individually, for acts of valour and devotion, sometimes collectively for a successful battle or campaign.



When the Janissaries were first raised, fire-arms had not been invented, and they were armed with picks, sabres, maces, and battle-axes, besides bows and arrows. But, soon after the invention of the hand-gun, we find the Janissaries armed throughout with the arquebus, and the pike entirely laid aside. In the Hungarian War of 1600 Knolles speaks of the Janissaries "with their great muskets upon restes." In addition to their muskets they had sabres and yataghans, the latter being a long curved knife worn in the girdle and used for cutting off the heads of fallen enemies. It had a crutched handle which, when the knife was planted in the ground, served as a rest for firing.

This was the only weapon worn by the Janissary in peacetime. His musket and ammunition were kept in bells of arms and magazines under the charge of the Jebejis, and were only issued for practice or service.

The muskets were of various calibre, and bars of lead were issued to the Company from which the men cast their own bullets. The accoutrements were a ball-bag and a powder-horn suspended by silk cords from the shoulders, as also were the sabres.

The Janissary Agha had a band of music of 16 Musicians with 8 pairs of instruments ("the eight fold Turkish music"). The only music in the Companies was supplied by drums.

The Grand Standard of the Corps (Liva) was white, with a device in gold of a crescent and double Scimitar: the colour (Baviak) of each company was red, with the same device and the Nishán of the Orta in addition.

Most of the above details may be taken to refer to the other dismounted Corps of the Kápi-Kuli, or Imperial Troops, who are, indeed, commonly lumped together by European writers under the comprehensive designation of Janissaries.

The Turks were the first nation in Europe to possess an Artillery Corps and an Artillery Train. The Corps of Topjis (Gunnery) was organised on the same lines as the Janissaries, early in the fifteenth century. It was commanded by an officer called the Topji-báshi. The Top-Arábji-Báshi commanded the corps of drivers. No Military Train Service was formed in any European Army until three centuries later.

The Jebejis or Ordnance Store Corps was commanded by a Captain General called the Jebeji Bashi. The Jebejis had charge of the Jeba-Khána, or Arsenal, at Constantinople and at all the great cities of the Empire. They were organized like the Janissaries and were also divided into Bulúks and Jamá'ats to correspond with them.

The Corps of Khumpárajis (Bombardiers) and Laghúmjis (Miners) were raised in the early years of the eighteenth

century, when the tables were turned, and the Turks, instead of forestalling the Christian nations in the arts of war, were trying in vain to overtake them.

The Count de Bonneval, a renegade, raised the corps of Khumpárajis, which remained distinct from the Corps of Topjis. Its name was taken from the Turkish name for a mortar or howitzer, Khumpára (lit. piece of a jar).

The greatest strength the Corps attained was 2,000 men.

The Laghúmjis were raised about the same time, when the Turks found their siege operations thwarted by European Engineers trained in the Schools of Vauban and Cohorn. They were commanded by a Laghúmji-bashi. All these corps had their permanent head-quarters at Constantinople; their chiefs had the right to attend the Grand Vazir's Durbar, and were included among the Military Chief Officers of the Porte.

The Sakkas, or water-carriers, formed a separate corps, which supplied water-carriers to every company of the paid or regular troops, like the Bihishtis and Pakhális of our troops in India. The Sakka-Báshi, or Sú-báshi, commanded the water-carriers in each company, ranking as the junior officer of the company. The Sakkas were distinguished by the shape of their caps and by leathern jackets with a stamped pattern and metal ornaments on it.

The Ajam Oghlans, or Recruit-boys, formed companies for the supply of soldiers to all the dismounted corps of the paid or regular Army. There were at one time as many as 60 Companies, but at the beginning of the eighteenth century the number stood at 34, after which it never varied till the final suppression of the corps.

It was about the same time that the conscription of Christian boys was discontinued, and thenceforward the Ajam-Oghlans were recruited from the sons of Janissaries and other Musalman boys. The Companies were numbered on two separate lists, as Bulúks and Jamá'ats respectively. They were also classified in two divisions as Rúmili and Anatoli (European and Asiatic), according to the nationality of the boys.

They were officered from the corps of Janissaries: their chiefs had the title of Istambol Aghási (Constantinople Lord), and ranked below the Lieutenant-General and above the Major-Generals of the Janissaries. His Lieutenants were the Rúmili Aghási and the Anatoli Aghási who commanded the European and Asiatic Brigades of Ajam-Oghláns respectively. Each of these three General Officers was Captain, or Chorbaji, of a Company of recruits.

The Staff officer of the corps was called the Kuloghli Básh Cháush (Provost of the Slave-children).

Each Company had three officers; the Chorbaji, or Captain,



the Maidán-Kiáyá, Lieutenant and Instructor, and the Kapúji (Company Adjutant or Sergeant Major).

There was also a Secretary, or Record-keeper, for the corp, with a staff of writers.

The Ajam Oghláns were lodged in a block of barracks at Constantinople called the Ajam Oghlán Kishlasi (Recruits' writer quarters). They were employed as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Sultan's Sarai or Seraglio, and also as police and scavengers in the capital. Their method of performing the latter duty was to seize on any Christian or Jew who might come handy and make him do the work.

The Janissaries acted as police in all the towns in which they were stationed, furnishing patrols at night to go the rounds of the streets. They were armed only with their knives and with long staves, which they were very expert in using, throwing them so as to trip up any one who trusted to his legs to escape from them. In the capital, and in each garrison town, the different quarters were allotted to the Janissary Chorbajis who performed the duties of police officers and magistrates; and who appear to have been as brutal and venal as might have been expected from their professional character and antecedents.

These Kápi Kuli (slaves of the Porte), the Imperial or Regular troops in permanent pay, formed the most efficient, though least numerous category of the Ottoman Army. Their numbers at the time of their greatest efficiency, did not exceed 50,000 men; but in the eighteenth century their nominal strength reached a much higher figure through the inclusion of civilians, and even of infants in arms, in the muster-rolls.

They were the steel head of the Ottoman lance; the rest of the Turkish Army was called, in contrast to them, Sarhad Kuli (slaves of Frontiers), or territorial troops. These formed the great bulk of the military forces, and were divided into three classes: the first and most numerous was composed of the horsemen holding fiefs of land for their support on condition of serving in the wars, called, according to the value of their fiefs and the number of their followers, Sanják Beys, Za'ims, and Timárlis. The second class was composed of troops who owed military service to the Sultan, but who had neither fiefs nor permanent pay: such as the Akinjis (Foragers), horsemen who found themselves and lived solely by plunder; the Azab (infantry militia), whose organization and pay lasted only for the duration of a campaign; the Levends (Marine Infantry), who were on the same footing, and other similar bodies.

The third class were the Sarij and Sagbáns, bodies of horse and foot enlisted and paid by the Pashas to serve as their

body-guards and as police of their districts and often to support them in rebellion against their sovereign, or in conflict with the Janissaries in garrison in their pashalik. The Sarij were either Dalis (Madcaps) or Gunali's (Hussars), distinguished only by a peculiar dress and equipment.

The Dalis wore high steeple-shaped caps; the Gunalis wore the Hungarian dress of a Kalpak with a hanging top, and a dolman or pelisse. The standing army of Sipáhis and Janissaries was, no doubt, the chief factor in the rapidity and the permanence of the Turkish conquests. Their period of greatest efficiency appears to have lasted for about two centuries; but at the time of the death of the great Sultan Suliman their value seems to have been already much impaired, and no doubt a gradual decay in their discipline had been going on for some time previous. There was a formidable mutiny of the Janissaries in the reign of Selim the Ferocious; and his son Suliman found them at times hard to manage. When he obtained the surrender of Buda by granting their lives and liberties to the German garrison, the Janissaries were indignant at the loss of the plunder of the town, which would have been theirs after a successful assault; and when the Germans defiled from the fortress, they assailed them with abuse and reproaches. A German soldier struck a Janissary who insulted him; and this was made the excuse for a general attack upon the unarmed garrison, who were all massacred in defiance of the Sultan's promise. No one was punished for this gross breach of faith and discipline, and the Janissaries were not slow to discover that their masters were afraid of them. After Suliman's death, they refused to let his heir, Sultan Selim the Second, enter Constantinople before the Julús Bakhshish had been paid to them. When Sultan Othman the Second undertook the war against Poland, he suspected that the numbers of the Janissaries in the Army did not correspond with the pay issued for them. He ordered them to parade for muster; but they flatly refused. At the siege of Coczim they traded their rations to the besieged Poles in exchange for wine. The Sultan attributed the failure of the campaign to their insubordination and inefficiency. The quarrel grew till the troops openly mutinied and murdered the unfortunate Sultan. After this the Kápi kuli became the tyrants of the State, and set up and pulled down Sultan and Vazirs at their pleasure. Knolles, the historian of those times says, writing of the murder of Ramzán Pasha at Tripoli by the mutinous Janissaries: "For why, the character of these Martiall men is not now as it anciently was, when they were with a more severe discipline governed; but now, being grown proude and lazie, as is the manner of men living in



continual pay they, with arms in their handes doubt not to do whatsoever unto themselves seemeth best, be it never so foule or unreasonable."

The measures taken by the Sultans and the Vazirs to check the excesses of the soldiery generally served only to increase them. In the first place the Porte often itself caused the mutinies by debasing the currency in which the troops were paid, or by defrauding them in some other manner; and then the Vazirs tried to quell a mutiny by inviting the ringleaders to a conference where they were seized and strangled, or by hiring assassins to murder them, or by bribing the Sipáhis to attack the Janissaries, or *vice versa*. This last method was so successful that a furious feud was established between the two corps, which on many occasions deluged the streets of Constantinople with blood. Even on the battle-field and in presence of the enemy they used to come to blows with each other.

When Temeswar was besieged by the Germans and the garrison were reduced to sore straits, one hundred Sipáhis broke through the besieger's lines, each man carrying a sack of meal behind him on his horse. The famished Janissaries tried to take the meal from them by force, and in the scuffle that ensued many were killed and wounded. When the grand Vazir's army was marching against the Russians in Poland, in 1769, the Sipáhis and Janissaries both pitched upon the same camping ground one day, and immediately proceeded to decide the question by force of arms, the Janissaries remaining eventually masters of the field. Finally the Porte found itself obliged to exile the Sipáhis to Adrianople and Broussa in order to maintain peace in the streets of the capital.

There was also a standing feud between the Janissaries and the Topjis. The latter maintained their discipline and loyalty better than any other corps, though, in the revolution which ended in the deposition and death of Sultan Selim the Third, in 1807, they went over to the side of the Janissaries, and so decided the defeat of the party of reform. But in 1826, under the command of the famous Topji-báshi Kará Jahanum Ibráhim (Black Hell Ibrahim), they stood firm by the Sultan and mowed down their old rivals with grape and canister. The Jebijis on the contrary were close allies of the Janissaries and always made common cause with them; and they shared in their ruin in 1826.

The signal of a mutiny of the Janissaries was always given by overturning the soup-kettles in the centre of the At Maidán (Hippodrome), or parade-ground; while the men on guard at the sublime Porte refused to eat the soup which

was always served to them from the Sultan's kitchen. The mutiny was often appeased by the sacrifice of an obnoxious Vazir; but it more than once ended in the sacrifice of the Sultan himself. On one occasion, at the battle of Zenta in Hungary, the Janissaries mutinied in the field in the face of the enemy. Furious at the mismanagement which had brought them into a position from which there was no escape, they rose on their chiefs and murdered the grand Vazir and all the Pashas, the only officer of rank spared being their own Agha. But he, and ten thousand Janissaries with him, were put to the sword by the Germans, or drowned in the river Theiss, immediately afterwards.

The great mutiny of 1807 was caused by Sultan Selim's attempt to introduce the European drill and dress among the troops, and ended in the murder of the Sultan and the massacre of the Nizam Jadid or New Regulars, whom he had raised to replace and oppose the Janissaries. The last mutiny in 1826 had a similar cause, but a different ending: 7,000 Janissaries perished in the ruins of their blazing barracks, and a greater number later on by the sword or the cord of the executioner. The soup-kettles were overturned that day in the At Maidán for the last time.

The military genius of the Osmanlis appears to have forsaken them along with their enterprise and activity, soon after the capture of the Imperial City of Constantinople had converted the Sultan's camp into a Court, and transformed his nomad hordes of warriors into a settled nation.

From the time of the death of the great Sultan Suliman, a century after the taking of Constantinople, the Turks became absolutely incapable, not only of improving their military institutions, but of keeping them in working order. They allowed the splendid military machine which had been bequeathed to them by their fathers to rust and rot, and become a danger and a nuisance to its employers, without an idea of remedying its defects. They resembled the oran-outang who warms himself at the fire left by the travellers in the woods, but who has not wit enough to put on more sticks to keep it burning.

Their ideas seem to have suddenly stood still. They refused to adopt even the most obvious improvements, such as the use of cartridges, of the bayonet and of steel ramrods.

They attributed their defeats at the hands of the Austrians and Russians to "Kazá" or Fate, and not to any fault of their military system. During the whole of the eighteenth century the state of the Ottoman Empire much resembled that of China at the present day, where the elaborately organized "Banner Armies," which cost some six or seven millions



sterling annually for their maintenance, do not furnish one single efficient soldier; and when soldiers are wanted "braves" are enlisted by the Mandarins from any who will offer themselves. In the same way in Turkey the wars against the Russians were carried on by Volunteers, while the Sipáhis and the Janissaries plied their trades in the towns. Many of them were to be found in the bands of Volunteers, among them Janissaries serving on horseback. The Sultans were the first to perceive the need for army reform. Among Oriental peoples and especially in Musalman nations, the reform of institutions always comes from the rulers, and not from the people. Unfortunately the Sultans began their reforms at the wrong end by introducing external changes in dress and equipment, precisely the things which were most offensive to the conservative feelings of the nation. Sultans Mustafá and Selim had themselves no clear idea of the cause of the decay of their military strength; they thought that, if the Janissaries were only dressed and drilled like German and Russian soldiers, they would be equally victorious. The Janissaries and Sipáhis, on their part, shared the rooted objection of the whole nation to the adoption of Christian costume, and in their opposition to it they had the hearty support of the 'Ulmá, or Doctors of the Law.

In spite of their renegade origin, the Janissaries came to be regarded by the 'Ulamá and by the people as the champions of Islam and the Defenders of the Faith against infidel innovations; the sanctity of Haji Bektásh extended to the soldiery on whom his blessing rested, and, in spite of the shameless drunkenness and other vices for which the Janissaries were notorious, the Ojáq was looked upon as a religious as well as a military institution. In Turkish stories the Prophet Khizr appears at one time as "a tall handsome man in the dress of a Sipáhi;" at another time as "a young cook of the Janissaries, with his silver knife and chains of office." The titles and traditions of the Companies were household words throughout the land, and a Turk would travel, from one corner of the empire to another to enrol himself as Yamak in some famous and favourite Orta. The whole Osmanli nation was with the soldiery in their resistance to the reforms; and for fifty years there was an obstinate struggle between the reforming Sultans and the mutinous troops. It seems to us now a great pity that the popularity and *esprit de corps* of the Janissaries could not have been utilised in the new organization; that their ancient titles and traditions could not have been preserved, while at the same time discipline was restored and the organization modernised by the expansion of the Ortas into battalions and regiments;

but such a change would have required an Oriental Carnot or Scharnhorst to effect it, and no such man was forthcoming in Turkey. And, indeed, the whole machine was probably too hopelessly out of gear to admit the possibility of repair. Sultan Mahmúd had no choice but to make a clean sweep of the whole existing military system, and substitute a new army recruited by conscription on the European plan. Unfortunately the model was too closely followed, and the many good points of the old organizations, the horsemanship, the swordsmanship, the Siláhdar system for the cavalry, were totally sacrificed, and it has been found impossible to restore them. The Turks have ceased to be a military nation. Their Army owes its present efficiency to the labours of German Staff Officers. The days when a Sultán was proud to show himself in the uniform of a subaltern officer of Janissaries have long since passed away in Turkey, where to-day even the very names of Sipáhi and Janissary are almost forgotten.

F. H. TYRRELL,  
*Lieutenant-General.*

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### ART. III.—THE FIRST GREAT MALAYALAM NOVEL.\*

#### (INDEPENDENT SECTION.)

'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange, stranger than fiction.—Byron.

**I**T is the general fashion now-a-days to depreciate the intellectual results of our English system of education. Advocates of University reform, who would fain inaugurate a healthier era by the lifting of the whole aim of the present "Higher Education," swell the chorus of denunciation of existing deficiencies in that system; and draw most gloomy pictures of the educated Indian youth. It is easy to have a fling at the educated Indian: and critics are by no means prone to view things through rose-coloured spectacles. That the Indian has a retentive memory, great power of application, and great acquisitiveness, is generally conceded; but it is laid at his door that he lacks creative talent, maturity of thought and vitality. Unfriendly critics like Sir Lepel Griffin go much further. Not only, they assert, is the native intellect effete, barren and defective as regards originality, but, however much we may cultivate it, the results will be *nil*. Writing of the educated Indian youth, Sir Lepel observes:—"His training is superficial to an extraordinary degree, and although many naturally clever men have passed through the Indian educational mill, I do not remember, in the last quarter of a century, a single original work written by a Native of India which could fairly take rank with productions of the second or even the third class in England. In poetry, natural science, political economy, logic, philosophy, history, fiction, medicine, the intellectual field is barren. Potential depths of originality may be concealed in the Indian people, but so far they have had no external expression. Under the existing system of education in India, which is most jejune, lifeless, and inefficient, there is little hope that the Indian intellect will produce a rich harvest."†

The charge is true, but only in a limited sense. No one denies the fact that, while, on the one hand, the Hindu mind displays abundant receptivity, it shows, on the other hand, no corresponding capacity for production. But if by what is said is meant that the Hindu mind is barren, that even under more favourable circumstances it is incapable of bearing fruit, nothing could be more untrue. For modern India has produced not a few original writers, men remarkable for

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\* *Induleka*: A Malayalam Novel. By O. Chandu Menon, F. M. U., Rai Bahadur, Subordinate Judge, Calicut.

† *Asiatic Quarterly*, 1887.

their high creative talent and genuine originality. To mention but one or two names, Toru Dutt,\* the poetess; Lal Behari Day, the author of *Bengal Peasant Life*; and Bankim Chandra Chatterjea, the novelist, are noteworthy examples.

The book under notice, too, affords ample refutation of any such sweeping condemnation as that to which I have referred. Its novel plan of execution, the splendour of its idealism, the wit and humour of its characters, the masterly manner in which the working of deep passion and high emotion and the phenomena of the human mind are delineated, and the easy familiarity shown by the author with the laws governing these—all go to disprove that condemnation. To the foreign reader especially, the book must prove a welcome boon; for it gives him not only a vivid and accurate picture of the peculiar and motley constitution of society in Malabar—the inner life and habits of the people, their strange social customs and domestic observances—but also a clear insight into the mysteries attending their marital relations and the singular intricacies of their joint-family system. Nor is the seasonableness of its publication a less noteworthy fact. The book was issued at a time when the social customs of Malabar were exciting special interest, and occasioning unusual discussion in the public press; and when a bill, which has since been passed into law, as a permissive measure, “to provide a form of marriage for Hindus following the *Marumakkathayam* † law of succession and to provide for the maintenance of the wives and children,” was under conception.

Fastidious correspondents had waxed eloquent over the existing evils, and had condemned them in unmistakeable terms as rude, unnatural, and mischievous. Zealous reformers had joined issue on multifarious and sweeping reforms and had bandied words over their favourite hobbies. There was nothing surprising, therefore, in the unusual sensation which the book created, or in its being favourably reviewed‡ by the entire Madras Press. Though not the very first of its kind, it marks a new epoch in the history of the Malayalam language and literature. We have fables and fairy-tales, legends and romances; but of

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\* In the introduction to her poems, written by Mr. Edmund Gosse, he thus touchingly refers to her early death:—“It is difficult to estimate what we have lost in the premature death of Toru Dutt. Literature has no honours which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who, at the age of twenty-one, and in languages separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth . . . . When the history of the literature of our country comes to be written, there is sure to be a page in it dedicated to this fragile exotic blossom of Song.”

† Literally, “Succession by the Sister’s Son.”

‡ In his recently published work on “Indian Literature,” Mr. Fraser gives the book high praise and recognizes Mr. Chandu Menon’s abilities as a writer and a story-teller.



novels, properly so called, we had none. Like the original romance writers, our ancient authors found no charm in simple prose ; they should an inordinate and exclusive preference for metre and rhyme. Nor was this their only fault. They chose for their themes wild and improbable events and paid no heed to time, place, or circumstance. And it was likewise the fashion amongst them to give colour to their writings by high-sounding Sanskrit words, foreign to the ordinary reader. Thus it is that the Malayalam language is sadly deficient in prose literature, and works of fiction, as we understand them now, have been hitherto unknown. Hence it was that when educated Malayalees like the author of *Kamakshicharitam*, a version of Shakespeare's *As you like it*, and the clever writer of *Kundalatha*\*, essayed a new channel, their labours met with no small measure of interest and approval.

This state of things, the appearance of *Induleka* has definitely remedied. It has, once for all, removed any doubt as to the capabilities of the Malayalam language. It has shown, beyond question, that it is quite possible to express in pure and homely Malayalam, ideas and sentiments relating to a foreign civilization and derived from our acquaintance with a foreign literature. It has evinced the truth that that much-abused language may possibly be turned to better and more pleasing purposes than hitherto, and that there is no plea for neglecting it as an antiquated language, as educated Malayalees now-a-days are only too fond of doing. Thus, as the first real Malayalam novel of a Western type, *Induleka* was more than a literary curiosity ; it was, in fine, a move in the right direction, an initial step towards supplying a long-felt want.

The book, in short, deserves special notice. The author shows unusual skill and perception in his choice of characters, who possess, on the whole, remarkable attractions in their own respective individuality, and are evidently the outcome of keen observation. The girl who is the central figure of the story is a fine, if somewhat vague, creation, and is portrayed as the pure and ideal star of Malayalee maidenhood. Mr. Chandu Menon is obviously a complete master of Nambudri idiosyncrasy. Not content with providing *Induleka*† for our admiration, he has made another claim upon our merriment and sympathy by presenting us to the Nambudripad. Perhaps the chief interest of the book lies in the description of the adven-

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\* A tale written after the fashion of Sir. W. Scott's romances. If *Kundalatha* may be described as the *Pamela* of Malayalam, *Induleka* may be called, with even greater propriety, the *Clarissa Harlowe* of that language.

† Literally, "Moonbeam." This is a name which is rarely, if ever, given to any lady of a Nair family. As a matter of fact, her name was Madhavi ; but the appellation is really due to Krishna Menon, who, seeing her growing daily in loveliness, called her *Induleka*, and the name clings to her ever after.

tures of this personage, whose character is distinctly well drawn. He is clear-cut, and he stands out well defined with a strongly marked individuality. For his sake alone, *Induleka* should be read; for in him the author has managed to illustrate the lives of the uneducated section of the Nambudris for us with great fidelity. In the conversation between Lakshmi Kutty and her husband, Kesavan Nambudri, which is a fine combination of fecund, racy humour and queer overt suggestion, the author shows himself no ineffective satirist of the shallowness and superstition of Nambudri folk. The whole conversation is well worth extracting here :—

"O I s'nt she asleep yet?" said Lakshmi Kutty. "The girl reads far too late into the night, and I fancy she will do herself some harm through want of sleep. They say earth-oil light is very bad for the eyes."

"Who told you such nonsense?" replied Kesavan Nambudri. "As for earth-oil, I suppose you mean Kerosine. That's the proper name. It is first class stuff, and I lately saw the Thread Company's factory lighted throughout with Kerosine lamps. I can't tell you, Lakshmi Kutty, how crowded that place is with people, and I've often wished to take you there to see all the wonders."

"What are all those wonders?" asked Lakshmi Kutty.

"Heaven help me, but I can't describe them," replied Kesavan Nambudri. "The ingenuity of the white men is wonderful, and you'd be astonished, Lakshmi, if you saw it; you wouldn't believe it, but the thing which has made so much noise in the world as a Thread Company is nothing but an iron wheel: It makes all the thread and is driven round and round by nothing but smoke, smoke, nothing but smoke. But this smoke does not, like the smoke which hangs about our fire-places, irritate the eyes and nose and lungs in the least. They have built an enormous tail like a flagstaff over the Company and say it is intended to carry off the smoke. But I have my doubts as to this, and think there must be some magic charm inside it. These white men are too clever to let it out. If there were nothing of the kind, would the iron Company and pins move as if they heard the word of command? No, there must be some charm about it."

"Can't any of you find out what the charm is?" asked Lakshmi Kutty.

"If I asked the Engineer, he would shoot me. No, No! We can't think of asking him anything," said Kesavan Nambudri. "But if any of us went there, he would take us near the machine and rap out one lie after another. Even a child would not be taken in by what he says, but we daren't show in the least that we don't believe him. On the contrary we pretend that we are quite convinced."

"With all respect to you," replied Lakshmi Kutty, "I think this story about the smoke turning the machine is a mistake. *Induleka* told me some things a few days ago about the railway train. She said that all machines of this kind are worked by the power of steam, and that smoke has no power in itself. She explained amongst other things that there is no smoke without fire, and that we simply see smoke where fire is, but that, beyond this fact, smoke in itself is of no use."

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\* From Mr. Dumergue's English Translation of the novel.



"Ah, that may be so in the case of railway trains," said Kesavan Numbudri, "but all the same, it is smoke, that drives the Thread Company round. I am certain, too, that there's some magic power inside that flagstaff. I have no doubt of it. Madhavan or Govinda-Kutty must have been palming off some tales on Induleka. The white men never tell these innocents the exact truth, but cram them with some cock-and-bull-story, which the simpletons implicitly believe and repeat to women and such like. They never tell the real secret, or, if they do, it is only to those that go over to their religion and put on hats like theirs.

"I am not so sure of that," said Lakshmi Kutty. "There is really no power in smoke."

"Don't say so," answered Kesavan Nambudri. "There really is some power in smoke. For instance, do you mean to say that the smoke of a sacrifice has no power? Here is also another point I am not certain about, and I suspect, that in this case, there is some sort of sacrifice going on to gain the favour of some deities. There must be some image or magic circles inside that flagstaff—who knows? Then this sacrifice must be most acceptable to those deities, and it must be their favour which sends the Company round! Who can tell, except Vishnu himself?"

More than one critic has suggested that the author's presentment of the central figure is vague and unimpressive. It might, perhaps, with some justice be remarked that, "if\* his hero and heroine walk upon stilts as heroes and heroines, I fear, ever must, their attendant satellites are as natural as though one met them in the street: they walk and talk like men and women, and live among our friends a rattling lively life." Indeed, the authors' minor characters are veritable flesh and blood, and highly interesting. Each is an agreeable study in itself.

We proceed to give a brief description of the plot and the subject matter. The scene opens in a Nair *tarawad*, in a part of the country at once pleasant and interesting. Poovally House, situated in a charming spot on the borders of Malabar, is the seat of an old and noble family of the Native State of Cochin. The family, which has for a long course of years furnished many of the highest officials of the State, is both distinguished and affluent. Panchu Menon, the present *Karnaven*, whose way of life is passing into the sear and yellow leaf, is a simple, kind-hearted gentleman of the old school, but a man of unbridled temper, with fiery eyes and a savage countenance, ever determined to demand, but never prepared to concede. His eldest Son, Kochu Krishna Menon, who has had the benefits of an English education and was a *Dewan Peishkar*, died some time ago; and the father, in his sad bereavement, has learned to seek consolation in lavishing his affections upon his son's pet niece, his own granddaughter, Induleka, so called on account of her great beauty,

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\* Anthony Trollope.

who has thus golden opportunities afforded her—opportunities which she is careful not to throw away—of advancing the education so favourably begun under the auspices of her deceased uncle. Induleka, the heroine, is a Nair lady of great personal charms and comeliness of figure. The daughter of one of the Kilimanur Chieftains, she is a pearl among women. Our author thus describes her :—

“ \* Her skin resembled so closely in colour the golden border of the embroidered robe which, fastened round her waist, draped her limbs in the usual Malayalee fashion, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other by sight. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, was soft, long and luxuriant, and, except possibly among the fair ladies of Europe, rich red lips like hers were never seen. Her eyes were long and the colours therein were clearly defined, while only those who had felt the lightning of her glances could know how deeply they burned into the hearts of men. At the time of which I write, her bust was well-developed and her bosom rivalled the purest gold, but it would be impossible for any pen to do justice to the countless charms which united in making Induleka a peerless beauty, and I am fain here to confess that none can describe the joy, the extacy, the raptures of those, who, spell-bound with delight, beheld her golden complexion, pearly teeth and coral lips, her eyes that shamed the dark waterlily, her glossy black hair and slender waist.”

Induleka's mental attainments and amiability of character are not unworthy of her external appearance. A woman of considerable accomplishments and high culture, she is a distinguished Sanskrit scholar and has received a sound liberal English education. She is likewise of eminent attainments in her own native tongue. Nor is she devoid of those personal charms and finer susceptibilities which are the pride and the glory of her sex. Her social virtues are of no mean order. She is naturally of a robust frame of mind, and her varied and extensive studies have served to elevate and ennoble her nature. A woman of no small aesthetic taste, it is her special care to love and cherish the fine arts. Skilled in vocal music, she plays with the utmost ease on the violin, the Indian lute, and the piano. She can, moreover, paint a portrait, work in silk or embroidery, or even outwit at pleasure an antagonist at chess. Her daily occupations and habits are as profitable as her natural temperament is agreeable. She does not in the least forget her position in life as a Malayalee lady because she has studied English. She punctually observes caste rituals, is not inordinately fond of jewelry, and, in other respects, is a never-failing source of wonder and admiration to her associates. Madhava, the hero, is a cultured young man of great attainments and ability. He is a Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Law, who obtains a subordinate situation in the Madras

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\* Mr. Dumergue's Translation.



Secretariat. A good face, it is said, is a perpetual letter of recommendation ; and Madhava's handsome face, manly presence and noble appearance have served him often in good stead.

\* "The fame which he had acquired by an uninterrupted series of triumphs in the schools . . . . . clearly and fully proclaimed the rare talents with which he was endowed. . . . . His preeminence in various school examinations had obtained for him many prizes and scholarships, founded for the encouragement of learning, and all his tutors firmly declared that none of their pupils ever surpassed Madhavan in mental power and aptitude. With regard to his external appearance, all who knew Madhavan were of opinion that nature had indeed provided in his form and features a fitting habitation for an intelligence so exceptional . . . . . His complexion was like refined gold. . . . . His sinewy arms and legs, which were neither too massive nor too meagre, looked as if they had been fashioned in gold. His flowing locks, when loosened from the knot in which they were usually tied according to the Malayalee fashion, hung down to his knees. . . . All Europeans who made Madhavan's acquaintance were fascinated by him at first sight, and thenceforward remained his friends."

He is an ardent athlete, and fond of games and manly exercises. A desperate huntsman and a good shot, he has a craving weakness for the chase.

Our heroine has now reached the prime of her youth ; and her old playmate and cousin, Madhava, is fast advancing from early adolescence to vigorous manhood. Their former association has promoted their present companionship, which, as days go on, strengthens their attachment. They pass the hours in innocent pleasures and amusement together ; and the friendship between them gradually ripens into maturity and kindles into a passionate glow. In the course of time the cousins are in love with each other, but neither reveals it by sign or token. Love for the other dawns in the bosom of each, but neither dares to break the ice to the other. "Induleka conceals her passion, lest she should place a stumbling-block in the path of Madhavan's studies, and Madhavan's reticence, due at first to bashfulness, next arises from diffidence of success in his suit." This diffidence is not unreasonable, for many princes and nobles of the land have now been suitors for Induleka's hand, including no less exalted a person than the Sovereign of Travancore. Madhavan and Madhavi, however, seem to have suspected each other's intention, and both are sick at heart as to the issue of their love. Many long and weary days of pleasant suspense and anxious delight thus pass away ; but in the end, Madhava's constant and earnest importunities prevail. No longer able to meet her lover's advances with steady un-

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\* Mr. Dumergue's Translation.

concern, Induleka throws off her mental reserve, and, moved by a sudden impulse, at once discloses her great secret. We are swept along without a pause on the current of this striking and powerful narrative of the love and courtship of Madhava—"who becomes first her companion and friend, gets gradually closer and closer in friendship, and finally falls in love with her, adoring her as the source of all his happiness in this world"—a narrative which is the product of a strenuous and sustained imaginative effort. It goes very straight to the roots of human passion and emotion, and, in its forceful directness and intensity of interest, is as fine in its way as anything in Indian fictional literature.

About this time, however, there happens an untoward event which threatens to frustrate all their hopes. Madhava displeases his uncle, and to be in the latter's bad books is to bid farewell to his heart's fondest dream. Here it may be well to state that, according to the *Marumakkathayam* law of inheritance, the *tarawad* property is, in theory, common alike to all the members of the family. It is vested in the hands of the *Karnaven*, who is the virtual head of the family, and who exercises supreme control over its management. The latter is thus all-powerful in his own sphere. The right of the other members is in truth, as Mayne says, "only a right to be maintained in the family-house, so long as that house is capable of holding them." Again, "the scale of expenditure to be adopted, and its distribution amongst the members, is a matter wholly within the discretion of the *Karnaven*." The junior members are entitled only to maintenance and residence. They have no choice either of the duties they are to perform, or of the share of the profits they are to receive. Succession is regulated in the female line of descent, and so there are often in the family members who are but the hundredth remove from its chief. Now there lives in Poovally House, a boy of nine years who is kept at home and never sent to school. Madhava, wishes that Panju Menon should pay for the little boy's schooling, but that narrow-minded old patriarch of seventy does not agree with his \* *anandra-ven's* views, whereupon high words pass between the old *Karnaven* and the young graduate. To Panchu Menon naturally Madhava's independence appears like impertinence of the worst kind ; and the latter's remonstrance with him regarding the education of the little boy Shinnan so far incenses the old man that he begins to repent of his folly in having at all given

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\* The joint family among Nairs is called the *tarawad*, the senior male member of which is called the *karnaven*. The junior members of the family are styled *Anandravens* ; all, male and female, have a right to be supported in the family house and the males have a right to succeed to the headship by seniority.



his young *anandraven* an English education. Madhava, too, is exasperated at Panchu Memon's conduct, for that honest, brave young man detested his *Karnaven's* partiality for his direct *anandravens*. Panchu Menon would have spent any amount of money in educating Shinnan, if the boy had been a direct *anandraven* of his, like Madhava ; but the boy (though in truth he has as good a right to be educated at *tarawad* expense as Madhava, or any other member of the *tarawad*), happens to be a distant relation of Panju Menon's, and, as not unfrequently is the case in Malabar *tarawads*, the old, ignorant, self-willed *karnavens* educate only their direct nephews and bring up their distant *anandravens* as agriculturists or as servant boys in the *tarawad* house. Such conduct on Panchu Menon's part, the high-spirited and honest Madhava considers extremely reprehensible and shameful.

He consequently speaks to his *karnava* on the subject very strongly, with no very great reverence for the latter's high position in the *tarawad*. This sets the uncle and his nephew by the ears, and the latter, in utter defiance of the opposition of the former, carries the boy off with him to Madras, there to give him an education. This has the effect of the proverbial red rag on the bull. Panchu Menon is exceedingly wrath, and, in an outburst of an anger, he swears upon his family Goddess, that never in his life will he give Induleka in marriage to Madhava. For this purpose, and with a view to be revenged on Madhava, our Hector invites a rich Nambudripad to Poovally House to make love to our heroine.

Casual observers are led to believe that, while it requires all the creative genius of a peculiarly gifted mind to raise an ideal and to exhibit an image of all that is great and good in man, it is, on the other hand, a comparatively easy and by no means arduous task to paint the reverse of this picture. The sublime and the ridiculous are, as Thomas Paine very aptly remarks, "often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again." This being so, it is obvious, that, to portray with any amount of success the droll and vulgar side of human nature ; to give life spirit, form, colour, to the lower passions and weaknesses of man, requires a high order of creative talent, and implies a keen and delicate sense of discrimination. Such qualities our author evidently possesses in no stinted measure, for of all the motley band of court fools and pantaloons one meets with in comic shows or burlesque pantomines, the Nambudripad stands adequate comparison with the dullest or the most witless. He is at once a pedant, a buffoon, and a blusterer. His equine features, his hobbling gait, his sunken nose, his awkward mouth,

his apish laughter, harmonise admirably with his temperament. A senseless dullard and a half-idiot, he mistakes the very critics who laugh at him for his admirers. A votary of the *beau monde*—a veritable Beau Tibbs—he fancies himself the favoured pet of the fair sex. A thorough-going coxcomb and a confirmed rake, he is the very soul of dishonour. When he talks, he talks nonsense, and makes himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. Benares, according to this friend of Mrs. Malaprop, is 'Bankrass' (a country thousands of miles South-west of Europe, and not unlike Iceland in point of physical peculiarities); a Mudaliyar is a "Motala," or alligator; McDonald, he pronounces "Mekha denton," and McIntosh "Makshawman." An untrained and illiterate man, he possesses only the advantages which spring from the possession of rank and riches.\* "What is there in this vale of life half so delightful as carnal pleasure," seems to be the motto of this wise man of Gotham, this fair Adonis of forty-five. Ever breathing the enervating atmosphere of twaddling flattery, ever surrounded by the adulatory incense of dissolute female worshippers, the Nambudripad has come to look upon himself as a veritable Cupid upon earth whose sight could not fail to captivate the heart of even the most virtuous woman.

"The Kanazhi † Mūrki Natha house, famous throughout Malabar, was unequalled in point of wealth and dignity, and Suri Nambudripad was the second member of that rich and powerful family. . . . There was nothing remarkable in his features, and probably there are thousands of men who bear a general resemblance to him in Malabar; but it must be noted that in certain respects his face and deportment were peculiar. When he laughed, his mouth stretched from ear to ear, his nose, though not deformed, was far too small for his face, and, instead of walking, he hopped like a crow. . . . As is usually the case with plutocrats, who are devoid of ordinary knowledge and education, this individual had conceived an immense opinion of himself. Astounding fool as he was, he was fully persuaded by the agents whom he employed, that he was a most efficient man of business. . . . Deluged continually with flattery, the simpleton was firmly convinced of his own greatness and, swallowing implicitly all manner of nonsense concerning the beauty of his person attired by artful and unscrupulous courtisans, who longed only for his money, he strutted and plumed himself in the conceit that he really possessed the qualities ascribed to him. "My prince," said a woman to him once, "I, your thrall, could not live an instant without gazing on your celestial form," and the words were impressed on his mind as indelibly as if carved in stone. "Oh, my prince!" sighed another woman, "the bliss of your heavenly embrace is itself all too great for me, your slave. Who cares for money? Anyone may have that, but can I find anyone with so divine a form as

\* His opulence, in fact, is his sole recommendation. "At his place even the elephant's chains are made of gold" as the ladies of Poovally House and the wags in the Brahmin refectory and the bathing shed expressively put it.

† Mr. Dumergue's Translation.



yours ?' And he stored the saying up in his mind as if it were a passage from the Vedas."

Apart from the role of a gay Lothario which the Nambudripad plays in the story, the character is of special interest : for Suri Nambudripad is but the living type of a class of men proverbial in Malabar for the depth of their folly, their utter moral depravity, and the thoroughly superstitious lives they lead. There are, of course, honourable exceptions, and men like Govindan Nambudri (the astute friend and counsellor of our abandoned hero) are no solitary instances, but represent a large and remarkable minority. Indeed, the eccentricities and oddities of the libidinous and fickle-minded Nambudripad serve but to set off and bring out in stronger relief the wit and estimable qualities of Cherusher Nambudri, who is introduced in company with the former. The shrewdness, the sound sense, and the high sense of propriety of Cherushevi are admirably contrasted with the character of the grotesque and farcical Suri Nambudripad. While the sentiments of Govindan Nambudri are pure, manly and elevated, his manners chaste and his tastes simple, those of the Nambudripad are low, vulgar, profligate and reprehensible. There is, however, no section of the Hindu community which is so generally regarded with veneration and honour as are the Nambudripads and Nambudris\* in Malabar. And perhaps not a few of them are noted for the purity and the simplicity of their lives—are great repositories of Vedic lore and men of marked wit and considerable Sanskrit learning.

Such is our heroine's gallant suitor, and such are his manifold accomplishments.

But to return to the story. The Nambudripad receives the welcome note inviting him to Poovally House, and is beside himself with joy. Anxious and impatient, he indulges in delightful reveries concerning Induleka's person and his own good luck, builds a thousand and one pretty castles in the air, sends for his friend Govindan Nambudri, who has before seen Induleka, and puts him a hundred questions, all more or less connected with the latter's handsome features. . . . . and the probable success of his suit. He mentions the names of a hundred women, and, as he mentions them, enquires of his friend whether Induleka is more beautiful, or as beautiful as this, that or the other woman. The very next day the inconsiderate dandy embarks on his wild-goose-chase. He sets out in all his savage magnificence, dressed in all the paraphernalia of an Eastern despot, with golden palanquins and a brilliant retinue.

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\* The Nambudries are the native Brahmins of Malabar, as distinguished from Patters, Iyers and others, who, though permanently settled in the country, seem to have immigrated at a later date. According to the relic of an ancient feudal system, the former are the *jenmies* or landlords of the country, whose vassals the Nairs are.

The grand procession with all its attendant pageantry, the commotion and uproar produced at Poovally House and in the neighbourhood by the Nambudripad's arrival, the gorgeous spectacle presented by the Nambudripad in his golden habiliments and decorated in thorough oriental fashion from head to foot, the surprise and curiosity of the beholders on seeing this golden illusion, the side-glances that the Nambudripad casts occasionally in clear consciousness of his greatness and splendour, the talk and discussion amongst the common people in and around Chembhazhiyot Poovally—all these are so clearly and vividly portrayed with such enjoyable humour, such extraordinary skill and artistic perfection, that the interest of the reader is never allowed to flag. Here is a picture of the whole scene to the mind's eye :—

\* The scene of excitement which now ensued almost baffles description. The palanquin was carried by eight, and the litter by six bearers, while the men who relieved them in turns ran beside them, and all were ordered to strike up their monotonous strain. Fourteen of them had to echo and re-echo the same note, while three or four who led the way chimed in with their Heigh Hu; Ho, Ho, Heigh Hu. This peculiar chant was regarded as the special prerogative of the Nambudripad, and in this fashion the palanquin was borne with noisy pomp into the courtyard. . . . All the itinerant Brahmins, who had finished their repast and were taking a siesta in the rest-house, started up at the commotion and the shouts which warned the vulgar herd to keep their distance. . . . Running out and tying up their hair as they ran, they occupied in dense masses every available place on the banks and steps of the tank. "Hallo! What is this? Who on earth is it! Are we in for an earthquake!", they cried, and in fact, all who lived round about Chembhazhiyot and Poovalli could not have been more madly excited if an earthquake had happened. . . . As soon as the palanquin reached the courtyard, Kesavan Nambudri opened its doors, and forthwith there leaped out of it a golden effigy. Its head was covered by a gold coloured hat, and its body was clad in a gold-coloured robe. Gold was the colour of its garments throughout, and on its feet were sabots studded with gold. Gold rings were on all the ten fingers, and, as though this were not enough, it was enveloped over and above the robe in a cloak all golden in colour, and carried in its hand a small garden mirror to be frequently consulted. There was gold, gold, nothing but gold to be seen, and as the Nambudripad alighted from this palanquin in the glare of the midday sun, the rays of light which darted from him may be better imagined than described. Standing there, he seemed to be surrounded with a halo of golden gleams, and Panchu Menon thought to himself, as soon as he saw the sight, "Ah, ha! Kesavan Nambudri is right. Induleka will jump at him. There can't be any doubt about it." . . . As the Nambudripad descended from the palanquin, the eyes of the bystanders were dazzled for a moment with the yellow glare of all this golden tinsel, and a silence fell on the crowd. Fully assured in his own mind that all were dumb-founded at the sight of his gorgeous attire, the Nambudripad stood still for some seconds in the sunlight, though it cannot be said that he stood idle, because he cast two or three furtive glances

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\* Mr. Dumergue's Translation.



upwards in his own peculiar manner, to see if Induleka was anywhere in the entrance to the verandah. Then Panchu Menon and Kesavan Nambudri showed the way deferentially with their hands and conducted the golden puppet into the verandah, where they installed him in a huge chair provided for the occasion.

Presently, the Nambudripad is introduced to Induleka in her cosy boudoir by her poor step-father, the artless and good-natured Kesavan Nambudri. She treats him courteously, but with her natural firmness, triumphantly resists his seductions to overcome the promptings of her heart in favour of Madhava. The interviews between Induleka and the Nambudripad—how, at the very sight of her, the latter is struck dumb and lost in hopeless bewilderment; how, in the conversations that ensue, the Nambudripad turns out a veritable coxcomb; how, with her usual tact and ready repartee, Induleka courteously combats and successfully repels his empty seductions and impertinent advances; how, defeated at every point and utterly crestfallen, the Nambudripad is plunged in grief and bewails his misfortune; and how even the sight of the very maids in the house completely confounds and overwhelms him; his wedding, at last, with a poor lamb-like creature, a niece of Panchu Menon's; the grand victorious march homeward with the bride, and the artful manner in which our haughty gallant spreads a false rumour on the road to the effect that the girl is Induleka—are all depicted with the exuberance of a poet's humour, and form "an absolute plethora of witty allusion and sarcastic reflection."

Madhava next appears on the scene. He is returning from Madras, bent upon marrying Induleka, in spite of the old patriarch's opposition. On his way home to Poovally House, at one of the Brahminical lodges, not far from the Railway Station, in which boiled rice is sold, he is suddenly informed of the alleged marriage of his dear betrothed. The news is more than Madhava can bear. Struck, as if by lightning, he is for a moment still and motionless. Every joint in his body wrings with agony as if he were placed "under the spell of a powerful electric current." Pale as death, petrified, benumbed, his whole frame is "scared to the core and his face distorted like that of the fabled King Nala when bitten by the serpent." In another minute he is plunged in deep thought. While in a state of profound indecision and writhing anxiety, he sees his friend Sankar Sastri. They retire to a neighbouring grove, and the latter confirms the story which Madhava has already heard. In hopeless despair and great agony of mind, the unfortunate Madhava comes down. He leaves hearth and home, a miserable exile, and immediately starts on a long journey. He goes straight to Bombay, embarks on board the steamship for Calcutta, makes a long tour in Bengal and Northern India, is rob-

bed of his things *en route* by a clever Mahomedan rogue, who represents himself as the Sub-Judge of Allahabad, and, after a few such incidents and adventures, finally joins his friend, Keshub Chunder Sen, in Bombay. Here, at the residence of the latter, Madhava meets his father, Govinda Panikar, and Induleka's maternal uncle, his cousin, Govindakully Menon, a full blown B. A., who had set out in pursuit of him. He returns with them to Malabar, and his restoration to his Madhavi and the consequent solemnization of their nuptials with *eclat*—Panchu Menon yielding, under pressure of circumstances, retracting his oath and performing *prayaschita*\* for the same—form the closing events of the story. Our hero (at the instance of his friend and patron, Mr. Gilham of the Chief Secretariat) is soon Gazetted a statutory Civilian, and is represented as still living in perfect happiness with Induleka and two children.

It is impossible, in the space devoted to an article like the present, to make any elaborate or lengthy observations on the general characteristics of the book under review. Nor do we feel that there is much which the Press has left unsaid. But, in the eloquent words of the *Hindu*, we may remark before concluding, "in his truly humorous conceptions, in his delineation of the several episodes and strokes of character, which are truly touching, in his power of affecting the heart while exciting the sense of the ludicrous, as displayed in the confusion and anxiety of Kesavan Nambudri, in his admirable contrast between Chatter Menon and his brother Gopalan, in his reference to the petty presumptuousness of Cheenoo Patter, in the ingenious manner in which he puts into the mouth of Kesavan Nambudri, the crude and foolish theories so commonly understood and expressed by the average Nambudri as to the properties of steam and the working of the steam-engine, and of the latter's supreme distrust of the Englishman, Mr. Chandu Menon gives abundant proof of his extensive command over the language, of his superior descriptive power, of his keen penetration into the internal mechanisms of the passions and nature of man, and of his skill and originality, all of which any of his countrymen might well envy."

The eighteenth chapter in the book has been much objected to. It is a long discussion between Govinda Panikar, an intelli-

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\* The ceremony of atonement, in this instance, a penance is prescribed by the avaricious Brahmin priests for their own good, as follows :— You must have gold or silver models made of each letter in every word you used when you took your oath. These you must present to Brahmins learned in the Vedas ; on the same day you must provide a general feast for Brahmins in the temple, and you must make offerings of rice and fruit to the priests. The oath can be broken without the least sin and the expiation will be most perfect if the letters are modelled in gold, but if this is impossible, silver will serve.



gent but non-English-knowing Malayalee of the old school, and Madhavan and Govindakutty, the two graduates, and reads like a long formal dissertation on the Vedas, the National Congress, atheism and so forth. Apart from its abrupt opening, "it is purely an abstract discussion, having no part whatever in the development of the story." In our judgment, it is out of place in the work, and (forming as it does one-fifth of the whole book) had best be omitted by the author in his next edition.

"It is not even a dialogue really, but two or three lectures by the two graduates, each ranging through thirty or forty pages. No conclusion is come to on the question of the existence of God; but we have translations from the works of Bradlaugh, Spencer, Huxley, &c. On the Congress the author looks with sympathy, but considers that the criticisms of Sir Auckland Colvin were quite to the point and pointed to some dangers in the Congress movement."

The contrast between the opinions of the two graduates is most effectively brought out and forms in itself a fitting satire on the general defects of our present system of University Education. While the views and sentiments of Madhava are moderate, sound, and in perfect accord with the times, while his understanding is matured and his judgment sober, his friend, who is fresh from College, is a sentimentalist and an enthusiast, and full of radical, perverse, and revolutionary ideas.

The author's minor scenes and characters exhibit infinite variety, wit, and ingenuity. Nor are his incidental episodes less interesting. Some of the events are extremely probable, others are based on truth, or drawn from life. The author possesses abundant and acute powers of description. The imposing appearance of the Apollo Bunder at Bombay, the vivid likeness of the magnificent *Amravathy* mansion—a veritable palace of Armida—in the City of Palaces, where the merchant kings, the hospitable Sen brothers, welcome and receive our self-banished hero, the goodness and amiability of the Bengalee character, and the arbitrary ways of the Bengal Police, the social life and customs of Malabar, its peculiar *tarawad* system and the singular observances of its people (as for example, the *prayaschita* performed by Panchu Menon to propitiate the family goddess); the delineation of the characters of various kinds of Malayalee folk; the interview \* between Suri Nambudripad and Mrs. McIntosh; the incident in the

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\*This interview is such an eccentrically humorous one, that it is well-worth quotation:—

"I had great fun lately" said the Nambudripad, and if you would like to hear it, I will tell you:—I went the other day to see Mr. McSharman and talk over this case, the matter of the Cardamom Hills. When I went there his wife, whose name Govindau told me was Madam, was sitting on a chair at a little distance from him reading a paper, and from the time I

Calcutta Park, and the scene at the Railway Station—all these are portrayed with a lively imagination, a dramatic force and felicity of conception seldom surpassed in the literature of this or any other Dravidian language. A remarkable dream of Induleka's gives the author an opportunity, which he cleverly seizes, of making some very ingenious reflections on the fulfilment of dreams.

One word more and we have done. It has been said that portions of the book are "coarse"; that Induleka's character is "vaguely drawn"; that the eighteenth chapter is out of place; that English is no necessary part of a Nair lady's education; that Kalianikutty has been brought down like a *deus ex machina* to dispose of the Nambudripad; that Madhavi's pet name, Induleka, with all the apologies of the author, has a tinge of the unnatural about it; that the story is lacking in plot interest; that the author who has simply

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took my seat near her husband until it was time for me to go away, she kept glancing at me out of the corner of her eye."

"No doubt she was fascinated by you," interposed Cherasheri Nambudri. "The sheep's eyes she made at you showed clearly she was infatuated, and could not help herself."

"Wait a bit," continued the Nambudripad. "I don't know whether McSharman at last saw her looking at me or not, but he said something to her in English and laughed, and Madam answered him and laughed too. Then that idiot McSharman, without understanding how matters stood, said, 'I want to introduce my wife to you. I hope you will allow me the pleasure.' I felt much inclined to smile, but I didn't, and, restraining myself, said, I should be delighted. Then McSharman got up hastily, and, bringing his wife, placed her near me. I didn't get up, so she sat down beside me. Then she stretched out her hand towards me as the gentleman had done, and I stretched out mine, and Madam caught hold of my hands and I felt goose skin all over me."

"She must have felt it more," interrupted Cherasheri Nambudri.

"Wait a bit," said the Nambudripad. "Madam stood for some time holding my hand in hers, and I thought her very buxom. That good McSharman stood by looking on at all this and grinning. Then I drew a diamond ring off my little finger and held it in my hand. I was not sure if McSharman would be pleased, so I looked at his face. All at once the idiot said, 'Oh! I see you want to give my wife a present. I've no objection: You may give it.' Then I felt cocksure of every thing, and put the ring into Madam's hand. She took it and, looking in my face, laughed and said in English that it was a lovely ring. McSharman translated this, and then I can't tell you, Cherasheri, how I tingled all over."

"She must have tingled much more," said Cherasheri Nambudri.

"Wait a bit," replied the Nambudripad. "Madam rose from her place, again stretched out her hand to me."

"That was a decided sign that she was smitten with you," said Cherasheri Nambudri. "She couldn't bear to sit still and look at you. She immediately got up and went away, didn't she?"

"Yes," said the Nambudripad. "She went away after taking my hand."

"And you didn't see her again, did you?"

"No."

"She must have been regularly taken by storm, said Cherasheri.



put together a few of the main features of Malabar social life, has made no attempts to weave them into an interesting story, that "the quarrel between Madhava and his grand-uncle Panchu Menon hardly went to such an extent as to create any fears regarding the ultimate destinies of the hero and heroine," and more to the same effect. But these are individual opinions, and should be judged upon their merits. It is not for us to say that there are no faults, no flaws in the book; but we are strongly of opinion that the good outweighs the evil; in fact that the evil sinks into insignificance beside the good. But it is just because the book is so extraordinarily good that it ought to be better, ought to be more of a serious whole than a mere brilliant display of fire works, though each firework display has more genius in it than is to be found in ninety-nine out of every hundred books supposed to contain that rare quality. It possesses, too, this great merit, that it not only contains a number of pictures of Malabar social life drawn with photographic faithfulness, but it reflects at the same time the habits, modes of life and ideas of the middle and higher classes of the population of Malabar Nairs of high and low social status, Nambudris of different position, Putter Brahmins etc.—better than do systematic and more pretentious works. There is a force and a charm, a vividness and an originality about these social sketches which gives them a high, if not the highest, place in the literature of that kind which has been produced in our midst in the last few years. Not only is there

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"The gentleman was with you all the time, wasn't he? That's why she was at her wit's end, and left you so hurriedly, or she would have had some sweet conversation with you."

"You are really a clever man, Cherasheri" said the Nambudripad, "and this is the bond of friendship between us. What you say is quite right. That lady and I were greatly smitten with each other. As for not following up my advantage, we are forbidden by the Shastras to form connections with women of that race. There was no other difficulty in my way."

"Don't do anything forbidden by the Shastras," said Cherasheri. "My admiration is beyond all bounds when I think of your good sense. Although you had taken such a fancy to her, you gave it up because it was forbidden by the Shastras, and this shows your moral courage."

"Sometimes I can show great moral courage in all such matters," said the Nambudripad. "I bamboozled Koppatta Kummini once finely. Shall I tell you the story?"

"I heard you tell it the other day, and I remember it well," said Cherasheri. "It was from that time that I had such an opinion of your great moral courage."

"Ah, but the colour of these white women is fine," said the Nambudripad. "What is Induleka's colour?"

"Like pure gold."

"Is it better than mine?"

"Why do you ask such a nonsensical question? Your colour, Nambudri, is quite unique."

genius in the presentation of some of the human types which are described, but they display a closeness of observation and a keenness of insight into the heart of things which only those who have studied modern Malabar in the making can appreciate. The truth of the statement, "merely to invent a story is no small effort of the understanding," is as generally admitted today as it was in the days of Dr. Johnson; and if *Induleka* is not conformable to the variable conditions and complicated relations of modern Malayalee society, if it inflames the reader's imagination or vitiates his taste, it combines instruction with amusement, is free from tedious detail or vulgar idiom, and is but "truth severe, by fairy fiction drest."

The free diffusion of popular literature is a potent influence for the good of society, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that to a people in whose midst the sacred institution of marriage is but a delusion, and the ignorance of women the most pressing evil, the book will prove of the utmost value. It is, in its way, not only an effective and well-aimed satire on the shams and snobbishness of Nambudri folk, but also the most tremendous all-round cannonade to which some of the more glaring of our social evils (such as the laxity of the marriage-tie and the *Tarawad* system) have been subjected. It is written with a purpose—which is chiefly to impress on the author's fellow-countrymen "the advantage which would accrue if the women of India were given the same privileges of education that are enjoyed by the men."

The book is written in a simple, chaste and conversational style; its language is colloquial and idiomatic, and the few Sanskrit words here and there employed are such as can be understood by any ordinarily educated Malayalee. "I have made no attempt" writes Mr. Chandu Menon "to abandon, in favour of a style modelled on pure Sanskrit, the diction of Malayalees conversing in Malayalam." Indeed, he has quitted the well-worn track, paved with plagiarism . . . and the language of *Induleka* is the living Malayalam of the present day.

The author sets forth, in a private letter, the reasons which have induced him to write this work. The reader will excuse our reproducing them here. They are as follow:—

"First, my wife's oft-expressed desire to read in her own language a novel written after the English fashion, and secondly, a desire on my own part to try whether I should be able to create a taste amongst my Malayalee readers, not conversant with English, for that class of literature represented in the English language by novels, of which at present they (accustomed as they are to read and admire works of fiction in Malayalam abounding in events and incidents foreign to



nature and often absurd and impossible) have no idea, and to see whether they could appreciate a story that contains only such facts and incidents as may happen in their own households under a given state of circumstances—to illustrate to my Malayalee brethren the position, power and influence that our Nair women, who are noted for their natural intelligence and beauty, would attain in society, if they are given a good English education; and finally—to contribute my mite towards the improvement of Malayalam literature, which, I regret to observe, is fast dying out by disuse as well as by abuse."

If the author had even only partially succeeded in any one of these, his laudable objects, he would undoubtedly have deserved well of his countrymen. We know how much in the way of national reformation, whether social, political or literary, has been achieved in European countries by popular writers like Dickens, Ouida, Voltaire, Victor Hugo and a host of others; that there is a strong deterrent principle embodied in the free diffusion of healthy, popular literature, cannot be denied; its importance can never be over-estimated. The book will no doubt be interesting and instructive to all Malayalee readers. It can be understood by all and enjoyed by all. A second edition of *Induleka*—1,500 copies—appeared immediately after the first edition. As for readers other than Malayalee, we may mention that Mr. G. W. F. Dumergue of the Madras Civil Service, formerly Collector of Malabar and sometime Malayalam Translator to Government, has, with Mr. Chandu Menon's permission, translated (and translated excellently too) the work into the English language.

U. BALAKRISHNAN NAIR.

#### ART. IV.—A PILGRIM VOYAGE IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

*(Continued from July 1899 No. 217.)*

##### KAMORIN.

**I**F you take up an atlas you will see on the Eastern coast of the Red Sea a tiny speck underlined with a pink line which betokens a British possession. This is the Island of Kamorin, which is used by the Turkish Government as a quarantine station for pilgrims coming from the South. It is an arid, barren spot, a few square miles in area, possessed of nothing but sand, coral and officials.

Although the prospect was not inviting, after five consecutive weeks on voyage, a thrill of pleasure ran through the ship's company when the anchor dropped with a splash into the clear water of the Red Sea, and the monotonous rhythm of the engine ceased. The deep blue waters here spread into an open bay. Not two hundred yards from the anchorage, the waves rippled on a coral reef which extended some distance out to sea. Beyond the long stretch of water the low sandhills of the mainland of Arabia twinkled through a purple haze which blended softly with the deep blue of the rainless sky and deeper blue of the smooth sea.

Here and there on the coast line white heaps sparkled in the sunshine, like tents in a soldier's camp. Near the distant coast an antiquated steamer lay at anchor awaiting her cargo. We afterwards learnt that the white heaps were stacks of salt which, in this rainless country, is prepared by the evaporation of sea water in salt-pans, and is shipped crude, but profitably, to the Indian market.

In front lay the low parched sands of Kamorin, fringed with coral reefs. The island was a dreary waste of sunburnt yellow sand upon which no sign of vegetation could be seen from the ship. In a narrow inlet two Turkish gun-boats, dilapidated and dirty, lay at anchor. The vessels of war sadly needed fresh paint and holy-stone. Beyond the gun-boats a few huts clustered round a white-washed building on the roof of which fluttered the Turkish flag.

By way of salute, a gun was fired from a gun-boat, and the "Arabia" answered by blowing a blast on her whistle, and dipping the red flag of the mercantile marine.

The pilgrims grew very excited and clambered about the ropes and awnings of the ship like caged monkeys. They shouted and yelled to the boats which collected round the ship



directly after the dropping of the anchor. The jolly-boat was lowered from the davitts, and, in company with the captain, I started ashore with the bill of health and ship's papers beneath my arm. The big red flag of the mercantile marine waved above us in the stern-seat of the boat, and dragged lightly on the wash of the waters. The boat passed under the stern of the Turkish gun-boat lying at two anchors. The hopeless disorder of the vessel was apparent. The cross-trees were askew and many of the halliards broken. Dirty bits of sail peeped out from dirtier sail-covers. The old hulk would have been a disgrace to the whale trade.

A shabbily dressed Turk showed his fez above the rail and looked at us in silent curiosity. I fancy he was the man who fired the gun on our arrival, for otherwise the gun-boat appeared deserted.

We could not mistake the landing-place. Opposite the main building of the settlement a long narrow pier ran out into the sea some thirty yards. At the end of the pier a small thatched hut, approached by steps from the water, had been erected. Two turnstiles, flanked by desks, showed that the authorities of the island held a careful inquiry before allowing the pilgrims to land.

I jumped out of the jolly boat, and, carrying my papers beneath my arm, ran up the wooden staircase of the landing place. Seeing no obstacle but the turnstile, I went along the narrow pier towards the Residency upon the roof of which the Turkish flag fluttered in the hot breeze. Suddenly the door of the Residency opened, and six officials dressed in white flowing robes and wearing fezzes rushed towards me, yelling in Turkish. I thought that something had happened to alarm them, so great was their excitement.

In an instant I was surrounded by a troupe of jabbering officials, who swept me back to the hut at the end of the pier. They looked at me defiantly over the turnstile and made uncomplimentary remarks concerning me to one another in Turkish. The captain and lascars in the boat laughed at my discomfiture.

At last a young man with a very yellow skin addressed me in French. He informed me bluntly that I had committed a very grave offence in passing the barrier before the ship's papers had been inspected and approved: the offence technically constituted a landing without permit and was punishable by a very heavy fine.

The officials crowding the barrier became silent on the approach of the Governor of Kamorin, who, attended by three pages, left the white-washed building flying the Turkish flag. He was a corpulent man and came down the pier taking very

short steps. His bulbous red nose was brown with snuff which adhered to the greasy exudations of his skin. His iron-grey moustache showed traces of the sedative dust which falling had discoloured his white front. The officials made way for the Governor, behind whom a servant carried a chair.

I produced my papers and laid them out. They were written in English and totally unintelligible to the Turks. But that did not matter. The governor of the island raised gold-framed glasses to his eyes, and, holding the documents at right angles to the curve of his stomach, perused the contents in supercilious ignorance.

There were remarks between the governor and his staff. The young man who spoke French came to the barrier and said excitedly :

"Avez-vous le cholera ?"

In a high key he repeated the word "cholera," which the officials behind re-echoed.

"Je suis tres bien Monsieur," I said in injured innocence.

Another official came up to the barrier—a tall dark man with fine features. He looked at me sadly, saying :

"I speakee the English, very difficult tongue. Have you the cholera ? the black cholera."

"No," I said, "I have not got the cholera."

The English speaking official turned round and addressed his colleagues in a rapid guttural tongue.

"I say you," he continued, "the companee of the pilgrim ship have got the black cholera ?"

"No," I replied ; "we have had several deaths from influenza, but there has been no cholera on board."

The captain, listening to the conversation, said :

"You silly idiot ! what do you want to go and say that there is influenza on board : the devils will keep us here a fortnight."

The English speaking interpreter announced the condition of health of the ship to the governor, who appeared displeased and took another pinch of snuff to quiet his feelings. I fancy I saw a look of remorse in their faces when our bill of health was approved and an official document was presented to us which allowed the landing of the pilgrims, for a short term of ten days' quarantine.

A Hadji ship stricken with cholera brings a golden harvest to Kamorin. The pilgrims are detained month by month in quarantine camps till the disease is exterminated and their dollars are exhausted. The fierce burning sun blazing down on the yellow arid sands of Kamorin purifies the pilgrims of disease ; but many die. So much the better for Kamorin, for in that case the pilgrims leave their bones as well as their dollars :



the Turkish officials take the money ; the thirsty sands of the barren island receive the other. What wonder that no plant or green thing will grow on the cursed island, where thousands of honest pilgrims lie buried in the sand. The sun alone looks down in tropical splendour on their unknown graves, while the placid waters of the Red Sea ripple on in the jagged coral reefs of the island in which the fallen pilgrims have found a long resting from their persecutors.

After much needless delay our credentials were approved by the authorities, and the jolly boat rowed slowly back to the ship. An official accompanied us ; but, as he knew no language save his own, he was unintelligible except by signs.

The good ship Arabia was a sight ! Slowly approaching in the boat, I had time to look at her. So glad was I to leave her that I had not given the ship a parting glance. The flag of our company fluttered listlessly at the main. The red flag of the mercantile marine hung from the halliard at the tip of the gaff. The rake of her masts and the gorgeous colour of the flags gave the ship a style. The Arabia had been a mail boat, but now the good ship was degraded to the degree of a floating charnel-house. After the long voyage the big square rivetted plates on her sides were rusted by the action of the warm water : a seam of filth and sea-weed hung on the iron near the water line.

The wind blew from the direction of the ship and brought the unsavoury smell of Hadjis again into our nostrils. The pilgrims applauded our approach with weird shouts, and the Turkish official stood up in the boat waving his fez. The native boats waiting to convey the pilgrims ashore closed round the ship, and the Hadjis began to disembark.

We boarded the ship, and I went to my cabin, sad and sorry.

God help the Briton engaged in the Hadji trade ! May he see in those weird faces, chanting towards the setting sun the evening song, a reflection of something better than current coin.

The ship seemed to groan under her burden. The steam blew off from the safety valve, and a square column of water welled from the outlet of the condenser. All manner of craft came alongside. The Hadjis raved in their excitement, and, jumping into the water from the bulwarks of the ship, swam to the boats with their luggage floating before them. A decrepid launch, wheezing and asthmatic, came panting alongside, and blew a whistle to show that she had steam ; at her stern flew the Turkish flag, and it was evident that her purposes were official. After some delay the launch towed ashore a long line of lighters filled with squalling pilgrims ; like a swan escorting

her offspring, the launch steamed away with the lighters to the landing-place of the quarantine station.

At last the ship was clear and for the present our duties were ended.

"Thank God!" said every one of us as we sat down to the evening meal.

We slept well that night; no hacking coughs of a restless crowded multitude kept us awake. The weary gregorians chanted from the Koran had ceased. The offensive smells remained; but, by contrast, the ship seemed quiet as the grave.

I daily visited the quarters of the pilgrims ashore. The poor wretches were stationed in camp upon the sands, and enjoyed themselves after the privations of the voyage. Our consignment was lucky in the possession of a clean bill of health which entitled them to the best of quarters. In addition, the "Arabia" landed the pilgrims at Kamorin in March, when the Hadji season has scarcely commenced. In April, May and July the island is overrun with pilgrim camps, which occasionally revolt and show a mutinous spirit. Not many years ago the Turkish troops were called out, and there was a great slaughter of rebels.

The camp was arranged like a church in the form of a cross. At the top of the cross was the office and hut of the official or doctor in charge of the party. Whenever I saw him, he was either smoking or drinking, although he never appeared to be the worse for either.

The Hospital of the camp lay near the officials' residence. It was a shed built on the open sand which constituted the floor. There were no beds or shelves for the accommodation of the sick, who were expected to lie on the ground. The proportions of the building were hopelessly inadequate to cope with an epidemic among the pilgrims: the hospital was scarcely capable of containing the ordinary casualties.

The pilgrims themselves found comfortable accommodation in the sheds and huts of the lines. I saw several goats in their quarters, and at a fabulous price such luxuries as milk could be obtained. Condensed water was served regularly. Daily Arab fishermen brought fresh fish to the foreshore and sold it to the Hadjis. The sheds in which they lived, were made of rough wood-work into which bushy shrubs like English heather had been interwoven. The roofs were thin and the tropical sun at midday streamed through the slender shelter. Nevertheless the pilgrims appeared comfortable and chatted gaily among themselves.

The streets, the floor, the foundations of all Kamorin are sand and coral. A wide sandy expanse, abutting on the coral



foreshore, gave the pilgrims room for exercise. About half a mile from the camp a wire fence separated the settlement from the rest of the sand. The boundaries were patrolled by Turkish soldiers night and day. The Hadji is strictly confined to his encampment during quarantine. The officials and soldiers in charge of the party dare not cross the boundary as long as the pilgrims remain in camp.

The ship lay quietly at her chains and anchor. The output of pilgrims reduced her burden by many tons, and the Plimsoll-line showed clear above the blue waters of the Red Sea. The decks were bare and vacant: the litter of human beings and their baggage had gone. An attempt was made to clean the ship, but the effort did not prosper. The decks were dirty beyond the reach of holy-stone and sand. A narrow path led fore and aft upon which the heap of disinfectant lay bedded like cement by the tread of countless feet. Time alone could wear away the marks on the deck.

After ten days of quarantine the pilgrims came on board again in lighters and native boats. They seemed depressed, although their long journey to Jeddah was nearly over. I happened to be ashore, and saw their departure, which was conducted in Turkish style.

A long marquee was erected in a clear space near the Hospital. Beneath the tent the Governor of Kamorin, accompanied by several companies of soldiers and numerous officials, seated himself on a gilt throne before a table covered with green baize. Potted palms and evergreens, interspersed with soldiers, formed the back-ground, and in the fore-ground a carpet was spread over the sand.

A detachment of soldiers drawn up in single file at the entrance of the tent, with fixed bayonets, formed an impressive array. A pompous official at the end of the avenue of soldiers called out the name of each pilgrim who with his company rose in response to the call. The Hadji, leaving the squatting crowd of his companions assembled on the sand, walked forward with his property and belongings. The official gave him a pass and ushered him to the entrance of the avenue of armed men, at the end of which the Governor of Kamorin, looking at daylight through gold framed spectacles, sat in a marquee over which the Turkish flag was flying.

The pilgrim long before he has reached the end of the lane lined by armed men has lost all courage. With fluttering heart, he salaams three times on the carpet before the Governor of Kamorin, and the attendant in charge hands the pass to the Governor.

The Governor reads out the items and demands the payment. Dollars for board and residence, for fresh water, for

doctor and hospital; fees on arrival and fees on departure. The poor Hadji trembles and gesticulates in vain, the money must be paid to the last cent.

If the pilgrim hesitates in payment, the cashier seated before a big brass tray covered with silver coins, jingles the coins in his charge, and turns over the money on the back of his skinny hand. The Governor stormily demands payment, and interpreters intervene to shake the money out of the pilgrim. If the interpreters do not succeed in gaining the money, the soldiery are called in and assume threatening attitudes. A bayonet thrust makes a clean triangular wound in the flesh, which brings men to their senses.

In the end the pilgrim unties the knot in the tail of his shirt and produces money, which the Governor of Kamorin coldly hands to his cashier, who throws the coin into the big plate of silver pieces which lies beneath the table of the Governor.

The pilgrims, having undergone the ordeal of official interview, leave the marquee and depart by the boats which transfer them from the sandy desert of Kamorin to the Hadji ship.

#### JEDDAH.

The Governor of Kamorin, together with all the major and minor officials of the island wearing the fez, came on board in the broken-down launch which towed the last detachment of pilgrims on board, in order to wish us a happy voyage. They were entertained on pilgrim rum and coffee, which Pedro's ingenuity palmed off upon our guests as a new liquor fashionable in Europe. With mock state they seated themselves in the small saloon and drank and smoked till the third blow of the whistle, when the captain came in and, pleading the ebb of the tide as a pretext, urged the necessity of immediate departure. We said stately insincere farewells at the gangway, and rejoiced when the low sand heaps of Kamorin faded into purple haze, and we stood on our way to Jeddah.

Our course touched the eastern limit of the great highway of the Red Sea which leads from the Suez Canal to the Straits of Babel-Mandeb. One afternoon a wreath of smoke appeared in the distance, and the masts of a four-masted steamer slowly climbed the slope of the horizon. The officer of the watch pronounced the onward coming vessel to be the "Atalanta," the proudest and finest vessel of our fleet, which is as familiar with the Red Sea as a London swell with Bond Street. The "Arabia" flew at the main the Company's colours, and altered her course so as to approach the liner, which ploughed up the blue seas before her proud fore-foot. The mail-ship answered our flag in turn, and through the telescope we saw the flag of the Company unfurl at the main.



Onward she came, ploughing up the smooth waters, which rose like a white collar about her graceful bows. The officers assembled on the bridge long before the lines of the steamer had cleared the horizon. We hoped to see a familiar face, perhaps the face of a friend, on the big Australian mail-ship. As a dog in trouble rubs itself against a companion, the good ship "Arabia" shaped her course towards the "Atalanta," steaming on her way to Australia. In glorious magnificence of silent motion the big ship came down on our port-side, not a whisp of smoke issued from the huge chimney-stacks to mark in the heavens the trail of her path: the blue waters of the Red Sea, churned to foam, seethed and bubbled beneath her stern, and marked her path with an ever-changing track, snow-white near the propeller and fading into blue in the vastness of the waters. The white awnings of her deck sparkled in the tropical sun, and fresh clean paint made the vessel look as smart as a new dog-cart.

The Hadjis, at the beck of their companions, crowded out of the holds to watch the passage of the big ship. The sooty awnings and rusty stanchions of the "Arabia" were thick with them. Our ship passed within earshot of the liner, and the gilt-letters of the liner's name were clearly visible to the naked eye. The passengers ran to the taffrail to get a better view of the curiosity of the deep: they may have taken the "Arabia" for a floating menagerie or a drifting hay-rick. The Hadjis on the awning yelled and gesticulated like apes untied. The officers on the bridge of the "Atalanta" stared in wonderment at the Hadji ship. We waved our handkerchiefs towards the liner, the rails of which were crowded with girls dressed in pink and blue frocks.—Some of us thought that they recognised the faces of old friends on board. Abeam the quartermaster dipped the red ensign of the mercantile marine, and held the flag low for several seconds. The pilgrims yelled in unqualified approval, and the officers assembled on the bridge of the "Arabia" cheered and waved their handkerchiefs frantically.

The fine mail steamer passed us and did not even condescend to answer our dip. The "Arabia" was hardly abeam when the ladies produced their handkerchiefs, and protecting their noses, fled from the sight of our vessel. The Hadji ship at sea is followed by an unsavoury odour.

After three days the low sand-hills of the Arabian coast appeared on our starboard side. It was calculated from dead-reckoning and nautical observations that the ship was approaching Jeddah. The anxiety of the officers and captain began to show itself, for the harbour of Jeddah was known to be dangerous to navigators. The charts are unreliable and

the buoys are liable to drift. The wreck of a steamer sunk at the entrance of the harbour lay with her masts out of water in the fair-way of the channel. At Kamorin it was reported that an Arab pilot had intentionally run the steamer upon a reef and the people of Jeddah, coming off in boats, rejoiced in the loot of the wreck.

At length the grey stone walls and minarets of Jeddah became visible among the sand-hills of the coast. A yell of joy went up from the pilgrims, who prostrated themselves on the deck to offer a prayer of thanksgiving.

Two small sailing boats with white latteen sails came towards us. The occupants were interchanging remarks in Arabic, the tone of which indicated that no good-will existed between the two crews. Leaning over to the light wind, the boats sailed abreast one of the other. The Arab at the tiller put the rudder hard over, and, with the grace of swans, the little boats came simultaneously alongside. A rope was dropped over the side, and in an instant two lithe Arabs climbed on board from either boat. Each man hurried to the bridge and, prostrating himself before the captain, solicited the pilotage of the vessel into the harbour of Jeddah.

The rival pilots hissed and fumed at one another in guttural and disgusting Arabic. The captain chose a ragged and scarred old Arab with one eye who could speak a few words of Hindoostani. With the pilot-boats floating under her quarter, the "Arabia" neared Jeddah at half speed.

The Arab standing on the bridge beside the captain indicated the course of the vessel with his skinny black hand. Abdullah stood behind the pilot and interpreted Arabic into Hindoostani. The captain instructed Abdullah to inform the pilot that he would be shot, drawn and quartered if the vessel went ashore.

A lascar was sent to the truck of the fore-mast, to which he lashed himself with ropes. Two quarter-masters were ordered to the cross bar, from which they could report broken water and reefs to the captain on the bridge. The chief officer took his station on the fore-castle, where the anchors were slung ready to drop at a moment's notice.

The ship steamed slowly up a narrow channel fringed by a long coral reef, standing out of the sea like a low wall. Two buoys were passed, and the distant Jeddah grew nearer. About a quarter of a mile from the column built on the end of the narrow reef which leads to the outer harbour there lay an English steamer flying her flags at anchor. Thinking that the steamer had taken berth in deep water, the captain rang quarter speed and shaped the course of the ship towards the substantial "tramp." The Arab pilot grew frantic and



stamped with naked foot on the bridge. With a zig-zag movement of his hand he traced the course of the ship.

The "Arabia" seemed to feel her way through the reefs about which the blue waters rippled on either side of the fair-way. The Secunni in the birds' nest beneath the bridge threw the lead and reported seven fathoms of water ; so far all was well. Suddenly there was a harsh grating sound like the sound of paper torn, and a dull thrill ran through the ship. The port anchor crashed into the sea and with a loud peal the telegraph rang to the engine-room. The "Arabia" was piled up upon a reef in the soft coral of which her bow lay buried.

The wells were sounded, and to the relief of all it was found that the hull of the ship was not injured. Boats were lowered and soundings taken round the ship. She lay in a narrow channel surrounded by reefs on either side. The order for "half-speed astern" was given and like a package bumping down a staircase the "Arabia" floated off into deep water. Night was coming on rapidly. It was impossible with failing light to get the ship into safer waters. With anxious faces we sat down to the evening meal tired and exhausted, although the lights of Jeddah wore in view. Anything like a breeze would have dashed the "Arabia" on the reefs, and broken the ship into pieces.

We did not sleep well that night. But the Hadjis snored and coughed and sang, for they were within a hundred miles of Meccah—their dreams were peaceful. During the spring of the year the wind blows constantly from the north : it is a soft fanning breeze which blows invariably : otherwise the sharks would have had a meal of Hadjis and the thieves of Jeddah a rich harvest.

At break of day the ship was slowly backed along the channel in which she had grounded and came to anchor beside a reef which was distant scarce a ship's length. Early in the morning I went ashore with the captain in the jolly boat, and when we had presented our credentials at the Custom house, a flag was run up as a signal that the pilgrims might disembark. The clocks seemed strange, pointing to the hour of 2 P.M. ; in Arabia the time is calculated from the hour of sunrise.

The captain had business to transact with the agent of Azigoff. and, having procured a guide, we called upon this native gentleman.

The magnificence of the houses in Jeddah is positively alarming. Four storeyed houses built in a style, bastard of Eastern and Western art, rise in lofty grandeur from the sandy streets. Everything in the way of architecture is massive and grand.

We were led by a guide to the house of the agent, who lived in the best quarter of the town. The residence was fit for a prince. The folding doors of the portico were hung on long bronze hinges deeply chiselled in tasteful design. The drifting sand had preserved the richness of the carved woodwork of the door.

A native servant, probably a slave, opened the door with a low salaam and admitted us to the hall. The hall was ornamented with green shrubs, and covered with the softest of Persian carpets. The captain presented a letter from Azigoff to the merchant, which the servant carried to his master. The slave came back, and, making the profoundest of salaams, led us up a massive stone staircase into a delightful old room. An ample wainscoted window, lined with seats from which one could see the sea, brought back reminiscences of mediæval houses at home, and the four foot walls suggested associations with University life.

The seats in the bow-window facing the sea were lined with silk cushions, and the bright light of the tropical sun reflected by the sea and sand streamed through the diamond panes of the window. In the dim morning light the rich Persian carpets covering the walls and floor produced a lovely effect of softly blended colours. There was a dais in the alcove of the window where we sat awaiting the merchant. Save an octagonal stool, beside which rested a massive silver hookah, there was no other furniture in the room.

We both rose from our seats in the window at the entrance of the merchant. He was a short, stout, bald-headed man, with a greasy face pitted with small-pox. The retinue of servants following their master bowed a low obeisance towards us. The merchant lifted the back of his hand half way to his forehead and sat down plump on the carpet beside the hookah and began to smoke. A small boy, the living image of the missing link, sat at his side and waved a fan in his hand.

The Captain addressed our host in Hindoostani and produced a mysterious document written in jagged characters. With deliberation the merchant read the contents of the missive. The servants brought coffee and cigarettes of which we partook. The coffee, half-grounds, half-liquor, was exceptionally good.

After mutual exchange of high toned compliments, the two men went to business with rapidity. The subject of conversation was money and cargo.

During the last Hadji pilgrimage cholera had visited Jeddah and the epidemic was unusually severe. The pilgrims died like flies in a frost, and the living could not bury the dead. The entrances of houses over-looking the square in which camels are



hired by the pilgrims, were frequently blocked by corpses : the Hadjis crept up the stone staircase and sank down to die. The very camels became sick and died. Thousands upon thousands died, and human bones, gnawed by dogs and bleached by the drifting sand, littered the sandy streets of Jeddah.

The road to Meccah—that long straight road over the sandy desert—was strewn with dead and dying, who in their last agony turned to look in the direction of the sacred city. Jeddah was a burial place above ground where in the burning sun human corpses melted from decomposition, in the sandy streets. Collected from all quarters of Arabia, the keen-sighted vultures swept down upon the unhappy pilgrims, and feasted on human flesh which the Turkish soldiery refused to bury.

The Bedawins, those human vultures who swoop down and rob the pilgrims on the road to Meccah, retired from the outskirts of Jeddah. Death on all sides saved them the trouble of slaying, and made the plunder easy. Cholera spread among their ranks and decimated their spies in Jeddah and the wild horsemen who hover round the rough road to Meccah. But the harvest had not been sufficient for the Bedawin.

At the end of the Hadji they collected in force before the gates of Jeddah and demanded a handsome sum from the governor of the town. In case of refusal they threatened to sack the city. The troops at the disposal of the governor were inadequate. The governor paid the ransom and the town was saved from the Bedawins.

The blue sea which ripples on the white, silver and golden sands of Jeddah is lovely. A narrow tortuous channel fringed by coral reefs leads to the landing-place from the inner harbour, where the "Arabia" lay at anchor. The water is clear as crystal. Looking over the edge of the boat, one can see the depths of the tropical sea teeming with life. Brilliant coloured sea-weeds grow from white and red coral. Huge anemones hang waving their flower-like tentacles magnified by the refraction of the clear waters. The bottom sparkles with the *débris* of coral and glows with colour. Tiny fish move mysteriously in the depth of the water, and, darting to and fro, leave a path of silvered spangles.

On a jut of sandy barren coast lies Jeddah, surrounded by a city wall, above which the stately buildings of the town tower. The awkward lines of the city wall appear in the distance to be broken by lofty over-hanging houses. Here and there the dome of a mosque or the minaret of some palatial residence catches the eye. To the right, in a waste of sand, the copper cupola of the mosque of eve caught the morning sun.

The "Arabia" in the distance flew flags from the main fore and aft masts, and was the centre of much activity. Around

her all manner of crazy craft had collected. In solid strength, her tarnished hulk towered above the boats which flocked to her side and surrounded the ship completely.

As we drew up in the jolly-boat, the work of unlading the ship was well in hand. The winches creaked and clattered harshly. Planks, rice bags and pilgrims poured out of every outlet of the ship into the fragile craft which, bumping against one another at each turn of the wave, hung about the ship like a swarm of bees on a bough.

At last the pilgrims had departed and the ship was empty save for cargo. The poor misguided, helpless cattle had been shipped and landed at a profit ; and they had fallen, perhaps, into worse hands than our own. Those under English protection in their native states, wrote their names in the ledger of the English consulate : this act conferred the advantage that if they, the pilgrims, were stranded penniless in Jeddah, the Hadji on his return from Mecca would be granted a free passage to his native country at the expense of the British Government. Considering that many pilgrims die yearly in the open streets of Jeddah from starvation, the English consulate offers advantages to the waif of enthusiasm.

I had a long talk with the Arab pilot, who made the ship his home during our stay in Jeddah. He told me that the Bedawins had inflicted the scars about his face and body : twice they had left him for dead in the desert. He appeared to pity the pilgrims, upon whom none the less he preyed. For the equivalent of a fiver he agreed to take me to Meccah and back, and volunteered his own scarred body to the captain as security.

The town of Jeddah planted in a sandy wilderness near the sea, where the fall of rain causes the inhabitants to think the world is about to come to an end, is a thrice sacred city to the Moslem Creed.

The name of the town in Arabic means "grandmother." Here, outside the city walls, our common ancestress Eva—the Eve of Genesis—tradition says, is buried in the midst of a huge cemetery which has sprung up round her burial place. The mosque is probably the oldest building in Jeddah. It lies near the Turkish barracks, and for a fee to the priest the devout Moslem dying in the town may rest his bones besides the venerated shrine. A low stone wall half covered with drifting sand surrounds the enclosure, which is full of ancient monuments. A narrow sandy path crowded with pilgrims who seemed to resent our visit, leads to the mosque : at our approach they hawked and spat on the sand to show their disgust at the intrusion into their holy places.

The drifting sand and absence of moisture have preserved



in a wonderful manner the monuments which fill the cemetery from end to end. As in an English burial ground, the tombstones present many varieties, from the square ugly box to the simple pillar, so here the memorials to the dead vary. In this cemetery the dead lie thick as pebbles on the sea-shore. The level of the sandy enclosure has been elevated by the accretion of human bones. The ancient mosque or shrine is a flat cupolated building covered by two green copper domes. The low walls are massively built of stone and perhaps ten feet in breadth. Outside the building a few trees, watered by the priests, struggle to grow in the sand.

At the entrance we were met by a priest who made us a stately bow : he was a bright-eyed, intelligent Arab and spoke Hindoostani fluently : he offered to show us round the shrine.

Taking off my hat, I entered the shrine of Eve. The pilgrims, scowling, made way, and straightway left the building defiled by my presence. Two worn stone steps led down from the entrance into the ante-room :—to the right is the shrine of Eve and to the left the Sarcophagus of a wealthy Mahomedan, who built the mosque and now rests in a cupolated crypt beside the burial place of Eve.

Eve's last resting place is a neat white-washed chamber, the walls of which are hung with framed genealogical tables containing the names of Mahomedan Patriarchs arranged quaintly on the branches of trees. The guide pointed with skinny fingers to the quaint parchment tablets and pronounced several familiar Biblical names. Two open windows, from which the low parallel walls about six yards apart run to the confines of the cemetery, face north and south. The lines of these walls mark the frame of Eve who lies buried beneath them, with head pointing to the south and feet towards the north. The dome rests near the centre of the body, but nearer to the feet than the head : according to Burton the distance from the head to the shrine is 120 paces, and from the feet 80 paces on this rough estimate Eve must have been 180 odd yards long and six feet in breadth. What wonder that Adam deserted his wife and died at Masjid-al-Khayf, where his gigantic sepulchre is visible ?

The sepulchral chamber is a room about 20 feet square : above it towers the dome, in which there is an opening to the west. In the centre of the crypt is a big flat stone worn, and polished by the frequent touch of pilgrims : on the surface of the stone a circular design resembling an old English rose is cut : this circular carving is kissed by the thousands of pilgrims who visit Jeddah during the Hadji.

Beneath the slab is an opening filled with water which the pilgrims take in their hand. As we entered the building, a

pilgrim, praying as if his heart would break, knelt upon the stone step in front of the holy water: he was so absorbed in his devotion that he did not notice our intrusion.

Jeddah is a walled city—walls and gateways complete. The Turkish soldiery parade the broad pathway on the summit, and at sundown the gates are closed. The walls are from thirty to forty feet high and built in the lavish magnificence of the buildings in Jeddah.

In the open square to which pilgrims resort for conveyance to Meccah, camels squatted on their knees, and the strange animals of the desert chewed their food with swinging heavy jaws and wearing on their grotesque faces a look of scornful contempt. Camels, mules, asses and horses in all stages of dilapidation waited beside their masters in dumb patience to be hired for the journey to Meccah. The pilgrims, dressed in white, hurried about among the animals and made contracts with the drivers. The rich man visits Meccah on the back of a camel, followed by mules carrying his wives, luggage, fire-wood, and accompanied by an armed guard. The middle class pilgrim bestrides an ass and puts his luggage on the shoulders of the beast and his firewood on the rump. The poor, who are always with us, walk barefooted through the sand. They have scarce enough money to reach the sacred city, and on their return to Jeddah are often unable to pay their passage home. If no helping hand is outstretched towards them, they die and the sand of the desert covers their bones.

Late in the afternoon we made an expedition to the Eastern gate from which the pilgrims proceed to Meccah. The Eastern road of the city was as crowded as London Bridge at sunset; along the narrow cobbled road a continuous stream of camels, asses, mules, horses and Hadjis jostled one another. The fierce looks of the pilgrims, and the roughness of their beasts of burden choking the road caused us to turn into a by-street, whither small Arabs followed, and stoned us from the corner. By a circuitous route we reached the Eastern gate, beyond which the English Consul was not responsible for our lives. Nevertheless we were swept through with the crowd and found ourselves looking at the procession to Mecca. It stretched along a long straight road across the desert, leading to purple barren hills where the road vanishes out of sight; two telegraph wires slung on rickety posts accompanied the road. The sand upon it is in continuous movement. No sooner does one foot-print leave an impress, then another covers it up. In the distance the procession was lost to sight in a yellow cloud of dust mingling with the purples of the far-off hills.

Before us caravan after caravan defiled through the gate;



all sorts, kinds and conditions of men, women and children of the Mahomedan world ; rich and poor mixed up in indescribable confusion.

At the head of his household the wealthy pilgrim bestrode his camel, dressed in a white linen cloth striped with fine red bands, and followed by his women and children in cages on camel-back. Fierce-looking warriors, carrying heavy knives across their middle, and gigantic pistols in their belts, strode along-side the party for their protection in the desert. Many of the women wore unsightly screens upon their faces. The wealthier pilgrims thought it necessary to recite prayers in nasal gregorian.

Interspersed with camels and dromedaries were poor pilgrims, either walking beside their donkeys or trudging along on foot. All the pilgrims had a stern set expression on their faces such as a bridegroom has when he leads his bride to the altar.

Outside the Eastern wall was much to amuse us. A sort of fair was being held, and booths and temporary stalls had been erected. A conjurer performed tricks before an admiring crowd, and a naked nigger boy in attendance made grotesque attitudes, jumping round in a circle about his master shouting : " Bosh ! Bosh ! Bosh ! "

The third officer lifted up his eyes, and on the distant top of a sand hill saw a party of three Arab girls busily engaged in sifting dried camel's dung which is used for fuel. We could not distract his attention from the vision of brightness. At length he made up his mind to risk a personal introduction and set off to climb the opposite side of the hill from which he could approach them unobserved. — We watched his movements with great interest and some fear. Sneaking round the base of the hill he crept up in their midst, and in a moment the girls rose and, screaming, ran as if Satan had appeared amongst them. Thus the infatuation of the officer was disappointed, and he had no love-making at Jeddah, from which we sailed at sunrise.

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#### ART. V.—CHANDERNAGORE.

‘**N**OUS y sommes ; nous y restons.” Such is the motto of the French establishments in India. The Chandernagore of Dupleix died ever so long ago ; but its sentiment remains. It is asking too much of France to expect her to part with a spot so rich in historic associations. All her colonial enterprise of the past seems wrapped up in that pretty strip of territory twenty-one miles from Calcutta. While the metropolis of British India was yet in a state of comparative insignificance, Chandernagore could boast a fleet of vessels engaged in conveying the products of Bengal to Jeddah, to Mocha, to Bussorah and to China. It is true that the tricolour has replaced the fleur de lys ; but a foreign flag still floats over the settlement, and a picturesquely clad cipahi keeps watch and ward by its arsenal as faithfully as any grenadier of the royal regiment de Bourbon.

A citizen of Calcutta may well relax his mind in an excursion by water to this little bit of France lying so near his doors. The steamer lands you at the tiniest of toy jetties : and at once you step on to the Strand, the glory of modern Chandernagore. Viewed from the river, this beautiful esplanade and its bright buildings irresistibly attract the eye, and are in strong contrast to the common-place approaches of Serampore and Chinsurah. Lower down the bank stand many Brahminical temples, having in front flights of steps giving access, for purposes of ritual ablution, to the waters of this most revered branch of the Ganges. In the burning sun the sacred stream stretches before your gaze like a great white road. Adjoining the European town lies the native bazaar, brimming with crowds of buyers and sellers. Imagination carries us back to the days when this city was the seat of world-wide opulence and splendour. The squares and gardens are once more peopled with courtly lords and ladies, while a row of gaily pennoned ships lend animation to the scene. A stranger standing on the turret of Fort Orleans a hundred and fifty years ago would have surveyed a citadel bristling with cannon and a factory laden with merchandise. Small as it is, Chandernagore has made a great noise in the world. To-day the Palais Dupleix at Gyretty is a mound of half visible ruins. But it was in this riverside mansion that the great Frenchman first revolved his gigantic schemes of empire. More than two thousand brick houses were built in the town during his Governorship. Trade increased and colonists multiplied during those palmy days. The present steeple



represents the older church of St. Louis, in which he married his celebrated wife Jeanne, from whom he learnt the tongues and talents of oriental diplomacy.

The name Chandernagore means the City of Sandalwood, but it has been variously interpreted as the city that lies shaped like a moon on the reaches of the Hooghly. It is said to take its appellation from a Hindoo village situated near it on the road to Chinsurah. Its early history before the arrival of Dupleix is hardly a record of successful progress. A French East India Company had been formed by Ricaut in 1642 : and Louis XIV gave it encouragement by an edict declaring that it was not derogatory for the nobility to engage in commerce. In 1676, Chandernagore had been occupied by Monsieur Deslandes during the reign of Shaista Khan ; and twelve years later the spot was regularly ceded by the Emperor Aurungzeeb. An extract from the travels of Captain Alexander Hamilton, who spent his time in trading to various parts of India between 1683 and 1723, shows that the first chiefs of the Comptoir had, from want of funds and bad management, allowed it to sink into utter stagnation. Affairs must have reached a very low ebb when the old skipper wrote his sarcastic description : " There are several other villages on the river's sides, in the way to Hooghly, which lies 20 miles above Barnagul, but none remarkable, till we come to the Danes' Factory, which stands about four miles below Hooghly. But the poverty of the Danes has made them desert it, after having robbed the Mogul's subjects of some of their Shipping, to keep themselves from starving. Almost opposite to the Danes' Factory is Bankebanksal, a place where the Ostend Company settled a factory, but in Anno 1723 they quarrelled with the Fouzdaar or Governor of Hooghly, and he forced the Ostenders to quit their factory, and seek protection from the French at Charnagur, where their factory is, but, for want of money, are not in a Capacity to trade. They have a few private families dwelling near the Factory, and a pretty little Church to hear Mass in, which is the chief business of the French in Bengal."

Such was Chandernagore when Dupleix arrived there as Intendant in 1731. His activity immediately communicated itself to his sluggish colleagues. He had brought with him a private fortune acquired by ten years' successful industry ; and this capital he proceeded to invest in country trade. Under his influence enterprise soon succeeded to languor. Communications were opened up with all parts of the Mogul's dominions, and attempts were even made to tap distant Tibet. Such was the resurrection of the settlement that by 1753 it boasted no less than 103,000 inhabitants. Among that popula-

tion the Jesuit missionaries counted as many as four thousand converts. Nor were they the only ministers of the Gospel in that fruitful field. The Capuchins had their own monastery and college. In the year 1726 the Italian mission from Agra had built a little Chapel by the banks of the river. Friar Marcus, who wrote a geographical work on India, lived for many years at Chandernagore. The place of worship of his Order stands to-day within the walls of St. Mary's Convent, and the date of its foundation may still be seen engraved on the outer door.

Had Dupleix been properly supported from France, he might have dictated terms to the Grand Mogul himself. He bore the title of Nawab, and came up from Pondicherry to Chandernagore for the purpose of being invested with the proud title. His grandeur seemed supreme. He coined his own money, was surrounded with a gorgeous retinue, and played the part of an Oriental potentate to the full. In his wife he found an admirable interpreter of the motives and intrigues of the natives with whom he was brought into contact. To this day the Place Dupleix at Chandernagore commemorates one who, if the fates had been more propitious, would have founded an Eastern Paris on the Hooghly at the very spot, perhaps, where Calcutta astonishes the visitor with her alternations of squalid hovels and stately mansions. But his recall in 1753 shattered for ever these hopes of an Asiatic empire for his countrymen. Hitherto the honours paid to his memory have been meagre. The Messageries Maritimes have named one of their liners after him ; and this year's Salon contained a picture of the great man's dying moments. At present Landrecies, his birth place, and Pondicherry, the metropolis of his aspirations, alone possess his statue. But Chandernagore has not been altogether forgetful. Before another year is past the gallant son of the Fermier-Général of Hainault will live again in marble in the town where he was once Governor and where he married the famous Joanna Begum.

Madame Dupleix was a Creole of mixed descent. Her father was a physician in the French Company's service named Albert, and her mother, Dona Elizabeth de Castro, a Portuguese lady, of partly Italian parentage. The daughter was a widow when Dupleix met her. Her first husband, Monsieur Vincens, a member of Council at Chandernagore, had died in 1739, leaving her with six children. When Dupleix married her two years later, she was 33 years of age. Their only child died shortly after birth. Madame la Directrice (as she loved to style herself, when she signed the baptismal register of any of her godchildren) returned to France and



died there of chagrin caused by the injustice meted out to the man she adored. The services she rendered him during his Eastern career have made her a historical character, and French India still teems with traditions of her power.

The Augustan age of Chandernagore extended only for thirty years after Dupleix's arrival. As the star of Calcutta rose, the English merchants began to cast longing eyes upon the Naboth's vineyard which lay so temptingly within their reach. The feelings of international jealousy, so strong in Europe during the last century, found a ready echo in Bengal; and our predecessors within the Mahratta Ditch took every opportunity of harassing their ambitious neighbours. Even in periods of peace, the feud prevailed. In 1750, the Council wrote to London that, "having received information that some blacks residing in this town were dealing with the French for goods proper to the European market, we told them if we found any proof against any residing inside your Honors' protection, that such should suffer our utmost displeasure." Seven years later, there is a characteristic discussion in the minutes of the Select Committee, respecting a proposal from the Governor of Chandernagore that there should be neutrality between the two nations within the Ganges, though they were at war in Europe. Clive and his Councillors were inclined to agree; but Watson objected on the ground that the treaty must be ratified at Pondicherry, which would involve two months' delay; and, in the event of its not being confirmed, no reliance could be placed upon the Nawab's guarantee, as the English fleet would then be away. Watson twice held out against Clive, who thereupon asked him, if he refused a third time, to go to the other extreme and at once attack Chandernagore by water, while he would himself march upon it by land. War was declared, and Chandernagore, termed by Clive "the granary of the islands," fell, and with her all the castles in the air dreamt of by Dupleix.

The islands referred to are Mauritius and Bourbon. In a speech made by Clive in 1772, during the Parliamentary enquiry into his conduct, we find the phrase similarly employed. "I tremble," he said, "when I think of the risk we lately ran from the ambitious designs of the French. They may have suspended for a time their views upon India, but I am sure they have not given them up. It is strongly reported that they have at this moment 10,000 men at the islands, and a great number of transports; these men will not return to France, and yet the islands cannot maintain them: but at Madagascar they may possess themselves of a country capable of supporting any number. This they will certainly do." Unlike some prophecies, Clive's prophecy has been fulfilled:

and after more than a century, the French are masters of Madagascar. If the remainder of his forecast has not been brought to pass, and if the French have at all "given up their designs upon India," it is to Clive and Watson that we owe the frustration of their schemes for an Empire in the East Indies.

Edward Ives, who served as surgeon on board of Admiral Watson's flagship, the Kent, has given us a portentously long, but undeniably interesting, narrative of his voyages. In this work, half a chapter is devoted to the operations against Chandernagore in 1757. Watson and Clive, it will be remembered, had come up from Madras after the tragedy of the Black Hole and recaptured the English settlement at Calcutta. Their uninterrupted train of success encouraged them in their designs upon Chandernagore; and, as has been stated before, the war party's policy prevailed in the Council Chamber. In spite of much letter writing on the part of Surajah Dowlah, who was still to feel the prowess of his antagonists at Plassey, preparations were rapidly pushed on. The investment by land was completed on the 13th of March, and, a week later, three men-of-war, the Kent, the Salisbury and the Tyger, anchored in full view of the town off the Prussian Octagon, much to the mortification of the defenders, who imagined that it was impossible for a foreign ship to come up so high. To prevent their further advance, vessels were sunk in a sand bank just below the fortress. But a treacherous French artillery officer named Terraneau showed the passage. The story goes that this betrayer of his country received an immense reward for his services, which he sent to his father in France. The patriotic parent spurned the gift and returned it to his son, who was so heart-broken by the tone of the reply, that he hanged himself in front of his house door with his own handkerchief.

This passage of the river in the face of a destructive fire from the fort was a feat remarkable in the naval history of the time. Clive subsequently, in evidence before the House of Commons, declared that "Admiral Watson's fleet had surmounted difficulties which he believed no other ships could have done, and that it was impossible for him to do the officers of the squadron justice on that occasion." Although the forces engaged were numerically small, the English loss was the heavier of the two. Their casualties amounted to 206, as against 150 killed and wounded on the French, who did not capitulate until their batteries were a heap of ruins.

Ives' history of the siege contains a most affecting account of the death of a young hero named Billy Speke. This boy's tombstone may be seen to this day opposite the Rohilla



cenotaph in St. John's Churchyard at Calcutta. The memorial slab is fully six feet high, and the following epitaph is cut upon it in immense characters. "Here lies the body of William Speke, aged eighteen, son of Henry Speke, Esq., Captain of His Majesty's Ship Kent. He lost his leg and life in that ship at the capture of Fort Orleans, the 24th of March 1757." As a matter of fact, Chandernagore was taken on the 23rd of March, and the midshipman, who, according to Ives, was only sixteen years old, died on the 13th of April, or nearly a fortnight afterwards. During the bombardment, the Kent, which mounted 70 guns, lay so near the fort she was attacking that the musket balls fired from her tops, by striking against the chunam walls of the Governor's house in the centre of the citadel, were beaten as flat as half crowns. The French, who stood to their cannons as long as they had any to fire, made a most determined resistance, and the flagship suffered so severely that by the end of the day she had lost 37 killed and 74 wounded, and had only one commissioned officer uninjured. The same shot that gave young Speke his death blow struck his father also. But the latter's wound was not mortal. The rest of the moving tale may be told in Ives' own words. It is impossible to read them without feeling all the grief of the kind-hearted doctor towards the young shipmate for whom he sorrowed so affectionately.

"When Admiral Watson had the unhappiness to see both the father and son fall in the same instant, he immediately went up to them, and by the most tender and pathetic expressions tried to alleviate their distress. The captain, who had observed his son's leg to be hanging only by the skin, said to the admiral, 'Indeed, sir, this was a cruel shot to knock down both the father and the son!' Mr. Watson's heart was too full to make the least reply; he only ordered them both to be immediately carried to the surgeon. The captain was first brought down to me in the after-hold, where a platform had been made, and then told me how dangerously his poor Billy was wounded. Presently after, the brave youth himself appeared, but had another narrow escape, the quartermaster, who was bringing him down in his arms after his father, being killed by a cannon ball. On my attempting to enquire into the condition of his wound, he solicitously asked me if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of my touching him before his father's wound had been taken care of. I assured him that the captain had been already properly attended to. 'Then (replied the generous youth, pointing to a fellow sufferer), pray, sir, look to and dress this poor man who is groaning so sadly beside me!' I told him, that he already had been taken care of, and begged of him with some impor-

tunity that I now might have liberty to examine his wound: he submitted to it, and calmly observed, 'Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint!' I replied, 'My dear, I must!' I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee; but during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word, or uttered a groan that could be heard at a yard distance. Both the father and the son, the day after the action, were sent with the rest of the wounded back to Calcutta. The father was lodged at the house of William Mackett, Esq., his brother-in-law, and the son was with me at the hospital. For the first eight or nine days, I gave the father great comfort, by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy; and in the same manner I gratified the son in regard to the father. But, alas! from that time all the good symptoms which had hitherto attended this unparalleled youth began to disappear! The captain easily guessed, by my silence and countenance, the true state his boy was in; nor did he ever after ask me more than two questions concerning him; so tender was the subject to us both, and so unwilling was his generous mind to add to my distress. The first was on the tenth day, in these words, 'How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?' I replied, that 'If he lived to the 15th day from the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery.' On the 13th, however, he died; and on the 16th the brave man looking me steadfastly in the face, said, 'Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy?' I could make him no reply;—and he immediately attributed my silence to the real cause. The dear youth had been delirious the evening preceding the day on which he died; and at two o'clock in the morning, in the utmost distress of mind, he sent me an incorrect note, written by himself with a pencil, of which the following is an exact copy:—'If Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in, when he is told he is dying and is left in doubt whether his father is not in as good a state of health. If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honor this chitt, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me. The boy waits an answer.' Immediately on the receipt of this note, I visited him, and he had still sense enough left to know who I was. He then began with me. 'And is he dead?' 'Who, my dear?' 'My father, Sir.' 'No, my love; nor is he in any danger, I assure you; he is almost well.' 'Thank God! then why did they tell me so? I am now satisfied, and ready to die.' At that time he had a locked jaw, and was in great distress, but I understood every word he so inarticulately uttered: he begged my pardon, for having (as he obligingly and tenderly expressed himself) disturbed me at so early an hour, and before the day was ended, surrendered up a valuable life."



It is instructive to turn from Ives' chronicle of tear-stained victory to the annals of the conquered Frenchmen. From a *compte-rendu historique*, which is still preserved in the settlement, we learn that Governor Renault de St. Germain protested vigorously against the high-handed conduct of his neighbours in attacking an unoffending factory while under the protection of the Nawab. But Watson, conscious of his strength, set himself out to fulfil his promise of kindling such a flame as not all the waters of the Ganges should extinguish. Clive was no less inexorable. Having learnt from Madras that Lally had destroyed the English factors' houses at Fort St. David and sold the materials at outcry, he ordered, as "a laudable national revenge," the demolition of every building of any pretensions in Chandernagore. The inhabitants in vain petitioned against the barbarous proposal to raze to the ground houses which had sheltered English fugitives in 1756. Captain Brohier, the Company's engineer, carried out his master's mandate so well that "only a few indigent widows' huts" were left standing. Every scrap of the fortifications was removed, and not a trace of foundations can now be discovered on the modern *Plaine du Vieux Fort*. A Roman friar piteously appealed for the preservation of his little sanctuary adjoining. It shared, however, in the general ruin. Nothing is easier to-day than to talk of the noble principles of humanity; but during the last century the dogs of war were let loose in full cry. In the instructions issued to the Count d' Ache, who commanded the French East Indian squadron about this time, the Most Christian King of France directed him not to leave an Englishman (not even of country birth), in any place he took. That a thorough example was made of Chandernagore may be seen from a description of it given by a traveller who made a circuit of inspection in 1758: "Chandernagore now-a-days exhibits no more than a heap of widespread rubbish, the corpse of a quondam city, a mere waste where lurked here and there a few distressed people. A year ago, it was built with a regularity and neatness one would look for to no purpose in many large cities of Europe, inhabited heretofore by a numerous population of wealthy inhabitants."

By this humiliation a blow was inflicted on the power of the French in Bengal from which it never recovered. When the town was restored by the Treaty of 1763, it was on the condition that no fortifications were to be erected, and it was not without great difficulty that permission was obtained to dig near the old moat a small trench to carry off rain water. But, though its political importance was gone, an attempt was made by Monsieur Chevalier, a later Governor, to restore its

private magnificence. He built a country-seat for himself on the ruins of Dupleix's Palace at Gyretty, and dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand. The house was described by Grandpré in 1789 as the finest building in India. "The front towards the garden is ornamented with a peristyle of the Ionic order, after the Grecian manner. The hall is spacious; the ceiling and cornice are painted by the hand of a master." All the distinguished men and women of Calcutta used to meet under the roof of this noble mansion. On such occasions the avenue was blocked by hundreds of the gayest equipages. Warren Hastings and Francis and Clavering were always glad to lay aside for a few hours the quarrels of the portfolio and speed in their green painted budgerows up the river to pay a visit to the glorious villa of their Parisian neighbour.

We happen to find in the pages of Stavorinus a full account of an entertainment given at Gyretty House to the Dutch Governor of Chinsurah. The illustrious guests left Chinsurah at four o'clock in the morning and reached the French château at six. On their arrival they were ushered into the superb saloon and received in state by all the principal ladies and gentlemen of Chandernagore. At seven a play was acted in a little summerhouse erected for the purpose in the grounds. The performance was over by ten, and the audience then sat down to a sumptuous banquet of one hundred and twenty covers. It was on a gala day such as this that one of John Company's servants named Grand fell in love with a maiden of Chandernagore, who was destined to bear the palm for beauty not only by the Ganges but by the Seine. The romance of Catherine Noel Werlée does not properly belong to Chandernagore at all: but it was here that she was married to Mr. Grand, the Bengal writer. Her father, Pierre Werlée, whose signature figures often in the old baptismal books of the parish church, was a sea-faring Breton who came out to India in his youth. Before he was twenty he was a river pilot, a post of even more importance with the French than the English. He rapidly rose to be master pilot, and eventually became Capitaine du Port and a Knight of the most noble order of St. Louis. One of his sons was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and a grandson, Knight of Malta. The untravelled Englishman who dwells at home at ease, as well as the habitué of Calcutta who confounds Mrs. Grand with the authoress of the Heavenly Twins, may alike read the adventurous career of this lady in the entertaining pages of Dr. Busteed's *Echoes of Old Calcutta*. It is curious to think that the father of the future Princesse de Talleyrand should have been a man who wore a peajacket and shouted through a speaking trumpet, and who was responsible for



steering the barque of many a venturesome Vanderdecken through the foul Hooghly mud.

Old Chandernagore was destined to occupy only once more an important place on the page of Indian history. The Republic of Chandernagore sounds almost as absurd as the Principality of Monaco : but the political antics of the colony, after the news was received in it of the taking of the Bastille, recall the worst excesses of communards and pétroleuses. Governor de Montigny, finding himself on bad terms with the commander of the two companies of cipahis, retired with a dozen French families to Gyretty, which he fortified. The Republican party then raised the cry of Liberty and Equality. A rabble of déclassés, headed by a broken down advocate and a bankrupt merchant, plundered the town, made a bonfire of its public records and indulged themselves freely with the Madeira they found in the Governor's cellars. To secure themselves from attack, they proceeded to enlist from the country round a body of three hundred soldiers whom they dressed up in uniforms made of the red cloth plundered from the royal stores. Aided by this ragamuffin battalion, they threw up entrenchments near the river and manned them with a few cannon purchased from a trading vessel. Their next move was a characteristic one. On hearing that their countrymen had brought the king in triumph from Versailles to Paris, they determined to act similarly, and took their Governor by force from Gyretty to Chandernagore, where they shut him up in a dungeon with all the officers of the garrison. The private individuals were allowed to escape to Serampore, or, as it was then called, Frederiksnagore.

It may be imagined that this state of anarchy did not fail to excite considerable anxiety at Calcutta. Lord Cornwallis sent to demand that M. de Montigny should be instantly freed from durance vile. But the defiant sansculottes, intoxicated with success, declared they would sooner put him to death, and swore to defend their entrenchments while they had a man left. They even wished to guillotine their prisoners en masse, but had not the power to do so without the consent of the neighbouring Nawab, whom Madame la République could not afford to offend. It was, therefore, resolved to send all the royalists in chains to the Isle of France, and they were put on board a pilot brig for this purpose. This was the opportunity for which Lord Cornwallis was waiting. He stopped the ship on its way down and released the captives. Chandernagore, meanwhile, continued in a perpetual state of ferment. During the period of their ascendancy the rioters elected a new President every fortnight, and threatened repeatedly to loot the bazaars of Chinsurah. But the reign of terror was

not of long duration. On the breaking out of war between England and France in 1793, a detachment of British troops marched into Chandernagore, and took possession of it. No resistance was offered, except by a sentry who wounded a European in the hand with a bayonet, only to be transfixed the next minute with a similar weapon.

The English occupation lasted for twenty-two years. To the inhabitants it seems to have been neither irksome nor unpalatable. The reflections of the local historian are worth recording. "La prise de Chandernagore fut sans doute une perte pour l'Etat, mais elle ne fut pas funeste au commerce français et aux habitants, car, au contraire, ces derniers y trouvèrent une source de tranquillité et d'aisance dont ils étaient depuis longtemps privés. En effet, les anglais par une acte de générosité peu commune, dont l'impartialité de l'histoire doit leur tenir compte, assurèrent la subsistence des habitants dans des conditions meilleures que celles où ils se trouvèrent sous le gouvernement précédent."

The last act in the drama was reached on the 4th of December, 1816, when Mr. Gordon Forbes and Colonel Loveday delivered over the place to the Commissioners appointed to receive it by Louis XVIII. After the solemn hoisting of the French flag, we read that the officials of the two nations partook of an elegant banquet, where the healths of the Kings of France and England, and of the Governor-General of India, were drunk with every demonstration of respect. Ichabod! The glory of the settlement has long departed; and a most amiable administrateur and twenty-five cipahis are now the only remnants of French power left in Bengal.

It is to the student of men and manners that modern Chandernagore presents its most attractive feature. The French residents of pure blood may be counted on the fingers of your hand. They are content to "faire les colonies," as they call it, and after a spell of Indian service, will no doubt become Parisians again the very moment they reach the Boulevards. Not so, however, with the half caste topaze and topazine. They are generally quite ignorant of the mother country, so far as personal experience is concerned; but they boast of their descent as if they were born in the Rue de Rivoli, and not in this triste pays, by the fleuve sacré, or rather sacré fleuve, du Gange. The language they speak has somehow become mixed, like the blood. To many a demoiselle with the beautiful eyes and the wonderfully ill-fitting dress, who lives with her mother in a little house off the Route de Bénarès, may be fitly applied the humorous parody of Chaucer. "She spoke the French of Chander-atte-Nagore, The French of Paris she did all ignore."



The genuine French fonctionnaire cannot help being amused at the airs and graces of the olive cheeked family parties and groups he sees along the Strand of an evening. Their life, which touches so intimately the Boulevard on the one hand and the bazaars on the other, has come before him not only in the East Indies, but in the West. The slang proverb of Guadeloupe rises to his lips and may be quoted as a typical sample of anti-creole wit. "Bon Dié li qu'a fait café, Bon Dié li qu'a fait lait, Mais qui ça qu'a fait café au lait. C'est z'homme—là." Still more pointed is the cant saying of Martinique, which we had better leave untranslated in its native argot, merely remarking that "ish" is the equivalent of the Spanish "ijo," and stands for our word "son." "Nègue ish Satan, béqué ish bon Dié, milat ish pitain."

But a truce to such jesting. The clocks of the city have struck nine. It is the morning after the Fourteenth of July, and we, who have come down to the Fête Nationale to dance with the Chandernagore young ladies, have fallen instead to dreaming of its buried past. We have even formed an amateur record commission and called upon Monsieur le Maire to let us borrow the eighteenth century registers from the Mairie. It is there that we have discovered the marriage certificate of Dupleix and the information about Pierre Werlée. Mrs. Grand's acte de marriage, however, is nowhere to be found, as the volumes for that and the two subsequent years have disappeared and may very probably have been put on the bonfire at Gyretty. Search must, therefore, be made for copies in the Ministère des Colonies at Paris.

Now comes clattering down the street the carriage, which must start at once if it is to catch the only train that will take us back to Calcutta in time for office. No leisure to-day to visit the religieuses of St. Joseph de Cluny in their trim little convent : no leisure to greet the good father Bottero and rummage once more among his dossier des vieilles choses. Monsieur Échalier, the successor of Dupleix as "Collector" of Chandernagore, is waiting for us on the steps of his Hôtel de l'Administration ; and the uncouth peon at the gate has already presented arms with his odd-looking halberd. Once more let us take off our hats to Chandernagore, the multicolore, the magnificent.

As we rattle down the Rue de la Gare, there lies before us the ditch that forms the boundary of the territoire français. The train is ready and waiting for us. "Où est votre animal ?" shouts out the friend who has stepped into the compartment before us. His query has evidently reference to our Madrasi servant ; and we assure him that the menial has mounted up behind. We turn our faces from the tumult and speed along

towards Calcutta. We have left French India behind us on the Boulevards of Chandernagore.

JULIAN JAMES COTTON,  
*Madras Civil Service.*

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APPENDIX A. Marriage Certificate of Dupleix. 1741.  
Le R. P. François de l'Assomption, religieux Augustin, curé de Colcutta et vicaire de Vara pour le royaume de Bengale, ayant accordé le onze avril de cette année la dispense pour l'empêchement de l'affinité spirituelle, et dispensé de la publication des bans, je, soussigné, curé de Chandernagor, ai le dix-sept du même mois, marié avec les cérémonies prescrites par le rituel romain, M. Joseph François Dupleix, écuyer, Directeur Général pour la comp<sup>ie</sup> de France dans le royaume de Bengale, Président du conseil de Chandernagore, nommé Gouverneur des ville, citadelle et forts de Pondichéry, Commandant Général dans l'Inde, et Président du conseil supérieur de Pondichéry, natif de Landrecies, fils de François Dupleix, écuyer, seigneur de Bacquencourt et de Mercith, sieur des gardes Sarrevieilles de la Bruyère, écuyer ordinaire de la grande écurie de Sa Majesté, fermier général et directeur général de la comp<sup>ie</sup> des Indes, et de Dame Anne Louise de Massoc, âgé de quarante-trois ans, avec Madame Jeanne Albert, veuve de M. Jacques Vincens, conseiller du conseil supérieur de Chandernagor, née a Pondichéry, fille de M. Jacques Théodore Albert et de Dona Elisabeth Rose de Castro, âgée de trente trois ans. Témoins :—M. le Chevalier François Schonamille, Gouverneur pour Sa Majesté impériale a Baquinbazar ; M. Jean Albert de Sichterman, Conseiller des Indes et directeur général pour la noble comp<sup>ie</sup> de Hollande à Chinchura et son épouse Madame Sibille Folkera ; MM. du conseil de Chandernagor ; Dona Elisabeth Rosa de Castro, mère de l'épouse ; mesdames Marie Madeleine Albert, veuve Aumont, Suzanne Ursule Albert de St. Paul, Rose Eléonore Albert Darboulín, soeurs ; et MM. Nicolas Louis de St. Paul, second du comptoir de Chandernagor, Louis Carloman Darboulín, écuyer, beaux-frères de la dite épouse.



Signé. Claude Stanislas Boudier, Jésuite, curé.

Signé. Jeanne Albert ; Sibilla Volkera Sichterman, geboore Saoulyn ; G. Guillanden, de St. Paul, Ravet, le Chr. de Schona-mille : Albert veuve Aumont ; Albert Darboulín, Renault, Guillanden, Dupleix, Desdezerts, d'Haugett, le Chr. Courtin, Firiél.

APPENDIX B. Marriage Certificate of Madame Dupleix's sister. 1735. Darboulín (Louis-Carloman) et Albert (Rose Eléonore).

Le vingt quatrième janvier, mil sept cent trente cinq, après avoir fait deux publications de bans le seizième et le vingt troisième du dit mois et an, vu la permission pour dispenser du troisième ban donnée par le R. P. François de l'Assomption, vicaire de Vara dans le Bengale, moi, soussigné, curé de Nôtre Dame de Chandernagor, ai reçu le consentement de mariage en face de la Ste Eglise, de Louis Carloman Darboulín, natif de Paris, paroisse de St. Eustache, écuyer, âgé de vingt six ans et demi, fils naturel et legitime de M. Darboulín, secrétaire du Roi et Couronne de France, et de Dame Elisabeth Bouillerot, ses père et mère, d'une part, et Rose Eléonore Albert, native de Pondichéry, âgée de plus de quatorze ans, fille naturelle et legitime de feu M. Jacques Théodore Albert, ci-devant chirurgien-major de Pondichéry, et de Dona Rosa de Castro, ses père et mère, tous deux habitans à présent de cette paroisse. Ont été témoins Monsieur Jean Albert de Sisterman, Directeur général dans le Bengale du Comptoir hollandais de Chinchura, Monsieur Joseph Dupleix, aussi Directeur général du Comptoir français de Chandernagor et President du Conseil y établi, Dona Rosa de Castro, mère de l'épouse, Dame Jeanne Vincent Albert, soeur de l'épouse, Dame Sibilla Volkera, épouse du dit sieur Directeur hollandais, François Xavier Albert, frère de l'épouse, MM. Christophe de la Croix, Jean Nicolas d'Hervillers, Pierre Renault, conseillers du dit conseil de Chandernagor, et autres soussignés.

(Signé) du Champ, Jés., Curé de N. Dame de Chandernagor.

(Signé) Darboulín, Dupleix, Rose Albert, Sibilla Volkera Sichterman, Ursule Albert, Rosa Ravet, Jane Cuert, Bruno La Rivière, Albert Vincens, C. de la Croix, J. A. Sichterman, Albert Aumont, Albert, Renault, Bourlet d'Hervillers, &c.,

## ART. VI.—SOME DEPRESSED CLASSES OF MALABAR.

THE question of the depressed races of the inhabitants of Malabar is a very interesting and important one, and deserves the serious attention of all who are interested in its social history. These people constitute our unquestioned aborigines, a study of whose racial life, manners and institutions, and a permanent record of them, will form a useful addition to the ethnological literature of the world. They are every year increasing in numbers, and threaten to swamp the country. The miseries incidental to their depraved conditions of existence are untold ; and the problem of the amelioration of that condition is every moment gathering additional prominence, much like the Pariah problem of the East Coast. They may be variously designated as *Cherumas*, *Pulayas*, *Kanakkars*, *Pariahs*, *Malayar* and *Kader*, and *Naidis*. There are also one or two more of these races found in parts of the country ; but they present much the same tribal peculiarities as those I have enumerated. I will now proceed to dispose of these in the order which their social circumstances seem to justify.

The *Cherumas* are a numerous race, and are styled in the vernacular *Cherumukkal* their name importing that they are sons of the field (from *Cherra*, = dam. and *Mukkal* = children). They are born and live mostly on the fields. They are a very inferior race and are regarded merely as agricultural instruments in the hands of the landlords, their masters, who supply them with houses on their estates and work them in a way little better than that in which they utilize their live stock. Their daily maintenance is supplied to them by their masters themselves. Every morning the master's agent summons them to his house and takes them away to work in the fields, in ploughing, drawing water from wells, and in short doing the whole work of cultivation. In the evenings a certain quantity of paddy is distributed to them as wages. Both theory and practice, in the great majority of cases, are that they are to be fed at the master's cost the whole year round, whether they work in the fields, or not. But it is very seldom that they can have a holiday, regard being had to the nature of agriculture in Malabar. Their children are trained from an early age in the work of their elders.

Their houses are little huts, generally built of bamboo and thatched with straw, or a particular variety of dried grass found in great abundance on the hill sides. Earthen pots constitute their only domestic utensils. Some of them live far from the



fields ; while others live, particularly during the rainy season, on the fields themselves, in small huts on the field sides, or on the big earth mounds which separate them.

They are divided into families and practically have no recognised racial chiefs to safeguard their interests and to hold them together. But there are certain assemblies of elders, with a kind of chief at their head, invested with certain powers for the adjudication and settlement of disputes.

Their staple food is the rice which they obtain as wages ; but any deficiency in the food which their daily wages bring them they make up in other ways, as by eating roots, fish, etc. Toddy forms their main article of drink. They do not eat carrion ; but are extremely fond of fish, which, cooked in the poorest fashion, they reckon a delicacy. They have no peculiar customs worth recording ; their whole life is spent in cultivation, and they show no taste for hunting or other pastimes. They are a debased and ignorant race, as timid as hares at the approach of human beings. On all important festivals of the year they collect at the master's house and are given each a fixed quantity of rice or paddy, with other articles and a small coarse piece of cloth to serve as a dress for the whole of the ensuing year. Their personal appearances is forbidding. They are a dark, muscular race, with much of their natural muscularity adversely affected by their scanty food and poor clothing. Their one piece of cloth they tie round their waists. They wash this only once or twice in the year ; but, their work being mostly in the fields and in the open, it gets washed, with their bodies, in the constant rains which fall during the monsoon. During the height of the season they protect themselves from its biting cold by means of the fires which they burn inside their huts all night long and often throughout the whole day.

Their chief ornaments are, for males, large bunches of earrings and sometimes rings on the fingers. But the women are adorned with nose and breast ornaments, and rings on the fingers and even on the toes. It is worthy of note that all these ornaments are invariably made of brass. The razors with which they shave are in some instances rude iron knives which, during the operation, subject them to intense pain. Some of these races wear a front tuft, while others shave the head clean. Their females do all the cooking and take care of the children ; but often they accompany their males to the fields and do such work therein as they are capable of.

They are a dolico-cephalic race, with medium-sized eyes and dark complexion. They follow the *maccathayom* line of inheritance, or descent through the fathers ; and their household consist mostly of husband and wife and their children, if any.

Polygamy, polyandry and divorce are unknown amongst them.

They worship certain gods, who are represented by rude stone images. What few ceremonies are in force amongst them are performed by priests selected from their own ranks, and these priests are held in great veneration by them. They kill cocks as offerings to these deities, who are propitiated by the pouring, on some stones placed near them, of the fresh blood that gushes forth from the necks of the birds. Their dead are disposed of by burying. The whole race without exception are believers in the existence of a God, who, to their rude imagination, lives in the stone images of their deities; and some of them believe also in a life beyond the grave, while others believe in the total extinction of the individual, his spirit being annihilated along with the body.

The *Pulayas* are a variety of *Cherumas*, as also are the *Kanakkars*; but the latter can approach a high-caste man more closely than the other two without polluting him. These latter share the racial characteristics of the *Cherumas* and *Pulayas* and are a purely agricultural class living and working in the fields. The *Kanakkars* shave their heads clean like Native Christians, whereas the other two retain the frontal tufts, like the Nairs. All three are an extremely loyal class of people, devotedly attached to their masters, whose interests they watch and protect most jealously. On the death of any member of the master's household their families collect in the vicinity of his house and mourn the loss by beating their chests and crying aloud till their sorrow is assuaged, quite as naturally and unaffectedly as if the loss were personal to them.

The existence of these three races furnishes an instance of practical slavery in our midst, even in these days of advancing civilization. They are believed to be the slaves of their masters, who frequently subject them to inhuman punishments in case of disobedience or negligence; and their masters' commands and deeds are invested with a certain sanctity and inviolability in their eyes. They are the master's property, and can be sold away or otherwise dealt with at his will. The fact is that these slaves, or their ancestors more correctly, were purchased in days of yore by the masters or their ancestors for a fixed price, and hence originates the latter's unchallengable authority over them. Any slave running away from his legitimate owner and joining the working ranks of another master, if caught, is subjected to brutal punishments at the hands of the former master. In the view of some people, such improper admission of a renegade slave is against the law. But such views are only theoretical in our days, and are no longer within the realm of reality.



The slavish nature of these races is illustrated by the following and like forms of address employed by them. They still speak of themselves in the presence of superior races as *Adiyangal*, i.e., he who lies at (your) feet. When speaking of their eyes, hands or other members of their bodies, they are required to call them *old eyes*, *old hands*, &c. So also with *rice*, which they mention as *stone-rice*. Their children are all *kidangal*, or calves, and their silver money is *copper cash*, or *chempin kasu*. They call all Nairs *Thanpurans*, or kings. These and many other curious forms of address used by them irresistibly point to the prevalence of an idea amongst them that they are only slaves, and their masters lords capable of doing anything with them. It is enough to say that, though their emancipation was effected as far back as A.D. 1854, yet it has only been nominal, and has not yet been carried out in its entirety; and people even now speak of slaves in some places, quite forgetting that the political doctrine of human *equality* and *fraternity* has been authoritatively insisted on since the advent of the British Government.

The *Parayas* come next among the races of extremely depressed life and habits. They are a lower caste of slaves, and more degraded, and their occupation is less honourable than that of the other slaves. They keep their top-knots, like the Nairs, and shave the rest of their heads. They are also a dolico-cephalic race, with sturdy muscular frames, dark complexion, comparatively thick lips, and a detestable odour. In some places they are utilized in agriculture, but more generally their occupation is of other kinds. They live mostly neither in the fields, nor on the mountains, but in the plains, and only in some rare instances on the mountains. They live in small houses built of bamboo and thatched with cocoanut or palmyra leaves, or with straw of dried grass; but in any case their habitations do not afford sufficient accommodation for more than two or three souls, or at most one family. They are notorious toddy drinkers and do not eat carrion; but those who live on cocoanut plantations eat beef boiled without salt, and chillies. Their chief food is rice, which they obtain during the day. Their meals are cooked in earthen pots of very rough patterns. They are very fond of ornaments. Earrings for their ears, rings for their fingers, are the chief of those worn by males; but the females have the whole body loaded with brass ornaments. According to a popular tradition, the *Parayas* are a race of Brahmin extraction, being descended from a Brahmin woman. They are to this day said to possess Brahmin characters and traditions, and some of them are professed *mantravadis*, or magicians, and are credited with tremendous powers over certain evil spirits or demons and

sought after in their mountain abodes by those who desire to wreak vengeance upon their enemies. There are minor *mantravadis* amongst those who live on the plains, too, whose services are availed of in casting out less powerful devils from the bodies of persons possessed. In the case of the more powerful of such magicians the process of obtaining their services is very simple. People visit these magician *Parayas* in their dwellings and they enter into mutual compacts, the former covenanting to pay a fixed sum of money and the latter pledging themselves to bring about the death of the enemy. Thenceforth all sorts of evil incantations are performed by the magician to accomplish the agreed result. Another and more inhuman way in which sorcery and witchcraft are resorted to by these magicians has a very curious ring about it. His aid being sought after against an individual, the magician goes through all the required preliminaries; and on the last day, accompanied by one or two assistants, he goes at night, in the disguise of a dog, or a cow, or ox, or other animal near the house where the victim is sleeping. The latter forthwith opens the door and walks out of the house. When he comes out, he is caught and is murdered, by breaking his neck, or in some other brutal fashion. This cruel practice is generally attributed to the *Paraya* caste of people. But it is practised by others as well.

In certain places there are temples dedicated to the subordinate deities of the goddess *Kali*. At certain appointed periods of the year these *Parayas* have to assume the garb of an evil deity, with large head-dresses and paintings on the body and face and tender cocoanut leaves hanging loose all around their waists, all these embellishments being of the rudest patterns. With figures such as these, terror-striking in themselves, dancing with tom-toms sounding and horns blowing, representing the various temple deities, they visit the Nair houses, professing thereby to drive off any evil deities that may be haunting their neighbourhood. After their dues have been given them they go their ways; and, on the last day, after finishing their house-to-house visits, they collect near their special temples to take part in the *Véla* tamash.

Some of the *Parayas* employ themselves in making umbrellas with palmyra leaves for coverings and small bamboo-sticks for handles; and also in making large and tough mats of long thin pieces of bamboo material.

The *Parayas* are mostly believers in evil deities, whom they worship and control for personal services; and they are also believers in the existence of a personal God, who presides over their destinies. Their deities are represented by rude stone images which they place in their temples. Their chief



article of clothing is a small cotton cloth tied round the waist. Bathing is an institution almost unknown amongst them. They shave with rough metal blades. The *Paraya* is allowed to approach a high caste Hindu only at a distance somewhat greater than that allowed in the case of the three races of our slave population mentioned above.

The *Vettuvār* are a sect of people who are not exactly slaves, but whose social position justifies their classification amongst the slave races. They are confined to particular parts of the country, and live on the cocoanut plantations of the Nairs and other well-to-do-classes. They are not, like the other races described above, an agricultural people; but are only workmen, leading a hand-to-mouth existence on the wages which they obtain for hedging and fencing cocoanut plantations, plucking cocoanuts therefrom, tilling them, and doing other allied kinds of work.

They live with their wives and children, and sometimes other relations as well, in houses small but more decent looking than the mere huts of the other slave classes. In point of caste restrictions they are certainly better circumstanced; and their daily contact with the higher classes in the ordinary concerns of life affords them greater facilities for increased knowledge and civilization than their brother citizens of the slave races enjoy.

They are much addicted to toddy-drinking; but their principal food is rice. Their condition is never so intolerably wretched as that of the other classes. They are sometimes employed by cultivators for agricultural purposes. Their females occupy themselves in the fields during the harvest season, but they do other kinds of work as well, such as making thatchings for on-houses with cocoanut leaves woven after a set model during the thatching season about December or January.

Their males wear earrings of brass and their females adorn themselves with nose, finger and chest ornaments of brass or beads. The one piece of cloth supplied to them annually by the masters to whose plantations they are attached, forms their dress, both for males and females, which they tie round their waists. They do not eat carrion, but are exceedingly fond of fish, the flesh of the civet and the rat, and of some other animals not generally eaten by other classes of people. They observe death-pollution just as the higher classes of Malabar, and the periods of observance varies according to the particular class or caste to which their masters belong. For instance, if they belong to a Nair's plantations, such period is 15 days; and if to a Brahmin's it is 10 days, Nairs and Brahmins observing pollution for these periods respectively.

The priests who officiate at their ceremonies are selected from among their own tribesmen, called *Enangers*; whose express recognition is necessary to give validity to the performance of the ceremony.

Their marriage customs present no striking peculiarities, and are very much like those of the *Thiyyars*, excepting that the feasting and revelry are not so pompous in their case, they being a much poorer race than the *Thiyyas*.

Like the Nairs, they retain the front knot. But they are an extremely unclean race. The only offences of general occurrence amongst them are petty cases of theft of cocoanut, plantains, areca nuts and roots of common consumption amongst us. But in the case of the other races theft is not of such common occurrence.

The *Vettuvans* also believe in a Supreme Creator, whom they name and invoke as *Paduchathampuram*, i.e., the King who created (us), even in their ordinary utterances. Likewise they believe in certain evil deities to whom they make offerings at particular times of the year. They are not, like the other classes, distinguished by loyalty or attachment towards their masters; but are a very ungrateful sect, and their very name, viz., a *Nambuvettuvan*, or a *Vettuvan*, or a *Namban*, has passed into a bye-word for "ingratitude" of all kinds.

Next there are the purely hill-tribes whose abodes are confined to the tops of mountains and hills. They are mainly the *Malayars* and the *Kaders*, and also the *Naidis*.

The *Malayars* (from Meala=mountain) mean the men of the mountains. The *Malayars* and the *Kaders* are identical races living about the western and eastern sides of the ghats respectively. In point of national characteristics, they partake of the nature of the aborigines of the country, and the Hindus of the plains above which they are found in a topographically ascending and a socially descending scale.

The *Malayar* language is a felicitous combination of Tamil and Malayalam, diversified here and there by the admixture of certain singular provincialisms. Their pronunciation is of a curious kind. The *Malayars* are socially superior to the *Kaders*, who are little better than savages. In physical appearance even the slaves are inferior to the *Malayars*. Each community of the Malaya sect has its own chief, who collects the dues from them and arranges their barter for them.

They mainly subsist on rice, wild game and arrowroot, and occupy themselves in the cultivation of small spots of *rali*, and in felling timber and firewood, which fetches them something to live upon.

Their main occupation is collecting honey and bee's wax,



and they are also famous as trackers in jungles, by which pursuits they manage to make up any deficiency in their means of subsistence. Like some of the slave classes, they are exceedingly fond of toddy, which they consume in large quantities.

Their ornaments consist of a long string of beads tied round the neck. Their women also are fond of ornaments ; and usually wear strings of white and red beads round their necks, bangles on their arms, and rings on their fingers and often on their toes. Rigid endogamy is enforced amongst them, they marrying within their own village. Polygamy is absolutely unknown amongst them ; but divorce is freely allowed for infidelity on the part of the wife ; though it is a matter for eventual settlement by the villagers. When a wife is so divorced by the husband, she is not afterwards taken back by him ; but may be re-married to another man. But cases of divorce are extremely rare. Their marriage customs have something peculiar about them. At a marriage, feasting of guests takes place at the expense of the bridegroom's father ; and after the conclusion of the marriage he makes a small gift to the girl's mother and only a present to the daughter for her to buy a new dress with. The pair then proceed to a newly-built cottage erected as their future place of residence, where they spend the rest of their lives in such little comfort as they can derive from their straitened circumstances.

They believe in a Supreme Deity who presides over their destinies and supplicate Him through their tribal God who is called a *Mullung*, which is a stone placed inside a circular wall erected for the purpose. It may be surmised that they are practically an ancestor-worshipping class, the spirits of their various ancestors being represented by a collection of stones, one for each. Such spirits are invoked for help and protection from calamities of all kinds. Towards the month of April they offer sacrifices of honey and sometimes of goats ; and failure to do this is believed to bring about their destruction by tigers and wild elephants.

One peculiar custom amongst them requires special notice. They repose a profound belief in the evil powers which they are capable of exercising over one another through their evil deities, who are their guardian angels. Hence, when one of them finds wax or honey on a particular tree, he takes special care to examine its bark, to see whether it bears any sign made by another in indication of its previous discovery and appropriation by him, in which case he religiously abstains from taking out the honey or the wax, lest any evil influence should be exercised on him by the previous finder. This scrupulous observance of the sanctity of possession by them

seems to account for the comparative scarcity of crime in *Malayar* life.

The diseases they commonly contract are not numerous. It is not strange that, living, as they do, amidst mountainous surroundings, and breathing the poisoned air of those regions, they are subject to attacks of malarious fever ; but they are their own physicians, who can cure themselves, and cases of fever are not very frequent ; nevertheless, they are subject to constant attacks of cholera. They are also believed to be powerful snake-charmers and to be able to effect cures in cases of cobra poisoning, with a green leaf administered internally to the patient, and applied externally to the part affected by the bite. They bury their dead, instead of cremating them.

The *Malayar* houses are of a peculiar pattern. They are raised on clumps of bamboos, which are all cut about the middle to the same height so as to produce an even surface high up from the ground. This surface is then converted into a sort of flooring by spreading planks closely all over it, and over the planks a thick layer of mud is beaten down and rendered firm. Then other planks are fixed perpendicularly to the four sides of the flooring, in a closely set order, so as to serve as walls. Over these latter is again put a roofing of planks, and openings are made in the walls, thus making a stronghold against the devastations of wild animals. Entrance to this dwelling is facilitated by means of a ladder made by cutting away the knots from a single bamboo outside the clump, and leaving only the root ends of these knots to serve as stairs or steps to descend or ascend by. The *Malayars* keep in their custody all the year round a number of very strong bows and a cluster of arrows with slightly spread out and sharpened iron ends ; some of which are kept always ready in their furnaces to be shot red hot at wild animals that approach them. They kill the game, bring it home, flay it, and dry it in the sun so as to preserve it for winter living. The *Malayars* are extremely devoted towards their masters, the owners of the mountains where they take up their abodes. They make presents to them occasionally of honey and wax. Instances are common in which they have shot and killed lonely passers by in the neighbourhood of their mountain abodes and robbed them of all their belongings. They are a sturdy, muscular race, endowed with tremendous physiques ; and their bows, their ordinary weapons of offence and defence, are incapable of being bent to any appreciable extent by our strongest-built men.

The *Kaders* are a socially inferior race to the *Malayars* and are found in the higher ranges of the ghauts ; their most



famous divisions occupying the summits of the Anamalai and Kollengode ranges. They are a short, muscular race of deep black colour, with thick lips like Negroes, but without the detestable smell of the latter. The *Kader* language is Tamil; and their various dialects are so curious and difficult that even Tamil-speaking people cannot correctly understand them. They are all under the control of a headman, who is also an authoritative referee in all their disputes. He also performs all their priestly functions, and receives in return a fixed portion of the proceeds from certain large trees and a certain percentage of the honey and wax collected by them. Their women wear dark-coloured clothes, or clothes rendered dark by their unclean life and habits; as well as beads, charms, rings and bangles. They are a lazy race, much averse to manual labour; but they are excellent at tracking game in jungles and in collecting wild produce therefrom; and they are also experts in finding good timber for purposes of felling. Their houses are collections of small hovels made of branches of trees covered over with leaves. They live upon trapped animals, wild yams, bamboo seed and other wild productions of the jungles. They also eat rice, which they obtain as remuneration for collecting wax and honey. They first remove all poisonous particles from wild yams by cutting them into small pieces and leaving them to soak in a running stream of water. During the winter season they consume arrowroot in abundance. They mix honey with arrowroot meal, place the mixture in the hollow of a piece of wild bamboo and sink the same inside the floor of their houses where it gets hard, forming a kind of sweetmeat.

Their methods of collecting honey and wax are worthy of detail. They carry on this business only at night time. One of them goes out with a basket hanging loose from his neck by means of a string and a glaring torch held in his hand, and ascends the tree on which the hive has been discovered, on pegs driven in one above another up to the point where the hive has been found. On seeing the torch, the bees get frightened and fly away, leaving the hive behind. Then the hive is taken out and is brought away in the basket carried on the neck. But if the honey or wax be found on a rock or a precipice, the process is different. A ladder is made of long canes stripped of the outer covering and twisted together. This is then hung down the rock or precipice, and by means of it the men climb down. It is in ways such as these that both the *Malayars* and *Kaders* collect honey and wax.

Strict monogamy is enforced among them. No relation on the male side is allowed to be taken to wife. The marriage customs are somewhat peculiar. The man who intends to marry

goes out of his own village and lives in another for a whole year, during which period he makes his choice of a wife. At the end of the year he returns to his own village and obtains permission from the villagers to effectuate the contemplated union. Then he goes away again to the village of his bride-elect and gives her a dowry by working there for another whole year. Then he makes presents of clothes and iron tools to the girl's mother ; after which follows a feast which completes the ceremony. Finally the couple return to the husband's village. Amongst the *Kaders* re-marriage of widows is freely allowed. In this important respect they may be said to be ahead of the conservative Hindus, whose orthodoxy is an insuperable barrier in the way of their national advancement. For conjugal infidelity the wife has to pay a fine to the husband. This practically converts adultery on the part of the wife into a source of income to the husband. If, in any case, the girl happens to make a fugitive connexion with any man, then the tribesmen assemble together, and, on the case being proved to their satisfaction, they unanimously compel the guilty man to take the girl as his wife.

Their temples consist of small huts inside which are placed rude stones which represent their deities who protect them from the depredations of wild animals, as also from misfortunes of any kind befalling them. During the Vishnu festival they come down and visit the plains with the *Malayars*, and on their way they worship and pray to any image they chance to come across. They are believers in the supernatural efficacy of witchcraft and attribute all diseases to the miraculous workings of that art. The *Kaders* are good exorcists themselves and trade in *Mantra vadams*, or magic. Like the *Malayars*, they bury their dead.

Being acclimatized to the jungle-poisoned atmosphere of their native abodes, they enjoy practical immunity from attacks of fever, but when they change their dwellings to the plains they become subject to such diseases.

The lowest race of people in Malabar are known by the name of *Naidis*, i.e., hunters (from *Nayaduka*=to hunt). They are a wandering class of people of disgustingly unclean habits, and so impure in their persons, food and dress, that hardly any member of the multifarious castes of Malabar will condescend to touch them. They are strictly prohibited from appearing within some hundreds of yards of a high caste Hindu. They drag out an extremely miserable existence in wretched hovels and subsist upon what they can get for watching crops against wild animals, and in the shape of charity from people passing by, to whom they ceaselessly yell and howl out till they obtain something from them. They entertain an



intense dislike for manual labour ; but are sometimes employed by sportsmen to serve as beaters. They subsist mainly upon roots and possess no knowledge of trapping animals or snaring birds. They also eat oysters, tortoises and crocodiles, which latter they capture by means of ropes and hooks. The flesh of these animals they bake and eat without the addition of salt and chillies. They seldom wash, being prohibited from touching water (or even climbing trees), for which offences they have to fast for a whole day. They generally cover their nakedness by tying round their waists long strings made of leaves and plants; but some make use of clothes for the purpose. They are naturally possessed of loud voices, and, as already stated, yell out for charity. Many of them become converts to Christianity, or more frequently Mahommedanism, which practically shortens their distance of approach to the high caste population.

These *Naidis* employ themselves in the construction of ropes and slings with coir, yarn, etc. They live around the base of the ghauts and on the sides of the hills scattered over the various parts of the country. Some of them occupy themselves in collecting beeswax, gums, etc., from trees and bushes. Their marriage customs are simple and interesting. A large hut is constructed of holly and other leaves, inside which the girl is ensconced. Then all the young men and women of the village gather round the hut and form a ring about it. The girl's father, or the nearest male relative, sits at a short distance from the crowd with a tom-tom in his hands. Then commences the music, and a chant is sung by the father which may be freely translated as follows:—

“Take the stick my sweetest daughter,  
Now seize the stick my dearest love,  
Should you not capture the husband you wish for,  
Remember 'tis fate decides whom you shall have.”

All the young men who are eligible for the marriage arm themselves with a stick each and begin to dance round the little hut inside which the bride is seated. This goes on for close on an hour, when each of them thrusts his stick inside the hut through the leaf-coverings. The girl has then to take hold of one of these sticks from the inside, and the owner of whichever stick the girl seizes becomes the husband of the concealed bride. This ceremony is followed up by feasting, after which the marriage is consummated. A girl once married can never after be divorced.

They worship a female deity, and about the month of March sacrifice a cock as a means of protecting themselves from all evils. They are credited with prophetic powers. When a man lies at the point of death, it is usual to distribute rice

*kanji* to these people, who, after eating their fill, become seized with the power of predicting the fate in store for the sick man. According as the taste of the *kanji* turns to that of a corpse, or remains unaltered, the death or recovery of the patient is foretold in their deep and loud voices.

It is worthy of note that the line of descent recognized amongst these classes is *Makkathayam*, *i.e.*, through sons, or males. This fact *apparently* rebuts the presumption that the Malabar *Marumakkathayam*, or succession through females, finds its origin in the universal law of female descent which, as a necessary first step in the world's social history, is still found prevalent amongst various primitive races. The origin of female descent in Malabar is exclusively attributable to the Nambudri Brahmin, who, from considerations of policy and necessity have instituted this peculiar custom of reckoning descent through the female side. It is argued in this connexion that, if the origin of our female descent is to be sought in the universal law, then in the natural course of things such a custom should have survived amongst these depressed orders, who, as the recognized aborigines of Malabar, would have preserved their primitive method of descent, *i.e.*, through females. But since they follow the male line in matters of succession, the origin grounded on universal law has no valid foundation. As I have already on a former occasion discussed this question, I do not now recapitulate my reasons in support of my position. But I refer to it here only with a view to showing that there are points of antiquarian or ethnological interest connected with these primitive types of humankind.

As has already been pointed out, all the races numbered amongst the depressed classes are known to reckon their descent through the male side. There is some difficulty in ascertaining this, by reason of their extreme poverty, which renders them devoid of any property in regard to which any succession may be recognized. But this difficulty may be got over by seeing which of the parents becomes the possessor of their children, who maintains them and the mother, and where the mother remains after marriage. In this connection, it may be noted that it is the father who maintains the mother and children; it is in the husband's house that the wife lives after marriage, and it is the father that retains possession of the wife and children throughout their lives, and the children's relations on the maternal side have nothing to do with them beyond visiting them occasionally during the year. Hence the presumption is that it is the male line of descent that these people follow.

In connection with our subject it is impossible not to speak of the indefatigable efforts which the mission agencies are put-



ting forth towards the social up-lifting of these races. The motives of these benefactors of mankind are truly laudable. By considerable self-sacrifice, and energy, they are preaching the Christian gospel in remote areas and are receiving many within the fostering embrace of Christianity. Thus they attempt by every means in their power to raise the social condition of these races and render them capable of approaching more closely to high caste Hindus. The conventional caste restrictions are hopeless impediments in the way of their personally representing their extreme wretchedness to the moneyed Hindus, from whom alone they can expect to derive any sensible relief. Acceptance of Christianity, besides conferring other boons upon these races, also considerably enhances their freedom of movement from place to place, which otherwise is beset with great obstacles. They have to make a long circuit to avoid the high caste passer-by if they happen to meet each other from the opposite ends of a fenced pathway. Such and similar are the inconveniences and difficulties incidental to their depraved condition. The bare removal of these disadvantages must, in itself, be a source of a great relief to these miserable specimens of humanity. The wretchedness of their condition is accentuated by the fact that wages are miserably low in Malabar, being about two annas and even less. There are, again, masters in the country who treat them little better than the old Romans did their slaves, allowing them only a pittance in the shape of wages and at the same time maltreating them by the cruel administration of severe caning and other forms of oppression, after tying them up to trees. These cruelties are practised only in the interior of the land, not visibly affected by the healthy influences of British officialism. The rapid and dangerous strides with which these races are increasing in numbers, coupled with the poor and meagre wages that their masters dole out to them, and their cruel maltreatment are matters which claim the earnest attention of every true lover of peace and reform.

T. K. GOPAL PANIKKAR, B.A.

## ART. VII.—NORWEGIAN LITERATURE.

### (PART II.)

SOME time ago the national poet of Norway reviewed the literature of his country. He introduced the subject with an allegory in which the representatives of modern European letters visited the American coast in the travesty of fleets each of which belonged to a different nationality. After remarking the Russian, and criticizing the French fleet, of which each ship, despite her elegant hull, fine lines, and bright paint, bore on her highest mast an unpleasant emblem in the shape of a "death's head," he announced the appearance of an unknown squadron in the distance, that was at last distinguished as the Norwegian :—

"There was something taut and compact about each ship, that had her special mission. Not a pleasure yacht among them! No deviation from the course! and, with a single exception, nothing elegant about the canvas or hull; but there was a thorough staunchness. Each vessel seemed a kingdom in itself; it united with its consorts through the force of circumstance, but each had its particular stamp."

The general aspect of this fleet was light, though on every part of the ships' fabric there was a dark stripe that encircled both the hulls and masts. The light colour, which symbolized the popular ideals, was marked, but not marred, by the stripe, which typified the long struggle between different tendencies and nationalities\* in the social edifice. In the earliest traditions of the Norwegian people the dark stripe had been apparent. In modern times it denoted the immigration, the influence and rule of Denmark. Björnson assigns the palm to the fleet of his country. In his eyes it is the best expression of the new era, for it brings a message of hope.

This modern fleet in being first hoisted its own flag in the year 1814, after the King of Denmark and Norway had ceded the latter country to Sweden. Then Norway declared herself an independent State, elected her king, and conferred on herself the most democratic constitution of the age. In the course of the same year, constrained by Europe, and invaded by a Swedish army, she agreed to a union with Sweden, after safeguarding her constitutional liberties.

For some time after these momentous events the country produced but little literature that is of lasting value. It was

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\*Late researches have demonstrated that a considerable part of Norway was originally peopled by a Finnish tribe, which was absorbed by its Teutonic conquerors, except in the extreme North.



chiefly of a patriotic character, and a continuation of the national movement of the preceding century; and it found its best expression in song. The romantic poesy of Denmark, of which Oehlenschlaeger was the great representative, had scarcely been able to force an entrance on Norwegian soil, where descriptive poets sung the rugged beauties of their native land, and song writers inflamed the patriotism of its children. When Norway was menaced by a Swedish army, Schwach, whom his countrymen considered the greatest poet, wrote "Dana to the North," with the view of exciting his countrymen to resist the invader. It was a spirited song in which he reminded them of their ancient glory. He was the most brilliant of the trinity of poets, called "The Trefoil," that was formed by himself, Maurice Hansen and Bjerregaard. The last wrote the patriotic lay, "Norway's Sons," in which he extols her freedom; it remained "The National" anthem for some thirty years, until it was replaced by Björnson's poem, "We love that Land." Bjerregaard's chief title to fame is derived from an amusing comedy entitled "Mountain Adventures," the satire of which was chiefly directed against the partial justice of local officials. It still retains its popularity, and it enjoyed the distinction of being the first play written in Norway that was acted beyond the frontiers of the country. Maurice Hansen was the chief representative in Norway of the German Romantic School. He was a voluminous writer whose novels teem with ghosts, demons and robbers; his only works of permanent value are the romances in which he described contemporary Norwegian life, of which he has taught us more than all the remaining authors of his age.

But Norway had not long to wait for the advent of a great singer, the fresh voice of her renewed youth, whose strains rang with religion, freedom, love and humanity. Towards the end of the third decade of the century, the verses of a young poet began to attract attention. He was a student at the University of Christiania, but had passed his first youth at Eidsvold, and his mind was impregnated at an early age with the associations of liberty connected with that famous country parish. His father, a country clergyman, had been a distinguished member of the first Norwegian Parliament that had assembled there and had conferred a Magna Charta on Norway; and he had written some political pamphlets that had had a considerable influence on the situation. The most distinguished authoress to whom that country has given birth, Camilla Collet, who was at the same time the great champion of woman's rights in Norway, was his sister. His future career showed the impress left on his mind by a home

that was at once cultivated and religious. Even in his boyhood he was remarkable for his precocious literary ability; at the age of thirteen he composed a short novel, which was published in the leading journal of the capital; and he was scarcely eighteen when he amused the world with a comedy.

His character was original, and eccentric even. His heart was as precocious as his pen, and before he had passed his twentieth year, he had fallen seriously in love at least three times, had thrice offered "his hand in marriage, and had thrice been refused. In his "Sketches of my Life," he has related how he rushed from a ball "with a smothered roar, and three refusals in his soul;" and how he sprang from a barn bridge in order to crush his head against a stone, "but, not without calculation, managed to fall on the softest clover and grass." The object of his greatest passion was "Laura," whom he idealized in a poem, where he transformed her to "Stella," who inspired his muse in its most daring flights. One day he sent that young lady a basket of strawberries, accompanied by a suggestive verse from Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga;" "Would I were Your Frithiof, as you are my Ingeborg!" He received no answer, but the basket was returned, and he could not fail to understand: the Norwegian idiom, "to give the basket," signifies, in English, the final rejection of a suitor to the hand of a lady.

This unlucky incident marks an important crisis in his life, and, strange to say, seems to have brought to a conclusion his outburst of despair. "All sentimental dwelling on a lover's deceived hope," wrote Lassen, his appreciative biographer\*, "was henceforth expelled from his manly nature. A lively impression of fair womanhood filled his soul and winged the flight of his genius; his erotic feelings were reduced to a moment in his life's view, and so strong was the idealising power he possessed, that it may be said his passion would have had the same influence on his future life if it had had a happier climax. For its immediate fruit—the erotic poems in the First Ring—clearly witnesses that the image of the beloved one in his thoughts had been subtilised to an ethereal womanly ideal, a symbol of the *Ewig-weibliche*, as he defined it in a passage where he called 'Stella,' "the woman whom I only know when I am furthest from all women." His despair yielded to philosophy. In his "Farewell to Stella" he wrote that his life had been "the winter sun beneath the pole;—the golden rays of morn; the rosy flush of eve met with a kiss of joy: the whole day was one beat of golden wings;" and he concluded that "death and life are but a dream."

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\* H. Lassen: Henrik Wergeland.



The poems he wrote at this period teem with the wildest metaphor. His thought was chaotic, or full of spheres—of world, and stars. He sunk to the nethermost depths and soared to the highest Heavens. From flight to flight he lightly winged his aërial course :

“ The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest !”

With ‘ unpremeditated art ’ he poured out his full heart, and hence the freshness and even extravagance of his imagery : “ Heaven bears the moon like a white winged dove upon a maiden’s shoulders ! ” Water lilies are the “ stars of the lake,” and the song of the thrush is “ night’s flute.” But his youthful compositions were often overloaded with metaphorical phrases that disfigured and obscured them, as, for instance, in “ Napoleon,” which even native critics find difficult of comprehension. The sublime and the monstrous contend for mastery, nor is the grotesque absent. Shakespeare was his great model and favourite author ; yet he also indulged in imitations of Horace that were compatible neither with his own genius, nor with that of the language in which he wrote.

His rational religion and his aspirations for humanity were the theme of his first long poem, “ Creation, Humanity and Messiah,” which followed a Miltonic pattern. It was completed before the poet had attained his twenty-second year ; and, though it is certainly the least popular of his greater works, he himself considered it his most important production, containing his creed about God and mankind, to which he adhered throughout his life. He also called it ‘ the Republican’s Bible,’ and revised it on his death bed, where he curtailed it and changed its title to “ Humanity.”

The first part treated of the creation of the world, which was watched by two spirits, Abiriel, a sceptical spirit, and Ohebiel, the gentle spirit of love. They had been metamorphosed from inferior beings ages before. After a vivid painting of the world’s dawning, a beautiful human pair are depicted asleep on the grass. They are the highest in the scale of earthly creation, and, following the example of the evolution of the two spirits, they are destined to transform until they attain a higher state of perfection.

Discontented Abiriel, not unlike Milton’s Satan, who thought it “ better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven,” preferred to share mankind’s fate rather than to be “ subject among spirits.” He precipitated himself from the sky and took up his abode in the man, and Ohebiel, who feared lest his former comrade should be dragged down by his connection with the woman, imitated his example with her.

The next part, “ Confusion,” describes the struggle between

the spiritual and earthly in mankind as it appeared in Adam and Eve's life, Abel's murder, &c. The strongest ill-doer made himself the first ruler, while the priest acquired power over minds through superstition and ignorance. Force and strength gain the upper hand, but there is a gleam of light in the darkness. From a state of nature, humanity gradually raises itself to a knowledge of the highest Being. Polytheism is replaced by Monotheism, thanks to the wise men and prophets, who herald the dawn of the human intellect.

"Messias," the last part, tells the story of Jesus. He is placed in antagonism to the priests, who strive in vain to control Christianity. The teaching of love and gentleness prevails, until it has permeated all men, and all men are brothers. The Millennium has then arrived, and the spiritual resurrection of Christ has taken place; truth, liberty and love have expelled falsehood, thralldom and egotism. Spiritualism has triumphed in "Messias," just as man's higher instinct has done in Confusion. So the prediction of Acadiel, 'the first born of spirits,' is fulfilled:

"Each king on earth, and each a priest for God!"

Wergeland's biographer has written a most interesting criticism of this remarkable evolutionary poem. As the last poetic outcome of the Eighteenth Century deism, he has demonstrated its European importance: "A great epoch, rich in consequences, of the history of European civilization, has reached its lyrical culmination in him, and a momentous phase in that wonderfully fermenting age, moved by so many new ideas, introducing the great revolution, has come to a poetic climax in Wergeland's poetic life. That this should happen in our corner of the world, is now not difficult to understand. Among the great leading nations, where life is so complicated, where so many views and interests conflict, the ideal of human life, that floated before the time, could not come to a fresh poetic development: the reality was too hard and stern; thus we observe that the voice of the Age, who is Wergeland's nearest intellectual kinsman, Rousseau, fled from life and buried himself in solitude with his philosophical dreams. But in our country,\* with a new and politically blameless people, a view of the world whose watchword was to lead life back to nature and primitiveness, could be poetically justified, because it really had a sound basis in a social life that resembled a natural existence more closely than with any other civilized people. Hither came the spirit of history to inscribe the century's epilogue in Wergeland's poetic life!"†

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\* Norway.

† H. Lassen. Henry Wergeland.



He had already attracted attention by his political writings in defence of Norwegian liberty, and he was strongly opposed to the encroaching policy that was pursued by Bernadotte, the King of the dual monarchy, and his advisers, in their relations to Norway. When some of the inhabitants of Christiania, in the year 1828, on the anniversary of the signature of the Constitution of Eidsvold, "the 17th of May," made a harmless demonstration in honour of that event, they were charged by cavalry, and Wergeland who was present was roughly handled. To revenge himself, he wrote a farce turning the Government into ridicule. He now became the poet of the new Norwegian movement (Norwegianism's period). He set his followers an example ; rejected Danish culture, to which civilization in Norway was so much indebted, and, indeed, all foreign influence on the home society. He dressed himself in cottager's fustian, which, as he said, best became a good Norwegian patriot, and confined himself to the national cuisine ; for one of the leading principles of the movement was a return to a primitive simplicity, which was thought best suited to confirm the country's independence, and to revive its youth. Politically it was an open revolt against the dominant officialism, and it advocated resistance, with arms if necessary, to the curtailment of Norwegian liberty that was advocated by the Swedish aristocracy.

At that time a student was attending the University of Christiania, where he was a contemporary of Wergeland. He had a deeply poetic temperament, and was an artist by inclination and taste, though he was constrained by his father to study theology. Through the teaching of a passionately æsthetic tutor, Lyder Christian, he had gained a profound insight into the art of poetry. But it is said that he had produced nothing in the shape of verse before he read the first poems of his fellow student. He was so shocked at their obscurity and defects of taste, that he was induced to write an anonymous poem. In his eye's Wergeland's muse was essentially defective, and the movement of which he was the poetic voice was in a great measure a return to the barbarous past ; his hypercritical intellect hindered him from appreciating the originality of his future rival, the author of "Messias," whom he flagellated with quite personal bitterness. He condemned him for "raging against reason," and for mistaking "a will o' the wisp for the sun," while "he spurs his Pegasus—a viper ;" and finally assigned him a place among the mad men of Parnassus. Wergeland replied in the same bitter tone.

A *guerre de plume* thus originated between the youthful poets, in which Welhaven's pungent satire seemed to have the

advantage over the playful wit of his opponent. This contest was known as "the Scrap Feud," and derived its name from "Scraps," which were published by Wergeland, under the pseudonym of Seful Sifada—a famous courser in Ossian's poems, which were still popular in Northern Europe. The feud increased in intensity, and finally the students who shared Welhaven's views separated from the "Students' Union" and established a new association called the "Students' Alliance." The members of the latter were denoted "the Intellectuals," and laid great stress on intellect and culture, to oppose more effectually the primitive nationalism of the Union, in which Wergeland's influence was paramount. They founded the journal "Vidar," to which Welhaven was the principal contributor. Its title indicated its character. In Norse mythology Vidar was one of the gods—the divine spirit of light and water that, in Ragnarok, the great final battle between the gods and giants (the demons of darkness and disorder), slew the monster Fenriswolf, after the latter had swallowed Odin, Vidar's father. This journal, which had only a small circle of cultivated readers, had a brief and precarious existence of two years.

A few months after its collapse, Welhaven published "Norway's Dawn," and, with its appearance, in 1834, the famous "Dawn Feud" commenced. The strife was no longer an affair of students, but became of national importance. It no longer concerned a single poet and the worth of his productions, but a people's whole culture and the conditions for its intellectual life in the future. It was, perhaps, the most momentous literary polemic in the history of a nation; and it quite threw into the shade the contest that had taken place, two decades previously, in Sweden, between the Phosphorists who championed German romanticism, and the Gothic Alliance that opposed it with Scandinavianism, of which Tegner, the author of "Frithiof's Saga," was the great poet.

Welhaven had the courage to stem the strong national current, though he was certain that the victory would never be his. But valiantly he fought. "The battle is myself, and with my life," he wrote. He indulged too much in abstraction and generalities to be readily understood by the people at large, and this is especially the case with "Norway's Dawn," which was written in the difficult strophes of the sonnet.

He introduced that poem by a description of the contemporary state of Norway in a very pessimistic tone . . . . .  
 "Norway slumbers in her silver armour . . . there blood  
 and water congeal . . . people are paralysed in three or  
 four senses . . . so they have recourse to stimulants to  
 save them from inward death, etc." In the country districts the



struggle was merely for the necessities of existence, and in the towns no effort was made to rise above talk, and, in particular, personal criticism. The capital, Christiania, was a non-descript place, something between a small town and a royal residence. Strondjem, the ancient capital, had distinguished itself in late years only by white-washing its cathedral. Alone the thought of the olden time, with its golden harps, inspired hope. Its brilliance was a sacred inheritance that could not be lost.

He condemned the political agitation of the period, and the movement in favour of an exclusive Norwegianism. The country required intellectual freedom, and not to reject foreign culture, without which no young nation could advance in civilization. There were, however, signs of hope owing to the security of the country, and its comparative prosperity. What was lacking was a strain of harmony, for want of which the nations' aspirations sank downward to a haven of pure materialism. His lament has a deep personal pathos and reference :—

“And many a soul that shuns the vulgar crowd,  
And many a heart, of heaven the hallowed fane,  
Stands 'neath the rock in Promethean pain,  
Looks on the chain, to the hard granite bowed.”

The reason why nothing flourished in the garden of intellect was that the people had not true enthusiasm, “that stream of sorrow and joy.” The dawn would not come before the nation had roused itself from its complacent slumber ; but still there was a glimpse of light. The poem concludes with a patriotic apostrophe, which is now the watchword of every patriotic celebration :

“Peasant, thy native land is sacred soil,  
What Norway was that must she be again,  
On land, upon the wave, in nations' rank.”

Jøeger, the author of the “Illustrated Literary History of Norway,” denies that the feud which “Norway's Dawn” excited was really a strife for culture against its foes, as Welhaven held. He maintains that it was a struggle between two different directions in culture. Wergeland had predispositions that were really English and French, deriving from the eighteenth century movement and its continuation. They were political in the July resolution and St. Simonianism, poetic in English poetry, religious and philosophical in the contemporary periods rational humanism. Welhaven's mind had German-Danish intellectual direction. It had literary predispositions in German romanticism, in Oehlenschlaeger's poetry and J. S. Herberg's critical works ; in religion it leant to the old orthodoxy, as it then began to revive and to take up a position to resist rationalism ; politically it first gave expression in

Norway to the great European reaction that followed the movement in favour of freedom, about 1830.

Wergeland devoted himself increasingly to politics. He became, in 1835, the editor of an ultra-radical journal, "State Citizen," and a little periodical for the people in which he strove, not without success, to educate and enlighten them. He was most eager in their cause, and the faithful friend and champion of the peasantry\* against the arbitrariness of the official classes, which then alone participated in the government and administration of the country. The animosity which Wergeland excited had at this period a pronounced political character, and in 1837 a conservative newspaper, *The Constitutional*, was founded, with a view to combat the opinions of which he was the spokesman. Among its distinguished writers, who were chiefly "Intellectuals," was Schweigaard, who was Norway's most successful financial statesman.

But politics served rather to excite than to arrest his poetical productions, and he wrote several of his longer dramatic poems with a political or social aim. "The Spaniard" was a bitter attack against the mighty European re-action that had been supported by the Holy Alliance. It included, however, a poetic description of the high fjeld, whose frozen beauty he has vividly depicted: Where no flower of our dream wakes beneath the summer sun; the mosses brown are roses, snow lilies, and violets ice! The "Infanticide" and "Indian Cholera" are both remarkable for their strong denunciation of religious intolerance, that still cast its black shadow over Europe.

" . . . Why constrain :

The faith of reason to the mould of power,  
Why in a wasps' nest ' prison honey bees ? "

A great change was now apparent in Wergeland's muse. He had profited by the bitter criticism of his disparagers and had chastened his luxuriant imagination; henceforth he shunned the obscurities that marred the beauty of his earlier poems.

The "Dawn feud" was continued by another, called "the Campbell-feud." Wergeland had written, in 1838, a play entitled "The Campbells." When it was acted, the poet's enemies met in the theatre with the object of insuring its failure by their clamour; but their hisses were responded to by the applause of his admirers, and finally a personal collision ensued in which the people who took his side gave his detractors a sound thrashing. This hostile demonstration was a signal service to the author, and ensured the success of a piece that could not be included among his masterpieces; and when a learned critic wrote a review, that

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\* At that date at least three-fourths of the inhabitants of Norway were peasantry, who were strongly represented in the national Parliament.



commenced by denying that poetic genius was directly owing to inspiration, and concluded that Wergeland's poetic career was finished, the latter's triumph was enhanced.

In the same year he made a romantic marriage with a maiden much below his own rank of life, and brought his fair young bride to the little cottage he had built himself on Ekersberg, a hill that has an incomparable site overlooking the beautiful fiord and the capital. It was here that he wrote some intense love songs, in which earthly sense was refined to the most delicate spiritualism. In this respect, as in some other characteristics, he resembled Shelley, while he was not unworthy of the title : "Hearts of hearts." His happy passion, differing from his youthful amours, struck deep root in his thought-life. There was more than an outburst of feeling in his love poems, as in the "Blossom of Love."

"Once but a germ in my soul, only a dream in its thought,  
Thought and soul is it now ;—like a cradled babe in my soul,  
Only a dream in its depth !"

He had always entertained a sincere admiration for the king, his hero, who had carved with his good sword a way to two ancient thrones ; and the latter requited it in the interest he took in the poet's career. After his application for a church-living had been refused, he had been grievously disappointed—it had been his dream to become a devoted pastor, who would impress a new life into Christianity,—his sovereign granted him a small pension, which he consented to accept as a mark of approval for his literary labours on behalf of the people's enlightenment, and as earnest-money for their continuation. But when he was, shortly after, appointed "Royal Archivist" with a fair salary, some of his staunchest friends, who had stood by his side in all his troubles, broke with him completely and attacked him with the most extreme bitterness in the press. His noble and affectionate heart was so wounded at their conduct that not even the charms of his bride, nor of his new cottage with the "grotto" at Christiania, could console him. In some touching lines—"with death in my heart, a smile upon my lips, and sorrow in my glance since our farewell hour," he implored, but vainly, his dearest associate to return to his friendship.

The interval between his marriage and the rupture with his friends was the happiest in his life. He was the people's darling—"their Henry—" and the constant object of their loudly expressed applause. He adored his wife, his horse, and his little menagerie of domestic pets, and above all his garden. He loved his flowers, and he chanted their beauty so vividly, that their gay colours live for ever in his song, which is fresh as the scent of opening blossoms in Spring. His patriotic anxiety

was calmed : the storm that had been gathering over his country, had passed away, to leave Norwegian liberty more firmly rooted than before.

A severe cold, that changed to a consumption, brought his career to an untimely end before he had obtained his thirty-eighth year, in 1845. But in the years immediately preceding his demise, he had found time to compose some long dramatic poems, and, even on his death bed, where he lay for more than a year, while a people watched in tears, he wrote unceasingly, and produced some of his most beautiful lyrics and a long poem, and revised the darling labour of his youth, "Messias," that was then transformed into "Humanity."

Among the dramatic poems are "The Swallows," "Huysam's Flower-picture," "The Jew," "The Jewess" and "The English Pilot." They are extremely fanciful and written both in prose and verse, according to the poet's inclination. The first is remarkable for its deep sympathy for human woe, and was written to console a favourite sister for the loss of her only child ; the floral beauty of the second is comparable to the flower painting it describes ; "The English Pilot," which was almost his last labour, is an imaginative description of English scenes and persons. It shows a great appreciation of the English character, but is at the same time a scathing indictment of the English aristocracy.

Both "The Jew" and "The Jewess" possess a double interest, from the occasion of their composition and from their intrinsic merits. When they were written, no Jew was allowed even to reside on Norwegian soil, from which the race of Israel had been excluded by the country's Magna Charta ;—it appears that the indelicate extortions of some Jewish usurers during a period of intense national distress had motivated this exclusion. It excited Wergeland's wrath, as it directly conflicted with his humanitarian creed. He took the lead in espousing their cause, and wrote a pamphlet with the view of influencing the Parliament in their favour. He subsequently composed the poems to excite public opinion on their behalf. In "The Jew" we find the remarkable piece, "The Shipwreck," which describes the loss of a ship at sea, when all on board are drowned with the exception of one individual. Struggling with the waves, he is driven against a rocky coast. He clings with the tenacity of despair to a crag, but immediately the breaker that had borne him there dragged him back again : "Ah ! as if it knew that Norway, the renowned and free, would not shelter a Jew !"

"Christmas Eve" which belongs to the same series, is the most popular of all his poems. An old Jewish pedlar trading across the Swedish frontier, where he was not prohibited, makes one



of his short excursions on Norwegian soil on Christmas Eve, to sell rustic maidens the trinkets they have to wear on the great festival day. A fearful storm arises; but old Jacob, who has never failed his customers, still struggles onwards. In the lonely forest, where the icy wind lashes and the snow whirls in his face, he hears a feeble cry, and then another and nothing more.

He wanders further; the same sound arrests him again. "A hooting owl that mocked a child's shrill cry!" thinks the old man, and stumbles along. But the blast that has whirled a twisting column of snow above the wood, has blown one word, one single word past him. It suffices to impel Jacob, panting for breath, through the dust, to the spot whence it came:

"Again a whimper pules—and now so close!  
His baffled shout against the storm returns  
Whistling his lips between. Yonder! Yonder!  
Ten steps again! there stirreth something dark  
Against the snows! Perchance the wind that played  
With a tree stump, just loosened at the root?"

It was a child, but it seemed dead. Old Jacob casts down his wallet, that holds all his wealth, takes off his scanty coat, winds it round the child's limbs, lays there the child's cold cheek, till it wakens from his beating heart:

"Up he sprang! But whither turn? His foot-prints  
In the snow the snows had filled. No matter!  
For 'mid the thunder of the forest cones  
The harps of David's jubilee he heard,  
Seemed Cherubim the snow drifts whirled aloft,  
That pointed him with swan-white wing his path.  
Felt, while at chance and hap he followed it,  
God's hand that held Him in His mighty grasp!"

At last he perceives the gleam of a light, and drags himself with his burden towards it. He reaches the door of a cottage and knocks gently. To its inmates, who demand his name, he replies the Jew, old Jacob.

"Jew!" shrieked in dismay  
A man and woman's voice: "remain outside;  
'Tis but misfortune you this house will bring.  
"The eve, when He, you slaughtered, first drew breath,"  
"I?" "Aye, your people! thousand ages through  
Their dead fathers' crime they shall atone"

"What!"

You keep to-night your dog within?"

"The dog

But not the Jew, and in a Christian house!"

He hears no more, for the hard words pierce him more keenly than the blast, and hurl him, stronger than that, into the snow, crouching over the child.

The next morning the couple behold the Jew still outside their door. "Drive him away," cries the good wife. "It is

Christmas day, and only look at the Jewish knave, how tight he clasps his bundle to his breast." They go outside, turn pale and shriek when they distinguish the glassy eyes of a corpse. They raise it up, open the coat, and lo!

"A child, her arms the old Jew's throat clasped round!  
Marguerite! 'tis their child! like him a corpse.

.....

.....  
Pale was the father, whiter than the snow"  
The mother's cry pierced shriller than the storm:  
"God us has punished! not the icy blast,  
But our own cruelty our child has slain!  
In vain, if at the gate of Heaven we knocked,  
As vainly, as when at our door this Jew!"

"Little Gretta" had run home from a neighbour's house, the night before, to surprise her parents on Christmas Eve. She had been caught by the storm when Jacob rescued her. And the final catastrophe ensued through Christian intolerance.

The dead Jew is carried indoors, the child in his arms and still clinging to his throat, to which her mother presses them more closely:

"Our child she is no longer," so she sobbed  
"For her he died, he bought her with his blood.  
From him we cannot little Gretha tear,  
For us must she to Jesus lisp her prayer,  
His Father to beseech: to the Father  
Will cry the piteous Jew!—"

Of all Norwegian authors Wergeland has participated most in the course of events in his country. He was the poet of its youth and future, its great idealist, and the champion of freedom. He re-called his countrymen to the simplicity of nature, which he sang with incomparable freshness. He laboured unceasingly in the cause of popular enlightenment, of humanity, of a pure and rational religion, and above all of tolerance. His labours bore abundant fruit, and, though he did not live long enough to witness the triumph of the cause of the Jews, it was in great part owing to him that the decree of their banishment was cancelled. He knew how to employ ridicule with good effect, and his satires abound in a playful wit, and scathing sarcasm. As a historian he has no little merit, and in his "Constitutional History of Norway" he has ably and impartially described the great crisis of his country in 1814. At the close of his life a great historical movement commenced in Norway—the revival of the study of the olden time from its poetic side through its legends, its ballads, its folk-lore. Welhaven, his rival, was fully sensible of its importance, as it bridged the chasm that divided the past and present, and his chaste and harmonious numbers have



saved from oblivion legend and myth. But Wergeland was too much absorbed in the pursuit of an ideal, in which he sought to reconcile faith with reason, and the progress of mankind with the primitiveness of nature, and his eyes were too dazzled by her sunlight to be able to discern in the twilight of tradition a new poetic dawn. He was the singer of the first period of the restoration of the nation, whose watchwords were freedom and patriotism, and his death nearly coincides with its close.

ARTHUR L. HOLMES.

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#### ART. VIII.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

**R**UDYARD Kipling's success is chiefly due to two things; intensity and movement. If we think of his work as a whole, we pay immediate tribute to his intensity. We call up vivid spaces of gorgeous colour, full of rich tones and strong contrasts, and with a plentiful admixture of gilding, like a Byzantine mosaic. The broad and magnificent effect is gained by the accumulation of numberless small spaces of vivid colouring, all of the utmost definiteness, all highly burnished, and mingling in our imagination in rich, metallic luxuriance.

While we watch this highly tinted mosaic, with its broad gold spaces, figures begin to detach themselves from the general mass of colour: elephants, brown men, dogs, red-coats, horses, all running, furiously running. They are excited, and they carry us along with them, in their excitement. This is his power of movement. The two together are as stimulating and overpowering to the nerves as surf-bathing; and, in the dash of the spray and the swish of the water, no wonder if we forget that there are other things in the world besides surf; that there are shadowy forests, and mountains ribbed with snow.

It is only when we come to make an inventory of sense-impressions, that we realise how great is the difference in faculty between man and man; not so much between the less and the greatest, as among men admittedly of the first rank. Let me give an instance. Mark Twain will write a description of Spring which makes one's mouth water, so full is it of the luscious sense of young growth and budding freshness; yet from beginning to end he never uses the word green. He tells you, instead, that everything was so solemn, it seemed as though everybody you had loved were dead and gone, and you almost wished you were dead and gone too, and done with it all. He gains an intensely vivid effect, but it is altogether an effect of emotion, not of sensation. We feel what he is describing; we do not see it.

Again, Mark Twain will write of an evening when the moon was swelling up out of the ground, big and round and bright, behind a comb of trees, like a face looking through prison bars, and the black shadows began to creep around, and it was miserably quiet and still and night-breezy and grave-yardy and scary. And he will probably complete the picture by saying that all the sounds were late sounds and solemn, and the air had a late feel, and a late smell too. Here you have a train of emotions, not sense-impressions at all.



Rudyard Kipling's vividness is the very opposite. It is wholly a matter of sensations, of sense-impressions, appealing equally to eye and ear and nose. There is no emotion or sentiment at all. The sense-impression is transferred to us complete, and then he leaves it to us to call up whatever emotions his picture produces. Mark Twain, on the other hand, transfers to us the emotions direct. Here is a moon scene to compare with the other. Rudyard Kipling is describing Delhi, on a hot and breathless night. He sees everything; the moonlight striping the mosque's high front of coloured enamel work in broad diagonal bands; each separate dreaming pigeon in the niches and corners of the masonry throwing a squat little shadow. If you gaze intently at the multitude, you can see that they are almost as uneasy as a day-light crowd; but the tumult is subdued. Everywhere in the strong light, you can watch the sleepers turning to and fro; shifting their beds and again re-settling them. In the pit-like courtyards of the houses there is the same movement. The pitiless moonlight shows it all. And the writer, with as little emotion as the moon, paints it all, in vivid impressions on our senses.

His ears are as alert as his eyes. They note how a drove of buffaloes lay their ponderous muzzles against the closed shutters of a grain-dealer's shop, and blow like grampuses. A stringed instrument is just, and only just, audible; high overhead, someone throws open a window, and the rattle of the wood-work echoes down the empty street; on one of the roofs, a hookah is in full blast, and the men are talking softly, as the pipe gutters. Every sound is delicately heard, and accurately rendered. The sense of smell is not forgotten: "from obscure gullies fetid breezes eddy that ought to poison a buffalo."

All this vivid detail is to gain the same effect which Mark Twain reached by saying that the sounds were late sounds; high up and solemn, and the smells were late smells, too. And against Mark Twain's mere white and black, Kipling has a whole range of moonlight colours, ebony, brown gray, ash colour, yellow, silver, and steel-white. When he paints the morning, Iris dips the woof: the witchery of the dawn turned the gray river-reaches to purple, gold, and opal; it was as though the lumbering *dhoni* crept across the splendour of a new heaven.

Take another piece of vivid colouring, in a wholly different field; the description of Jan Chinn's tiger: "lazily as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave, and stood yawning and blinking at the entrance. The sunlight fell upon his flat right side, and Chinn wondered. Never had he seen a tiger marked after this fashion. Except for his head, which was startlingly barred, he was dappled—not striped, but dappled like a

child's rocking-horse, in richest shades of smoky black on red gold. That portion of his belly and throat which should have been white was orange, and his tail and paws were black.

We could almost draw a picture of the tiger, after reading this. Yet, oddly enough, the artist who illustrated the story, leaves out all these distinctive marks. Perhaps he had not the nerve to draw a tiger dappled like a rocking-horse, just as the artist of another picture leaves two ships half a mile apart, when Kipling tells us only fifty yards separated them. Again, why draw an American locomotive with a cow-catcher on the Ganges bridge? These are mistakes of a type which Kipling himself religiously or perhaps we should say, intuitively, avoids. It is noteworthy, on the other hand, that we take his tiger very quietly; it does not give us creeps and thrills and chills, as it would if Mark Twain were the showman. Kipling is all sensation, with hardly any emotion at all.

Rudyard Kipling's colour-sense comes out strongest just where the pencils of other writers begin to grow indefinite and dim. For example, he tells a story of a wicked ship in a mysterious sea, whose position on the map he keeps carefully concealed, and he paints that ship half-a-dozen times, each time in different colours. In one case, she turns up painted a dull slate-colour, with pure saffron funnel, and boats of robin's egg-blue. That, by the way, is as much a Shibboleth as "Worcestershire sauce." It is American, not English. For the English robin, the original bird, lays white eggs with pink specks, while its American namesake, who is really a thrush, does, as Kipling says, lay blue eggs. We may safely trace that touch to a Spring spent in Vermont. To return to the wicked ship; the crew sit on the empty decks, and the green harbour-water chuckled at them overside. Then they began to dig about in the hull; the engine-room stores were unearthed, and Mr. Wardrop's face, red with the filth of the bilges, and the exertion of travelling on his stomach, lit with joy. The excavations and colour-touches continue: "the skipper unearthed some stale, ropy paint of the loathsome green that they use for the galleys of sailing-ships". These things happened "in a semi-inland sea, warm, still, and blue, which is, perhaps, the most strictly preserved water in the world". Where it is, he will not tell; but from the details, the color and smell of it, we gather that it is the Aratura sea, under N. Guinea. The deep water is blue, the shoal harbour is green, and all the various shades of paint are recorded with convincing exactness.

That is characteristic of Kipling, all along. He never misses a point of colour. Take this, for instance: "The young blood turned his cheeks scarlet. Maisie was picking grass-



tufts and throwing them down the slope at a yellow sea-poppy nodding all by itself to the illimitable levels of the mud-flats and the milk-white sea beyond." We shall remember that lonely yellow poppy for a life-time; even though we are told that it grew beside a 'smelly' sea.

Kipling uses these colour-touches to gain the effect of what theology used to call undesigned coincidences; details, such as no one could conceivably have invented. For example, when McPhee says: "I was with him on the bridge, watchin' the '*Grotkau*' sport light. Ye canna see green so far as red, or we'd ha'd kept to leeward"; that really has the force of a revelation. We believe the whole wonderful yarn on the strength of that one piece of colour; we all had made that observation in a dim, half-conscious way; so are able to verify it at once; but we could never have invented it; therefore we believe.

When a Scotchman begins to talk of matters transcendental, of the soul, and the illimitable vast, and the halls of echoing eternity, we at once suspect that he has been drinking. When Mr. Kipling begins to positively sparkle with dazzlingly true details, we know that he is going to tell an unusually big one. For instance, what could beat the circumstantial evidence and the minute observation of this: "some six or seven feet above the port bulwarks, framed in fog, and as utterly unsupported as the full moon, hung a Face. It was not human, and it was certainly not an animal, for it did not belong to this earth, as known to man. The mouth was open, revealing a ridiculously tiny tongue—as absurd as the tongue of an elephant; there were tense wrinkles of white skin at the angles of the drawn lips: white feelers like those of a barbel sprang from the lower jaw, there was no sign of teeth within the mouth. But the horror of the face lay in the eyes, for those were sightless—white, in sockets as white as scraped bone, and blind. Yet for all this, the face, wrinkled as the mask of a lion is drawn in Assyrian sculpture, was alive with rage and terror. One long white feeler touched our bulwarks. The face disappeared with the swiftness of a blindworm popping into its burrow." No one who reads that matchless yarn, will ever quite forget that Face in the Fog. I never hear a steam siren without remembering it. More than that, I have still a lurking, involuntary doubt whether, after all, the story may not be true,—it seems impossible that fancy should carry that verisimilitude.

Kipling himself is keenly alive to the convincing power of these undesigned coincidences. In the story of the bank-clerk's former lives, he twice shows his hand. Thus, the clerk says: "Can't you imagine the sunlight just squeezing through

between the handle and the hole, and wobbling about as the ship rolls?" "I can," answers Kipling, "but—I can't imagine your imagining it." That is our position, exactly: and therefore we believe. He says much the same thing, a second time: "Then her nose caught us nearly in the middle, and we tilted sideways, and the fellows in the right-hand galley unhitched their hooks and ropes, and threw things on to our upper deck—arrows, and hot pitch or something that stung, and we went up and up on the left side, and the right side dipped, and I twisted my head round and saw the water stand still as it topped the bulwarks; and then it curled over and crashed down on the whole lot of us on the right side, and I felt it hit my back, and I woke."

"One minute, Charlie. When the sea topped the bulwarks, what did it look like?" I had my reasons for asking. A man of my acquaintance had once gone down with a leaking ship in still sea, and had seen the water-level pause for an instant ere it fell on the deck.

"It looked just like a banjo-string drawn tight, and it seemed to stay there for years," said Charlie.

"Exactly." The other man had said: "It looked like a silver wire laid down along the bulwarks, and I thought it was never going to break."

There is an undesigned coincidence in the making, and his writings are full of them. What a witness he would be in an Indian murder case! Rudyard Kipling uses another expedient to float a new loan on our credulity, an expedient which has never been used so powerfully in the whole range of literature. It is in the story of Fleete, who got drunk and insulted god Hanuman, and of the silver man who avenged the insult by casting wolf-glamour over Fleete. The wolfishness came out in Fleete gradually; first, it was a longing for raw meat, and a way of tearing it, with his head on one side; then it was a disposition to roll in the fresh earth of the flower-beds: "Fleete came, and when the lamps were brought, we saw that he was literally plastered with dirt from head to foot. He must have been rolling in the garden. He shrank from the light and went to his room. His eyes were horrible to look at. There was a green light behind them, not in them, if you understand, and the man's lower lip hung down." As the wolf-spirit got hold of him, he went to the window, to howl to the wolves in the darkness, and the howling fit gathered strength, till his friends bound and gagged him. Then comes the new expedient to establish the undesigned coincidence: "any one entering the room would have believed that we were curing a wolf's pelt. That was the most loathsome accessory of all." This is enlarged on, later: "On the



next day one other curious thing happened which frightened me as much as anything in all the night's work. When Fleete was dressed he came into the dining-room and sniffed. He had a quaint way of moving his nose when he sniffed. "Horrid doggy smell, here," said he. "You should really keep those terriers in better order. Try sulphur, Strick."

This extraordinary and wholly unexpected appeal to the sense of smell gives the thing an earthy reality that is simply unrivalled. We cannot imagine anyone imagining a detail like that, so we accept the rest of the tale. As Kipling says: 'The smell was entirely real.' In reality, we all remember smells with astonishing accuracy and vividness. Bulwer Lytton speaks of the scent of lily-of-the-valley calling up a whole scene of by-gone years; Turgenieff tells how the odour of a particular field flower, when he came across it abroad, used to send him home to his Russian woods; and Hardy carries something of the perfume of the meadows into his books. But nowhere is there anything to compare for a moment with Kipling's marvellous sense of smell, and he always uses it to bring the last degree of material embodiment to his most impossible fictions. Thus he made his sea-monster announce its presence by 'a poisonous rank smell in the cold air,' like the odour of musk, or the breath of a crocodile. And he makes the great alligator in the pool of the Cow's Mouth declare itself in the same way. This does not make for pretty writing; but it does make for the material presence of the thing described. Mark Twain knows the value of smells as evidence of reality, but he writes of them like an impressionist and a mystic; while Rudyard Kipling is a realist of the school of earth-to-earth.

Kipling uses smells to support his toughest yarns. But he also uses them, with marvellous effect, to bring out his true pictures. Thus he writes: 'It was a hot, dark, breathless evening, heavy with the smell of the newly watered Mall. The flowers in the Club gardens were dead and black on their stalks, the little lotus-pond was a circle of caked mud, and the tamarisk trees were white with the dust of weeks.' Almost all the reality of this, and its convincing power, comes from that touch of the smell of newly watered dust. Again: 'The tide ran out nearly two miles on that coast and the many-coloured mudbanks, touched by the sun, sent up a lamentable smell of dead weed.' The reality and effect come from the same cause.

One might pursue this inventory through all the senses, adding stroke after stroke of marvellous vividness and power. I shall give only one instance more, this time, of the fineness of his ear: 'If you lay your ear to the side of the cabin, the

next time you are in a steamer, you will hear hundreds of little voices in every direction, thrilling and buzzing, and whispering and popping, and gurgling and sobbing and squeaking, exactly like a telephone in a thunderstorm. Wooden ships shriek and growl and grunt, but iron vessels throb and quiver through all their hundreds of ribs and thousands of rivets.' This minute and accurate registering of sounds keeps him in all his ways; and he is perfectly conscious about it, and uses it consistently to make evidence, to heighten realism.

Rudyard Kipling never by any chance drifts into impressionism or generalities. He is true to the senses throughout, always absolutely definite and precise. A general impression is the fine essence distilled by the intellect from many sense-impressions; it has no outward reality. The senses receive no general impression; everything they record is individual, single, personal. And in this Kipling is the man of the senses. He speaks, not of a troopship in general—because there are no ships in general; each one is some particular ship—but of 'the troopship Malabar,' a concrete fact. So his sea-monster had a voice, not like a siren in general, but 'like the siren on the City of Paris.'

He supplements this perfect definiteness by a curious expedient, which one may describe as gilding refined gold and painting the lily. He has already described something with perfectly stark and glaring definition. Then he takes it, turns it over, and describes it once more, from the other side. Let us take a few instances. In the story of a sick child, he has told us that sheets soaked in disinfectants were hung about the house. Most authors would be satisfied with that, and leave the matter there. Not so Kipling; he goes over the ground again, in this wise: 'The house reeked with the smell of Condy's fluid, chlorine-water, and carbolic acid washes.' Not disinfectants in the abstract, but these particular, definite, concrete, individual disinfectants. And note once more, the realism of the nose.

Here is another instance of the same thing, from the tale of the horrible sand crater, inhabited by the living dead: 'The crew actually laughed at me—such laughter I hope I may never hear again.' That is really complete, and almost any writer would let it stand. But Rudyard Kipling instantly lays on another coat of paint: 'they cackled, yelled, whistled, and howled as I walked in their midst.' A few lines further on, he writes: 'I gave him all the money in my possession'—here most novelists would stop, but he goes on,—'Rs. 9-8-5—nine rupees, eight annas, and five pie—for I always keep small change as *bakshish* when I am in camp.'

Immediately afterwards, the same thing occurs again: 'I



fell to thinking that a man does not carry exploded cartridge cases, especially browns, which will not bear loading twice, about with him when shooting.' Thus he gives the screw an extra turn. And it is with this expedient, just as it was with the sense of smell; he brings it in with the greatest force when he has something particularly impossible to bolster up. For instance, in the tale of the were-wolf spell that was cast on Fleete, he doubles his work in the same way. He has already told us that Fleete was very drunk indeed. But that is not enough. He goes on to present us with Fleete's liquor-bill for the evening: 'Fleete began the night with sherry and bitters, drank Champagne steadily up to dessert, then raw, rasping Capri with all the strength of whiskey, took Benedictine to his coffee, four or five whiskies and sodas to improve his pool strokes, beer and bones at half past two, winding up with old brandy.' That is throwing a perfume on the violet, without a doubt. The result of it is, that when we are told, later on, that Fleete indulged in some very wild buffoonery, we are thoroughly prepared to believe it, and the solid, definite, concrete air of fact comes under us like a prop, when we begin to stagger at the witch-like doings in the sequel.

The Man who would be King furnishes two or three touches of doubled verisimilitude, of the same character. To begin with, Rudyard Kipling tells us that 'there had been a deficit in the budget, which necessitated travelling, not second class, which is only half as dear as first class, but by Intermediate, which is very awful indeed.' In this sentence, he conveys three precise pieces of information; first, the ratio between first and second-class fares on Indian railroads; then, the fact that, between second and third class, there is an intermediate class; and, lastly, that this was the class he travelled by. All this produces an atmosphere of railway-station, which makes a solid starting point of realised fact, to set out from; and if we get started on the firm ground of fact, we follow much more confidently across the morass of fiction. In the same tale, instead of telling us that he took down a volume of an encyclopædia to look up Kafiristan for the Man who would be King, he says: 'I hauled down the volume INF-KAN of the Encyclopædia Britannica,'—because there are neither encyclopædias in general, nor volumes in general; it is always some particular volume of some particular work; and Kipling is true to the sensuous fact.

This absolute definiteness is simply another indication that he writes for the senses, not the emotions or sentiments; sentiments may be general; sensations are always particular and concrete. Thus he will not say that a woman had a

voice like a creaking wheel, but : 'that woman's voice always reminds me of an Underground train coming into Earl's Court with brakes on.' And he will not say, 'he murdered his father's widow in cold blood', but 'he filled her up with red pepper and slipped her to death as she hung from a beam.' Again, he will not say 'a list of his lady's charms,' but 'an auctioneer's catalogue of Miss Blandyre's charms.' He will not talk of a mummy in the abstract, but will write thus : 'The dry sand had turned the corpse entrusted to its keeping into a yellow-brown mummy ;' from which was missing—not a tooth—but 'the left canine of the upper jaw.'

The result of all this gilding of gold is, that he attains to a material and concrete solidity of fact which has never been equalled : add this, entirely without regard to whether he is telling the truth or inventing wild chimeras ; and indeed he pulls himself together for all his finest efforts, when he enters the Barony of Münchhausen, and walks arm in arm with Ananias. The stiffer the jump, the better he rises to it.

So that, when we talk about Rudyard Kipling's intensity, his power of receiving and transferring to us sense impressions of the utmost vividness, we mean a perfectly definite thing, which can be exactly measured and described, and is susceptible of accurate analysis. But it must not for a moment be supposed that he came by his results by any process of calculation or analysis ; with him, this power is innate, instinctive, a matter of intuition. He could never have reached it by taking thought. Rudyard Kiplings are born, not made.

Now that we have settled in our minds what we mean by his intensity, we may turn to his other signal gift, his marvellous power of movement. We all feel the charm of rapid motion ; a gallop on horseback, a racing eight, a toboggan on a long snow-slope, have a certain high and potent fascination. And even to look on at these things, is to be enthralled ; a cavalry charge, the rush of a rocket, the scrimmage of a dog-fight, a hurdle-race, a prize-ring, attract us by their mere rapidity of movement, quite apart from our interest in the result. The swift movement is itself a power. And of this power, Rudyard Kipling's books are full. His men, dogs, and elephants are ever rushing some whither. He covers miles of ocean or plain, in a single story of a dozen pages, always at full speed, excitedly, and exciting us. In all his stories, something gets done. Situations develop rapidly, and are transformed before our eyes. People go out for a gallop, or charge up a ravine, or chase tigers, or cross oceans, or climb mountains,—on horseback, by preference. And we follow with rapt attention, and bated breath.

Watch how this energy actually works out, in any of his



books. Take *The Day's Work*, for example. In the first story, we have all the stir and bustle of building a great bridge ; then floods on the Ramgunga ; then a mighty wave coming down the Ganges, with " hailstones and coals of fire " so to speak ; the hero is swept " seven koss down stream " in a twinkling ; and carried up again in a steam launch. And, to help the sense of movement, the artist has brought a locomotive all the way from America to the torrid Indian plains. But for that, the author is not responsible. In the next tale, a herd of horses roam over all the North American continent, or at any rate, tell about their roamings. And they are followed by The Ship that Found Herself, which seethes with energy from beginning to end, making the passage from Liverpool to New York, and feeling every mile of the way. Kipling gleefully ends :—" Next month we'll do it all over again." Then come the Chinn family, who travel a great many thousand miles between England and India, go forth to hunt tigers, and roam among aboriginal hills. The wicked steamer, who, or which, was always being re-painted, carries us to all the seven seas ; Magellan and Drake are dead, or they would die of envy. William the Conqueror and his brother travel hundreds of miles by rail, from the Punjab to Madras, then hundreds of miles in bullock-carts and on horseback, or even on foot ; then back again to the distant north. There is a tale of steam-engines, where Kipling " lays the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board." After that, a fast game of polo, full of the rattle and trample and patter of hoofs. More steamers strip the laurels from the great navigators' brows. A rich American crosses and recrosses the Atlantic, and gets mixed up with an express train.—Then another rail-road story, a rapid emetic, and the smashing of many lamps. Finally, the Brushwood Boy, like the Chinns, threads the Continent, slips over the blue Mediterranean, through the Canal, down the Red Sea, past Aden, across the Indian Ocean, up-country to his regiment, and then back again, to the house of his home.

If Kipling had only geared a pedometer to his pen, when he began to write, what a record he would have ! We are spell-bound with admiration at the splendid and tireless energy which goes into it all, and we are fascinated and enthralled by the swift kaleidoscope-whirling of his pictures. For sheer vigour of movement, as for intensity of sense-impression, he has no equal. He always writes with his coat off, and there is a horse saddled at the door, to take him galloping across country even before his ink is dry.

This quality of rapid movement, in a purely material and literal sense, is distributed through all his books. They teem with the trampling of elephants, the marching of troops, the

rattle of regiments charging, and all things that stir and seethe. In the derived sense, the same quality or movement is equally strong. He never lingers over moods or tries to convey one definite and steady tone of feeling ; it is change everywhere. All things flow. Something is perpetually going on. We are kept moving forward, with great rapidity. And it may be said that whatever movement the eye can see, or the ear hear, or the senses feel, Rudyard Kipling can paint so that we shall see it and hear it also. He never falters. His hand is firm throughout ; and the faster the movement, or the more fugitive, the better he conveys it.

It is to be noted that he gets his very best effects of realism from pictures of moving objects. Take the incomparable vividness of Bagheera, the black panther : " inky black all over, but with the panther-markings showing up certain lights like the pattern of watered silk." One can see the glossy hide glinting, as the light ripples along it. Or take a touch like this : " He believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is red-hot, all because the lamp glare is reflected red from the twirling metal." Or later in the same story : " Oh, I forgot to say that she would lie down, an' fill her forward deck green, an' snore away into a twenty knot gale forty-five to the minute three an' a half knots an hour, the engines runnin' sweet an' true as a bairn breathin'." One can only note the movement of all this, and its vividness and truth, with boundless admiration. And he keeps it up, page after page, story after story, book after book, with energy unabated, unflagging, and glorying in its surplus power.

Here is a piece of movement as perfect as anything that has ever been written : " ' Liner,' he says, ' Yon's her rocket. Ou ay ; they've waukened the gold-strapped skipper, an'—noo they've waukened the passengers. They're turnin' on the electrics, cabin by cabin. Yon's anither rocket ! They're comin' up to help the perishin' in deep waters.' "

In his earlier work, there was a great deal of animal magnetism. His sympathy went with rapid movement which involved muscular exertion, the fighting of men, the galloping of horses, the wrestling of elephants. There was a warmth about it all, a sense of human force, a smell of sweat, if you will ; but always the strong sympathy with the vigour of the animal man, or indeed, the man-like animal ; the feeling for physical exertion which is a mark of robust health, animal heat, strong nerve, muscular skill. His people boxed well, rode well, marched well, ran well ; and we got a great share of the satisfaction which lies in doing these things, while we were reading about them. Let me instance this kind of movement by an



example, taken from one of his earlier books : " The water snarled and wrenched and worried at the timbers, and the population of the state began prodding the nearest logs with a pole in the hope of starting a general movement. Namgay Doola had scrambled out on the jam, and was clawing out the butt of a log with a rude sort of boat-hook. It slid forwards slowly as an alligator moves, three or four others followed it, and the green water spouted through the gaps they had made. Then the villagers howled and shouted and scrambled across the logs, pulling and pushing the obstinate timber, and the red head of Namgay Doola was chief among them all. The logs swayed and chafed and groaned as fresh consignments from up stream battered the now weakening dam. All gave way at last in a smother of foam, racing logs, bobbing black heads and confusion indescribable. The river tossed everything before it. I saw the red head go down among the last remnant of the jam and disappear between the great grinding tree-trunks. It ran close to the bank, and, blowing like a grampus, Namgay Doola wrung the water out of his eyes and made obeisance to the King. I had time to observe him closely. The virulent redness of his shock head and beard was most startling; and in the thicket of hair wrinkled above high cheek-bones shone two very merry blue eyes.'

This strong animal magnetism was the determining cause which, amongst the myriads of moving things in the world, fixed his mind, with its wonderful vivid intentness, on those moving things which most of all interest the animal man; on muscular energies, on dogs, horses, and the sports they take a part in. So long as he keeps to the energies and affinities of the animal man, and the movements and situations that flow out of them, he has a spring of interest, perennial and inexhaustible. The muscles of the arm fascinated Nimrod; they fascinated Phidias, when he made his statue of Theseus; they fascinated Michael Angelo; they fascinate us to-day, so that Senates will adjourn to discuss a prize-fight. While a writer of Kipling's vividness and vigour writes of the energies of man the animal, he has a theme whose interest will last while the world lasts.

But his animal magnetism seems to have ebbed, while his love of movement and noise continue unabated, and he finds his interest in another direction, far less vital and sound; in the whirr of wheels and the puffing of steam. But there is nothing essential or lasting in these things, nor does he appeal to a common and universal experience when he writes of them. So that all that part of his work which deals with steam-engines is marked by Time to be mown down, and carried away. A single change in mechanics, like the intro-

duction of an electric motor, and the whole thing will be antiquated ; a generation of change, and it will be unintelligible. But the muscles of the body will remain the same, perennially interesting, and the source of all power.

I knew a little boy called Arthur, whose nursery window looked out on a railroad. A train came past, and he watched it with delight. It disappeared, and his face fell. He began to cry, in a minute, sobbing : ' Wants more choo-choo : ' But his mamma could not re-arrange the schedules, so no choo-choo came. And Arthur was miserable. Rudyard Kipling is in danger of giving way to the passion for ' more choo-choo ; ' and, unless he checks it, all his work will suffer. I live in dread that he will discover iron-clads and machine-guns ; when he will waste his lavish power in vivid, assured, stirring pictures of ensouled iron,—which, after a few years, when the fashions change, will have only a museum interest.

Intensity, movement, animal magnetism, and [a marvellous gift of direct narration are the things which make Kipling great. Let us now turn the medal, and see what are the things in which he fails. Let me suggest a whole vista by a single sentence : What about Rudyard Kipling's women ? Let us set a standard ; the women created by a single writer, in a space of twenty years,—Ophelia, Desdemona, Portia, Rosalind, Cordelia, Lady Macbeth, Cleopatra, Miranda, Isabella, Beatrice, Titania, Katharina, Helena, Olivia, Viola, Hermione, Perdita, Constance, Lady Percy, Mistress Quickly, Cressida, Juliet, Imogen, Marina,—taking only one from each of the greater plays. Now let us do the same thing for Rudyard Kipling, who must have been writing something like the same length of time ; or, instead of making a list of them, let us test the matter in another way. Try to write down, first, a list of Kipling's women ; then a list of the jungle-animals, with their Hindi names, and I venture to say that, in nine cases out of ten, the list of the jungle folk will be longer and more inspiring.

Now woman may, or may not, be the devil. That is a question apart. But there is no question at all, that she has long filled a large space of the horizon of human life. It may be a decided gain in Rudyard Kipling's spiritual prospects, but it is an undoubted loss to him as a writer, that he has almost no sense of the eternal feminine ; that he has a school-boy's contempt for everything like sentiment or passion, from Beatrice to Cleopatra, from Helen of Troy to Anna Karénina. He is profoundly interested in Adam, and all the beasts of the garden ; he loves their sleekness, their vigour, their natural beauty. But, with the arrival of Eve, his interest wanes, his thoughts wander, his attention flags. He does not really arouse himself again till the Flood comes, and it begins to rain forty days and forty nights.



Kipling may say that he is not answerable for Eve's presence in the garden. But she was there. And she is the mother of all living. And her daughters fill not less than half the world. They still essentially resemble her, and a good deal of history turns on the likeness. But they hold no such place in the world of Rudyard Kipling's books. It is true that he writes about Mrs. Hauksbee, Kate Sheriff, Maisie, Miriam Lacy, and the rest, to say nothing of subordinate characters, like 'Mrs. Vansuythen, a tall, pale woman, with violet eyes,' and someone else's 'fat sow of a wife;' but we remain unconvinced. Rudyard Kipling's women have gender rather than sex.

This is one of the penalties he pays for being so essentially the man of the senses, rather than of emotion. It is all the material world with him, not the psychic world, to which sex passion really belongs. He is so wholly absorbed in gazing intently at what is before his eyes, that he has no free energy to note what goes on inside his head. It is true that he writes with some assurance of stay-laces, hatpins, silk stockings and so forth; but we remain obdurate. He even makes his rather loud Simla dames talk *chiffons*, but we all the time suspect that they are only Subalterns dressed up, like *His Wedded Wife*.

If Rudyard Kipling had sat with Paris on Mount Ida, he would have given the apple to Artemis because she was fond of dogs, never to the Lady of the Girdle; and Menelaus would have remained the respected head of a model household. All this may make for his hope in the hereafter; but no amount of eloquence from boiler-plates and pistons will fill up the hiatus in his books. In *The Day's Work*, there is only one story which turns on the character of a woman, and she wears her hair short like a boy, and is called William. In the same book, there are two fine racy tales, given up solely to the conversation of horses; and five in which the whole interest turns on machinery, talking machinery for the most part. This may be his mission and apostolic calling. Yet he will have much to do before he persuades the sons of man to 'pray to a low-pressure cylinder,' and do despite to Aphrodite.

Another weak point in Kipling's armour turns on the same exclusion of emotion by sensation. While he is painting a single episode, a single incident, a single movement, he can depend on the senses to guide him truly. All that comes within his field of vision at one time will be faithfully and vividly recorded. But when he comes to string situations together, it is quite another matter. There, the senses fail; they cannot discover the causal connection. That must come

from his intuition of human life, its purpose, and its meaning. And his intuitions of human life is almost rudimentary. Take, for instance, the plot of *The Light that Failed*. The beginning, by the 'smelly' sea, with the yellow poppy nodding to the illimitable waste, is vivid and full of power. The studio scenes in the middle of the book are full of wonderful touches of colour, and those descriptions of paint which we saw Rudyard Kipling is so fond of. And the end, the fighting in the Soudan, is as fine as any fighting that he has written, and that is saying a good deal. But there is no vital and inherent union between the beginning, the middle, and the end. The development of events is not 'inevitable,' but purely fortuitous. There is no deep causal connection. For more is needed than keenness of vision, a fine ear, and alert sense, to pierce to the causal reality of human life; our fate is not a mere succession of vivid pictures, but a vital unfolding, with a perfect unity, an inevitable growth, moving through it all. Events come forth from within outwards, all the illusion of the senses notwithstanding.

The same defect comes out in *The Naulahka*. The American scenes at the outset are full of the vigour and raw, fresh life which one naturally expects in a town on the frontier of the world; and Rudyard Kipling is as convincing as ever when he writes of the magnate's parlour car. It is true that his printer, being patriotic, makes him speak of the 'spacious adornment' of the car, while Kipling really meant 'specious adornment.' But the details of nickel and plush lose nothing from that. And the characters are clear-cut, and life-like, so far as the eye pierces. But the moment the plot begins to move, Kipling's weakness comes out. Why should these good people be whirled off to India? If Kate Sheriff, who is as obstinate as a mule, must have a mission, why not to China, or Japan, or the Islands of the Sea? Why not to the Sheenies, whose dialects would give Kipling a fine opening? There is only one reason for that long journey: Kipling is strong at the Indian scenes, and must have his opportunity. And, once the pushing couple arrive in Rajputana, how vivid it all is, and how purposeless. Things do not happen like that, in the waking world. Compare the quite true pictures of the white man's powerlessness before the immovable, dreaming East, which fills all the tales written by Kipling while he was in India, with the pantomime fashion in which the breezy American 'makes things hustle' in the Rajputana of the *Naulahka*; and see what a world of difference there is. Again, having secured the coveted girdle of gems, why the sudden quickening of conscience, which makes the hero send it back? We are told that the virtuous Kate inspired



this repentance ; but, if she would not forgive the cost of a little powder, or the stealing of the jewels, what about the kissing of Sita Bai ? Is she expected to look more leniently on that ? That is hardly woman-nature. Or does the hero keep that part of the story dark ? Then why not keep the theft of the jewels dark, too ? In other words, the plot does not grow ; it is merely put together.

The same thing applies to *Captains Courageous*. As far as Kipling's unrivalled powers of vividness, movement, and assurance go, the story is fine ; and we feel the enormous gain in interest where man-power takes the place of steam-power, in the business of the fleet. But what a cheap frame for a fine picture ! The whole tone in which he writes of the objectionable, but not irredeemable, hero, and of his rich papa and mamma, is as 'specious' as the plush cushions in that railway magnate's parlour-car. The fishermen are far finer fellows in every way, far honester and sounder to the heart's core, than the railway people, with their preternatural smartness ; yet the latter are plainly exalted over the former. No one with a deeper feeling for human life, and its real dignity and sterling qualities, would pay this cheap homage to a middle-class ideal, with its worship of the successful stockbroker, of the 'beverage,' of the glorified confidence-man under different guises.

Another reflection one is led to, is this : how far is the marking of Kipling's characters due to the dialect they speak, and how far is it due to the real and organic difference in what they say ? In other words, how much of the dramatic power should remain in a translation ? Does the difference lie in the manner of their speech, or its matter ? Is it something that could be marked by the ear, by alert sense, or is it something that must be felt by the heart ?

While Kipling is describing, painting vivid word-pictures, we see the characters before us. But when he is compelled to forego description, and write dramatically, the falling-off in effect is instantly felt. Take a comparison. Which are we likely to remember, the love-scenes in *The Gadsby's*, or the dance of the elephants in the story of Toomai ? I think everyone will decide in favour of the latter.

Therefore I think that Rudyard Kipling is deficient in the sense of the psychic side of life—emotion, passion, sentiment ; and also deficient in the sense of the causal connection between character and events. And, in the psychic world, he fails most completely in the sense of sex. There are many moods in this one field, Herrick has given a charming expression to one ; Byron to another ; Burns to another ; but of none of the three is Kipling master. There is no magnetism about his women. They are not true daughters of Eve.

Kipling is the bard of the first Adam, rather than of regenerate man, with his wider and more universal interests. He has wit, rather than humour; fancy, rather than imagination; knowledge, rather than intuition. He has the gifts which, in another field, would make him a politician, rather than a statesman; a good regimental officer, rather than a strategist; a manufacturer, rather than an inventor. But he has these gifts in a degree that has never been equalled; that will, in all probability, never be surpassed.

If we turn to Kipling's verse, we shall find much the same strength, and much the same weakness. It is difficult to find a measure for verse; but perhaps we may best gain a standard by comparing it with music. In music, there are three quite distinct degrees, three quite distinct elements of sound, which may be combined in infinite variety, to make an appeal to the senses and, through them, to the emotions. And we can distinguish the same three degrees in verse.

Time is the first element of music. It is what goes into the beating of a drum, from the tom-tom of the savage to the war-drum of the soldier. The war-drum and the tom-tom of the magician are enough to suggest that, rudimentary as this kind of music seems, it is really of remarkable power. In their own field, drums will never be superseded. They absolutely dominate our emotions, carrying us away in a tide of common feeling, and, for the time being, overshadow the sense of our personalities altogether. The characteristic of drum-music is, that it is all in the same note; the rapidity and intensity may vary, but the pitch remains unchanged. For sheer violence of emotion, the drum remains unrivalled to this day.

The next element of music is melody, the variation of the note sounded, in addition to varying time. The flutes and pan-pipes of Arcady were the first instruments to give this new quality, and with it came a new theme. From the days of Theocritus to the Italian opera, melody has been added whenever mere muscular activity has given place to passion and emotion. Melody in music distinctively goes with the expression of sex, and the emotion of sex.

Third and last comes harmony, and with it a new field is entered. Harmony begins with overtones, and ends with orchestration and the tone-colours of Wagner; but its quality is the same throughout. It is an overlaying of one note by another; a blending of two or more notes, the enriching of a sound by a second sound; a double meaning, an added power, an increase in depth, as opposed to surface expansion. And this element is used in music to express the deeper sense of life, the daemonic power with which life is surcharged; the preternatural world, which we touch by inspiration and



intuition. It is the sense of another destiny, besides the destiny that the lyric poets embody in their love-songs.

So that we have drum-music, with its intensity and forward movement; melody, which is chiefly concerned with the passion of love; and harmony and tone-colour, which tries to embody the daemonic power.

In verse, there are exactly the same stages. There is, first, verse which is like drum-music, with intensity and movement, but without melody. There is verse which has melody added—the sense of the music of words. And there is verse with harmony added, rich in over-tones, with a second sense besides the surface meaning; an appeal to a deeper part of our natures; an attempt to express the daemonic element in life, which cannot be expressed in words. To this last class all the best living poets belong, though they are still in the stage of experiment, rather than of assured performance. They are trying to do, in words, what Wagner did in musical sounds, and even a small success in that attempt is of the highest value.

If we accept this threefold division of verse, we can find a ready measure for the verse of Rudyard Kipling. He clearly belongs to the first class, that of intensity and movement; that of drum-music and the magician's tom-tom; he has no great sense of the melody of words, and no very marked delicacy in choosing them. One cannot choose from his Barrack-room Ballads lines full of haunting, lingering beauty; lines that charm us by their very sweetness. And if we say this of Kipling's verse, we have already separated it from all the finest poetry, from the work of all the great masters of song. For what is song without its sweetness?

When we look at the matter of his verse, we see that it corresponds accurately with this measure of value. It is rich in stirring movement, unrivalled in the world of the war-drum, powerful in the weird throbbing of the magician's tom-tom. But of the subject of all great song, purely human passion, he has very little to say. The Ripple Song is far the most melodious thing he has written, and it is a marked exception, in having for its theme a motive of love. It is interesting, in confirmation of our threefold division, that when Kipling begins to sing of love, in this Ripple Song, he, too, rises into melody.

His last three works in verse, The Recessional, The Truce of the Bear, and The White Man's Burden, fully bear out what I have said. They are all drum-music; they involve killing and being killed; there are rifles and machine-guns in the background. It is the verse of man, the fighting animal; man still under the brute's thralldom to the struggle

for existence ; not regenerate man, or true human life at all. The Lord of Hosts, the fighting deity, is always a tribal god. Both sides invoke him with equal fervour, as they beat their drums. He is not the Lord of all the earth, who has an equal care for the brown man's burden, and the burden of yellow man, black man, and red. Had the yellow race first discovered murder by machinery, he, and not ourselves, would have the mission from the Lord of Hosts.

So that, in Rudyard Kipling's verse, as in his stories, we find the same twofold limitation ; he is poor in the world of emotion, of sentiment, of feeling ; of everything which rises above the animal man. And he is almost devoid of the sense of man's deeper life and destiny, which underlies sex, which underlies race, and binds all humanity together in a common soul.

Yet within his own limitations, what prodigal riches, what lavish energy, and vast surplus of power ! For intensity, for movement, he is unrivalled ; and while these powers are guided by his animal magnetism, he is the master of masters. In one word, his defects are his qualities, and his very limitations are the source of his power. For here he is not concerned with the more human side of life, or the feelings of man as man ; he has not the psychism of sex to struggle with, nor is he concerned with the causal element in our destiny. Therefore it comes that *The Jungle Book*, where it is altogether a matter of vivid colouring, of rapid movement, of animal magnetism, is, beyond all comparison, his most conspicuous success, the high-water mark of his achievement. Here he has never been equalled, and, we can confidently predict, will never be equalled. He has created a new world, and reigns alone as its creator. Every shade of colour is perfectly in place ; every motion is clearly discerned, and cleanly imaged. And through the whole runs a current of aboriginal strength and simplicity, the heart of man beating true to the heart of his first mother, the all-containing and miraculous earth.

When we come to find a place for Rudyard Kipling among the writers and singers who, for ages, have made glad the heart of man, lightening the burden of his desire, and drawing his eyes away from the shadows of his fate ; when we begin to seek among them all for his brothers and closest kin, we are led away from the bards and makers of our own lands, to the more luminous skies and richer colours of the East. But in the East there are many worlds. He does not belong to India of the golden age, with its dreams of our present immortality ; nor to Palestine, with its poignant passion and sweetness ; nor to Mother Egypt, in her mysterious majesty. His kindred are not there, but in a gayer land, and a brighter life. We can



see him greeted by his kin—in Samarcand and Baghdad ; in the days of good Haroun Alraschid. There, and there only, shall we find the same vividness ; the same inexhaustible wealth, which pours forth story after story, fascinating, bewildering, magical ; compelling our belief alike for god and man and genie ; for the things that have been, and the things that can never be. Rudyard Kipling finds his kinsmen there ; he is the great unnamed, who wove the tales of the Arabian Nights, born again among men, “in a new transmigration produced ;” and as, of old time, he let his fancy roam, telling now of Noureddin Ali and Bedreddin Hassan, now of the Lady that was Murdered, and the Young Man, her Husband, and now of the Third Calender, a King’s Son ; and from one tale ever wandering to another in unchecked luxuriance ; he feels the old errant impulse still, but has learnt to disobey it, remembering that “that is another story.”

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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ART. IX.—THE MARATHAS AND THE ROHILLAS.  
(INDEPENDENT SECTION.)

**A**SSOCIATED with the memorable administration of Warren Hastings, the name of the Rohillas is quite familiar to the English nation. The Marathas came into contact with them as early as 1757, and from that date to 1761, the year of the battle of Panipat, they were in close relations, while the Marathas were a terror to their country until 1773 when they were conquered by the Nawab Vazier of Oudh, with the help of the English troops.

The eleven years from 1750 to 1761 were the period of greatest activity of the Maratha nation. In those eleven years they carried on no fewer than 42 campaigns in different parts of India. At that time there was at the head of the Maratha confederacy a very able politician and keen diplomatist, in the person of Balaji Bajirao. He centralised in his own person the leadership of the Marathas and gave to their acts a uniform direction. During his headship all the acts of the nation can be brought into a single focus and shown to be the outcome of one policy, ordained by that statesman, or in other words it was the continuation of the policy of the great Shivaji.

Maharashtra was first unveiled to the attacks of the foreigner, by the invasion of Alla-ud-din Khilji. But the real annihilation of the independence of the nation took place when Jaffer Khan laid the foundation of the so-called Brahmani kingdom in the beginning of the 15th Century. That century, the century following and the first half of the 17th Century saw the nation under the bondage of a foreign rule. About the middle of the 17th Century men of thought and men of action arose. As Ramdas was a chief of the former kind, so Shivaji was the most prominent man of the latter type. Ramdas describes the fallen state of Maharashtra in the following strain: "Holy places have been destroyed, the abodes of the Brahmins have been spoiled, the whole world has been thrown into confusion, and religion has perished." To mend this state of things the great Sage suggests the following remedies: "Each and every Maratha should be gathered together and the spirit of the Marathaism should be spread abroad." Also; "A number of men should be collected together; all should act according to one thought, and all should fall on the Mahomedans with great vigour" and after this has been accomplished then "what we have, should be carefully protected; in future more should be amassed, and the Maratha



kingdom should be extended everywhere." These utterances will serve to indicate in what direction the wind then blew. Towards the beginning of the 17th Century the mind of the then generation was filled with the one sole idea of the establishment of Marathaism. This spirit was a unique movement of the time. It had its origin in the monstrous cruelty of the foreign rulers. Marathaism included in its sphere Hinduism, but it meant something more. It counted under its ægis the Hindu religion as then prevalent in India, the re-establishment of the religion where it had almost disappeared, the protection of Brahmins and cows, the laying of the foundation of the national kingdom, the complete unification of India, under its leadership. In one word, Marathaism was the active form of Hinduism—it was the revival of Hinduism from its dormant state under Mahomedan rule. In the pursuit of this sole object, the Maratha nation directed its footsteps from 1646 to 1796. It was this object that Shivaji had in view at Raigarh on the 6th June, 1666. That day saw the nascent bud of the realisation of the idea, and the death of Madhav Rao II. in 1796 was the dismemberment of the flower.

The efforts of the Maratha nation from 1646 to 1707, when the death of Aurangzeb occurred, were spent in the establishment of the Maratha kingdom in Maharastra itself, and its protection from the evil designs of Aurangzeb. With the advent of Shahu began the reign of the Peshwas. It was the period of the enlargement of the kingdom and its appearance before the world as an empire. In 1718 Balaji Vishvanath proceeded to Delhi and extorted from the Emperor certain rights. From that point to 1731, the Marathas devoted their energies to the actual fruition of the rights acquired. At the latter date Bajirao, the second Peshwa, was at the helm of affairs. Bajirao died in 1740, and his able son Balaji succeeded him. The first ten years of his administration were devoted to the internal management of the kingdom, which had extended far beyond the boundaries of Maharastra proper. The death of Shahu, in 1750, removed the last leader of the Marathas, and Balaji found ample scope for the exercise of his diplomatic talent.

The Maratha confederacy was a very unique combination. It offers many points for consideration. It was neither an autocratic Empire, nor a republic. It was, so to say, the combination of both. Even Shivaji, in his days, had to conciliate the independent leaders of small bands, who may be likened to the Barons of Feudalism. Rajaram had actually to recognise their independence. In the days of Shahu, the Peshwas came to the front. The Peshwas themselves brought

into existence Scinde, Holkar and many others, in addition to those already existing such as the Gaikwad and the Bhonslas of Nagpur. The supreme genius of Bajirao kept all in order under the nominal headship of Shahu. In 1750 it fell to Balaji's lot to assume the headship, and he proved quite worthy of the honour. Indeed, it was by his own talents that he rose to that position. At no other time was the Maratha confederacy centralised as under Balaji; yet at no other time were the revolts of individual members against this state of things greater than in these days. The most conspicuous of these malcontents were Malharji Holkar and Govindpant Bundale, and no person did more harm to the national cause of Marathaism than these renegades.

The centralisation of the Maratha power, in 1750, in the person of Balaji Bajirao, gave new vigour to the Maratha nation. An acute statesman and an able general, Balaji, both directed the campaigns going on at different and distant places and himself led many a campaign. It was the intention of Balaji to extend the boundaries of the Empire to the Southern Sea and in the North to the Himalayas. They also planned to conquer Oudh, Behar, Bengal and other outlying provinces. Sadashiv Rao, indeed, boasted that he would carry the Maratha standard to Constantinople itself, and, but for the disaster at Panipat and other providential mishaps, this might have been accomplished. During the eleven years commencing from 1750 and ending with 1761, attempts were made at one time or other to realise these projects. It was in pursuance of this policy, that the Marathas, as I have said, carried on no fewer than 42 campaigns in different parts of India. The most active and prominent leaders of this epoch were, Balaji, Sadashiv Rao Bhao, Balaji's young son, Visvas Rao, who were mainly occupied until 1760 in the South; Jay Appa Scinde, Dattaji, Janakoji, also of the same class, Malharji Holkar, and Raghunath Rao, who were engaged from 1757 in Upper India. It was not until 1757 that the Marathas found time to turn their attention to the affairs of Upper India. In that year Raghunath Rao found himself on his way to Delhi. In a letter dated the 26th February, 1757, Raghunath Rao wrote to Balaji, who was at Srirangputtan, to say that Ahmad Shah Abdali had arrived at Delhi, that the forces under him and those of Mulharji were quite inadequate for the purpose of fighting with the enemy, and therefore his prayer was that more forces should be sent under Scinde, Bhonsle and other generals.

In February, 1757, the Abdali returned to India. A correspondent writing from Delhi on the 6th April of the same year, says that Ahmadshah had sacked Mathura and taken the



fort of Agra. The Peshwa's Officer at Delhi, Antaji Manakshwar, fought a severe battle with him, but he had to fly and seek shelter with Raghunath Rao, who had neared Zanshi. An invasion of the Deccan by the Abdali was feared and the Nizam promised to make common cause with the Peshwa. But, fearing the summer heats of India and having wasted much of his strength, the Abdali returned to Afghanistan, towards the end of May, or the beginning of the next month. Raghunath Rao reached Delhi in July, 1757, and was much disappointed not to find the Abdali there. Two courses were now suggested to him—either to punish Nazib Khan Rohilla, or to conquer the Punjab.

The Rohillas were an Afghan clan, who, unlike most of the invaders of India, entered the Continent through the Khyber and other similar passes, and settled in one of the most fertile parts of India. They found in the country between the Jumna and the Ganges, immediately below the Himalayas, a model land to settle in. They also held sway over the western bank of the Jumna, a few miles above Delhi. In times of peace they would cultivate their lands, and on the approach of an enemy would fly to the gorges of the Himalayas, where they found a quiet shelter. The Rohillas were both the rulers and the cultivators of the land. But the chief part of the population were Hindus. The Rohillas, however, converted many of them and oppressed with great cruelty those who did not embrace Mahomedanism. There was no king among them, but there were several chiefs. At the time when Raghunath Rao was thinking of invading Rohilkhand,—Nazib Khan, Dundi Khan, Rahamat Khan and Said-ulla Khan were the most powerful.

In a letter dated the 1st October 1757, it is stated that, Vazier Ghazi-ud-din and Raghunath Rao having combined together, Najib Khan Rohilla was reduced to submission, and then both of them wanted to reconquer the Punjab from the Afghans. The submission of the Rohillas would at this time have been complete, had not rebellious spirits like Mulharji Holkar interfered. This ungrateful Sardar wrote to Dattaji Scindia that, if the Peshwas succeeded at this juncture in entirely overthrowing the Rohillas, their power would become undisputed throughout India and therefore it was in the interests of Scindia and Holkar that the Rohillas should be preserved intact. Dattaji did not approve of this short-sighted counsel. But Mulharji succeeded in deceiving Raghunath Rao, by secretly advising Najib Khan to feign submission. It is to this feigned submission that the letter of 1st October refers.

Raghunath Rao carried the campaign into the Punjab and took Lahore with great ease. In September, 1759, he again

found time to divert his attention to Rohilkhand. By this time he had come to realise that the Rohillas were as independent as ever and that their last submission was but a stratagem. On the 20th September, 1759, Balaji writes to Nana Sahib as follows : "The one or two letters sent by me by courier must have reached your presence by this time. The further information is that the whole army will cross the Jumna near Delhi and enter the Doab, reaching the banks of the Ganges. The affairs at Delhi have been accomplished. It is now proposed to enter the Doab, and then, having settled the matters of the Jats, Rohillas and Suja-ud-dowla, to enter Bengal, etc." This short letter clearly indicates what were the intentions of the Marathas at this epoch, and, but for the unexpected coming back of Ahmad Shah Abdali, this project would have been carried out.

In October, 1759, the whole army crossed the Jumna. The Maratha army encamped near Jalalabad. A letter of this time states that the Rohillas under Zabita Khan, Dundi Khan, Said-ulla Khan, and Hafiz Rahamat, with 10,000 cavalry and foot, met the Marathas and in two skirmishes were defeated. The Marathas burnt the villages up to the bridge of boats of Najib Khan and dismantled it. The writer of the letter thought that within a fortnight the Rohillas, who were encircled by the Marathas, would come to terms. Letters of submission from Hafiz Rahamat Khan had been already received.

As was conjectured, the Rohillas apparently came to terms, but secretly they requested Suja-ud-dowla to come to their help. They also sent messages to the Abdali, who came to Sarad towards the close of 1759. A Maratha army under Govindpant Bundale reached Jalalabad in October. During their progress, the Rohillas of their own accord fled from Sahalgarh, being terrified by a rumour of the approach of Govindpant. After the arrival of Govindpant, Hafiz Rahamat sent in a draft treaty of peace. But Suja-ud-dowla had already crossed the Ramaganga and was coming to their help. Ahmad Shah also, with an army of 40,000, crossed the Attock and sent his advanced guard of 15,000 men to Sarad. The Marathas were in a precarious position at this time; but matters began soon to improve, and the Maratha army, having crossed Rohilkhand, reached Haridwar. In a letter from Haridwar, dated 4th November 1759, Govindpant writes : "I reached Jalalabad. There was Zabita Khan, the son of Najib Khan. He was helped by Said-ulla-Khan, Dunde Khan Hafiz Rahamat and all the Rohilla forces. In the almost daily skirmishes, the Rohillas were always defeated. This continued for ten or twelve days. The Pindarees devastated all the country. Upon this Nawab Suja-ud-dowla came to



the assistance of the Rohillas, and negotiations were entered on." The negotiations continued for some time, but were never brought to a conclusion. Even at this time the news of Abdali's nearing Panipat was received. From Sukratal, on the 8th November, the same correspondent again writes that having crossed the Ganges, he burnt the villages around and instilled such terror into the hearts of the Rohillas that they trembled in their own places. Sahaji Patil Scindia fought an indecisive battle with the Abdali; but, on his approach with a large force, the population of Delhi began to fly all around.

The return of Ahmadshah Abdali saved the Rohillas from utter destruction and frustrated the hopes of the Marathas. On the 11th November it is stated that, although the Rohillas and Suja-ud-dowla had effected a junction, they were unable to cross the Ganges for sheer fear of the Maratha army which was scouring Rohilcund at will. During the month of November the Marathas continued the war against both the Rohillas and Ahmad Shah Abdali. But the suspicious and dilatory conduct of some of their Generals, such as Mulharji Holkar and Govindpant Bundale, prevented them from offering a bold resistance to Ahmad Shah Abdali. The Maratha army in Rohilcund, however, held in check the combined forces of the Rohilla Generals and Suja-ud-dowla. In January, 1760, the Maratha army was at last compelled to return to Delhi, and their whole forces in Northern India were concentrated at that city to resist the advance of Ahmad Shah. The army never returned, except for a few months under Visaji Krishna Binivale, when the great Maratha revival took place, after the disaster at Panipat on the 14th January, 1761.

Leaving the affairs of Northern India in the hands of Duttaji Scindia, Jankoji Scindia and Mulharji Holkar, Raghunath Rao returned to Poona, towards the close of 1758. This Mulharrao Holkar was the canker in the structure of the Maratha Empire. He brought about the ruin of the Empire and frustrated the patriotic ambitions and hopes of his countrymen. He was duplicity incarnate. He maintained friendly terms at once with Najib Khan Rohilla, Suja-ud-dowla and his masters, the Peshwas. He had deceived the simpleton, Raghunath Rao, and endeavoured to play the same trick with the Scindias. But the faithful Scindias, without his support, marched into Rohilcund in September, 1759, and, with the help of Govindpant Bundale, who entered Rohilcund near Itawa, brought the Rohilla chiefs to bay. But the arrival of the Durani Chief, towards the beginning of 1760, compelled them to patch up a hasty peace with the Rohillas and march their forces to meet the Afghan horde. It ap-

pears that in May, 1760, while at Sehore, Sadashiv Rao Bhao was thinking of humbling the pride of Najib Khan. By June of the same year, he had received assurances that Suja-ud-dowla had plainly told Najib that he was on the side of the Marathas and Najib should not expect any help from him. Bhao was also thinking of bringing over Hafiz Rahamat, Dundi Khan and others to his side. These chiefs, who were watching their opportunity, all the time assuring the Marathas of their allegiance to them, began, in October, 1760, to waver when they saw the Marathas in difficulties. Suja-ud-dowla followed this hesitating course till on the eve of the great battle on the 14th January, 1761. And the pity of it is that these foreign enemies were, indirectly or directly, encouraged by traitors such as Mulharji Holkar and Govindpant Bundale.

The battle of Panipat paralysed the energies of the Marathas for nearly a decade. The flower of their army perished in the field, although not without inflicting an equally serious loss on the enemy. The wiry Maratha proved more than a match for the stalwart Afghan. Never after that did an Afghan army dare to cross the Indus, in the hope of enriching itself with the spoils of the Indian plains. The news of the disaster proved too much for Nana Saheb, the reigning Peshwa. He was succeeded by his able son—Madhav Rao I. For a time the home intrigues continued, but the great statesman soon brought everything under his control, and, half a dozen years after the battle of Panipat, the Maratha army again issued forth to spread Marathaism, with scarcely lessened energy.

It is an indication of the enduring energy of the Marathas, that towards the end of June (1761) they were found establishing their posts in the Doab and round about Delhi. Govindpant Bundale's sons wrote to the newly ascended Peshwa, Madhav Rao, that they had reconquered from the Jats and the Rohillas the territory which was lost after the great disaster at Panipat. But this activity soon came to a standstill owing to the quarrels at Poona and the struggle for supremacy carried on by Raghunath Rao, which removed the check of the central authority.

Led by their wily chief, Najib, the Rohillas soon took the weakened Maratha outposts on their frontier.

Under his headship the Rohillas forgot the severe losses inflicted on them by Duttaji and other Maratha Generals at Sukratal and other places, and their utter humiliation in having to surrender 400 of their ladies to the Marathas. When Najib died, the affairs of his country passed into the hands of Hafiz Rahamat Khan, Dundi Khan and one or two other



leading men. The Rohilla chiefs, during the absence of the Marathas from Northern India, managed to draw upon themselves the wrath of Suja-ud-dowla, who eventually extirpated them, with the potent help of the English. But before their final destruction, they had again to encounter the Marathas.

By 1767 Madhav Rao had succeeded in putting a stop to intestine quarrels, by confining Raghunath Rao in a fortress. Soon afterwards he managed to send an army into Northern India under Visaji Krishna Binivale and Ramchandrapunt Kanade, to wipe out the stain brought on the Maratha name by the battle of Panipat. This army marched leisurely, but surely, through Central India and Rajputana, levying tribute from various Rajput chiefs who had been resting all this time secure in the belief that the Marathas would never dare to return to the scene of their former activities. But they quite mistook the spirit of the nation and its then able chief; and in 1770 the Maratha army was thundering at the gates of Delhi. The affairs of the Moghal Empire—or what remained of it—were at this time carried on by Najib Khan Rohilla. Upon the unexpected arrival of the Marathas, he tried to raise the Jats and Rohillas; but all his efforts proved futile and he himself expired in October, 1770, from sheer dread of the Marathas. With this General there were Tukoji Holkar and Mahadaji Scindia. The spirit of revenge against the Rohillas was rancouring in the breast of Mahadaji, while on the other hand, true to the instinct of his house, Tukoji was in their favour.

After the death of Najib, his son, Zabita Khan, succeeded to the office of his father. This short-sighted man stopped the grant to the nominal Emperor, although he was aware that the Emperor had established relations with the Marathas. Enraged at this, the Emperor instigated the Marathas to invade Rohilcund. Mahadaji was waiting for such an opportunity. On the approach of the Marathas, Zabita sought the shelter of the fortresses of Rohilcund. Tukoji Rao Holkar wanted to screen him; but at last the Commander-in-Chief of the army sided with Scindia, and the Marathas entered Rohilcund, where they found Zabita in the fort of Sukratal. Of the veterans of Panipat days, Dundi Khan had passed away, and Hafiz Rahamat was not in a flourishing state.

In the meanwhile, the Marathas had to give their attention to affairs at Delhi. They had recently concluded an alliance with Shah Alum, who was then under the protection of the English at Allahabad. Visaji Krishna sent Mahadaji to Farukhabad to bring Shah Alum to Delhi, and on the 25th December, 1771, he was installed on his ancestral throne with great pomp.

In their last expedition the Marathas took possession of a portion of Rohilcund and acquired immense wealth ; but after the coming of the Emperor, a joint invasion was undertaken with redoubled energy. The leader of this expedition was Mahadaji, who was on the look out for an opportunity to extirpate the line of Najib, who had done so much harm to the Scindia family. The Rohillas held the passes of the Ganges in great force, but Mahadaji, by a brilliant stratagem, deceived them and utterly routed their army in a pitched battle. Zabita fled to the Jats. In his fief the strong forts of Sukrat, Najibabad and Ghosgarh were easily captured. The sons and family of Najib fell into the hands of the conquerors, and they regained possession of all that had been lost by the battle of Panipat. A Maratha detachment was sent against the Jats. The Marathas once more took possession of Rohilcund. These events disturbed the mind of Suja-ud-dowla, and he made advances to the English for help. Through the intervention of Holkar, a peace was being patched up with Zabita. Owing to some disagreement with the Moghul army, a battle took place between the Moghuls and Holkar, in which the former were utterly defeated. While these events were in progress and the Marathas were contemplating the invasion of Oudh and the capture of Kora and Allahabad, news came of the serious illness of the Peshwa Madhav Rao I. and the recall of the Commander-in-Chief Visaji Krishna to Poona. Madhav Rao died on the 18th November, 1772, and with him died the hopes of the Mahratha nation. By the time of Mahdaji's supremacy the Rohillas had ceased to exist independently. Time was given to the English to develop their resources, and they soon became a power in India. The attention of the Maratha Generals was henceforth directed for some time to the affairs at Poona, and at last, in 1773, the last Maratha outpost at Itawa was withdrawn and the dreams of a universal Maratha Empire for a second time came to nought.

Such is a brief narrative of the relations of the Marathas with the Rohillas, which lasted from 1757 to 1773. It is for the reader to form his conclusions ; but I cannot help remarking here, that, whatever Sir John Strachey and others may aver, it was from no fear of the English arms that the Marathas desisted from their original intention of spreading the spirit of Marathaism throughout the length and breadth of India. The fates were against them, and there is no quarrelling with the decree of Heaven.

In conclusion, I have to acknowledge the invaluable aid derived by me from the book recently published by my esteemed countryman, Mr. V. K. Rajawade. By the publication of the original records collected by him at the cost of



great personal sacrifice, i.e. has placed all students of Maratha history under great obligations. I refer to his book containing some Maratha records from 1750 to 1761.

CAMP INDORE,  
25th April 1899.

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M. V. KIBE, B.A.

## ART. X.—MANGAMMAL'S FOLLY.

TO many a traveller or pilgrim wending his weary way along the Trunk Road leading from Madura to Cape Comorin has the noble avenue that forms so pleasing a vista come as "a boon and a blessing." So striking are those ancient growths of banian and naga that the mind is at once led to enquire whose beneficent hand planted them. Mangammal put them down, we are told ; and by the name of " Mangammal Shalai" (Mangammal's Avenue) has that grand avenue been known for over two hundred years. Mangammal lived about the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. She was the last of the strong and vigorous rulers of the Nayakkan family who held sway in the kingdom of Madura after the Pandyan dynasty had passed away. Tradition says that Mangammal caused this road, with the avenue of trees along it, to take its course northwards from Madura to Kasi (Benares) ; and in her day the whole length from Benares to Cape Comorin was furnished with water-booths and wells to refresh the grateful traveller. That Mangammal had a naturally charitable disposition, her munificent expenditure on all kinds of religious works indicates. But it is said that the long, long road from Kasi to Cape Comorin was the result of an inadvertent act, regarded as a serious offence against religion. It would appear that one day she thoughtlessly put betel-nut into her mouth with her left hand, and she had to expiate her folly. This story, some say, is only a euphemism, and this woman, great of spirit and strong of purpose though she was, in a moment of weakness, fell, and was guilty of an amorous escapade, and, to avert the evil consequences of her folly, she performed the act of charity that survives her still. Here was the rift in the lute ; and thus she strove to "minister to a mind diseased" and "to pluck out the memory of a rooted sorrow." Frail Mangammal fell again terribly once, and cruel were the consequences thereof. But we are anticipating.

Mangammal, be it noted, was not Queen of Madura in her own right. She was only Queen-Regent, administering the government for her infant grandson, who was crowned king when he was but three months old. To Mangammal did the baby king owe his life ; and his rescue, while still unborn, has a touch of the romantic. When the King of Madura died, his only widow (for he happened to be singular in having only one wife), Mutammal, was far advanced in pregnancy. So inconsolable was she at her husband's death, and so poignant was her grief, that she resolved on becoming Sati, although there was every probability of her bearing an heir to the throne



in a very short time. Queen Mangammal now came forward, and, citing as a precedent her own case, when she was allowed to forego Sati, owing to her being with child shortly after her husband's death, dissuaded Mutammal from performing the customary rite. Her consent, however, was only provisional ; and she extracted an oath from her kinsfolk that she should be allowed to carry out her resolve eventually. After she was brought to bed, finding that she was being put off, it is said, she caused her own death by drinking a quantity of rose water. But some there were who whispered that Mangammal was an adept in the arts of toxicology, and that the field of the regency was too circumscribed for two.

Mangammal now held the reins of government ; and during her long regency she wielded her power with such tact, spirit, talent and enterprise that the kingdom of Madura soon rose to such prominence as it had occupied in the palmiest days of the great Tirumala, whose palace still adorns the City of Madura, and whose deeds of "derring-do" are pictorially represented on the walls of the famous Menatchi temple of Madura, where they may be seen. Mangammal, wise, prudent and strong in most things, was unstable and weak in affairs of the heart ; and during the last years of her regency her conduct was such as almost to out-do the Great, but infamous, Catherine of Russia.

Her Minister, Achayya, was the last to share that fickle heart. His personality overshadowed her closing days. There seems to be but little doubt that it was to him she owed in large measure the success of her administration. Achayya himself was a very god amongst men ; and when he stood in the assembly of personages around Mangammal, it might well have been said of him—" *supereminet omnes*." In the durbar hall, when questions of State were under deliberation, Achayya's place was at Mangammal's right hand. Splendid and supreme he stood there, as wise in council as he was brave in war. But his heart was black, black in its depths as dark Erebus. And now the time had come when the guilty pair should pay the penalty of this long, ill-considered sin. The young king, Mangammal's grandson, to whom she might be said to have given his life, had come of age ; but long had the Queen-Regent tasted the sweets of power and longer still did she desire to taste them : so, relying on the support of Achayya, she refused to make way for the young king. Her conduct, however, had much scandalised the chiefs and nobles of the State, so that a strong party was formed against her. She was seized and imprisoned in the building which is still used as a jail. Dissatisfied with even this punishment, her enemies resolved upon her death, and it was brought about with a

refinement of cruelty worthy of that semi-barbarous age. Her tortures were Tantalus-like in their horrors. Death by slow starvation was her fate. Periodically food was placed near her prison bars, but at such a distance that she could see and smell, but could neither touch nor taste it. Thus painfully died Queen Mangammal, whose charities, endowments and monuments still survive. Achayya was strangled. To the west of the Golden Lily Tank at Madura, in the little temple built by Mangammal, is to be seen the statue of a young man. It is that of Achayya. On the ceiling of that temple there are depicted portraits of a man and a woman. They are those of the queen and her lover. In her portrait the queen is shown wearing jewels and finery, which were unbecoming her status as a Hindu widow.

There is still extant a legend throwing a strong light on the amiable and generous side of Mangammal's character. Contemporary with her was a Raja of Mysore, who went by the name of Chick Deo Raz. He was of so mean and sordid a turn of mind that it is said of him that he would never break his fast in the morning till he had put safely away in his treasury the sum of two thousand pagodas. In this way he succeeded in accumulating much wealth, so much that he earned for himself the title of "The Lord of Nine Crores." Never by any chance did he perform any act of charity ; and, when he died, to Naragam did he go, and there he lay in great agony. Some time afterwards, one of his subjects came there too, being carried off by mistake by one of Yama's messengers, and was therefore to be set free and sent back to the world of the living. Him the tortured Raja called to his side and adjured to take a message to his (the Raja's) successor and son. The spirit being agreeable, the Raja said :— "When I was ruler of Mysore I hoarded up wealth and performed no acts of charity ; hence my wretched fate. Mangammal of Madura is now coming to this world of the dead, and, as her life abounded in charitable deeds, triumphal arches are being set up and all kinds of grand preparation made for her reception. In a place which I shall describe are concealed all my hoards. Go and tell my son to spend all these sums on works of charity, and by so doing he may yet rescue his father's soul from a place of torment." The Raja gave a description of the place, where the spirit forthwith delivered the message. At first the Raja's son treated it with scorn and incredulity : but immediately afterwards tidings came that Mangammal died at the very hour and on the very day indicated by the message. Feeling certain then that the story was not spurious, he began to act in accordance with the directions contained in the message.

E. H. B.



## ART. XI.—BALFOUR AND BELIEF.

(INDEPENDENT SECTION.)

THE noticeable utterances of Mr. Arthur Balfour in the debate on Church-lawlessness of the 11th of April contained a hint, perhaps too subtle for most of his hearers, but full of meaning for an attentive reader next day. Speaking, apparently, from a plane of inward consciousness, the Leader said a sad and sobering word. While the clergy were raising controversy about vestments and ceremonies, there was, he observed, a large and interesting class in the country, of people who took little part in public argument, but were engaged in examining the very foundations of belief. Persons of this kind, Mr. Balfour evidently thought, would be still further disturbed, and perhaps hopelessly alienated, by the spectacle of internal anarchy and chaos in the Church which undertook to meet their doubt with infallible oracles.

The remedy for this deplorable state of things is not to be found in the vaunted specifics of "Unity" and "Earnestness." *Unity of spirit*—asked for in the Prayer-book—is not what is meant by the spiritual practitioners each of whom advertises his own nostrum: *Unity of dogma* is not really to be had. No Church can be absolutely right, because absolute truth is beyond the ken of man.

Yet there is less difference between complete freedom of opinion and complete compliance with conventional religion than a superficial observation might imagine; and there appears, every now and then amid the prosaic aspects of daily life, a glimpse of fundamental agreement. The believer betrays a hint of doubting, while many a doubter is found more or less willing to bow down in the House of Rimmon. The explanation may be found in the principle put forth in various forms by the ancient Hindi sages; by Plato, and, in later days, by Kant and Hegel, Hamilton and Herbert Spencer. If that which is absolute and certain is beyond the reach of human faculty, then our knowledge must always be conditional and relative; the actual truth being first modified by refraction in each individual temperament, and then further altered by common convention and actual consultation in every particular place and time.

If this be a universal law, it must apply to dogma no less than to what we treat as fact. The transcendent ideas at the expression of which Theology has always aimed, are, therefore, unlikely to be conceived or expressed alike in all conditions of Society: knowledge of them, like all other knowledge,

must be "relative ;" for the human mind is not only incapable of giving it indisputable statement, but, by its very nature, inadequate to its full apprehension. If the attributes of various items of the Solar System are never understood or expressed alike in various lands and ages, how much less the connection between Man and his Maker, or the constitution and destinies of the Soul !

It may well be, then, that no School or Church is either wholly infallible or wholly wrong, supposing that all honestly argue and expound what they apprehend according to the light and ability that may be in each. And, should any individual even feel called to an independent analysis, he ought to consider whether its expression will be beneficial, or whether the trouble, risk, and scandal incidental to a declared isolation are not too penal to be incurred in a cause whose very premiss implies enquiry and indulgence. It seems, then, that we have here a prospect of compromise ; a sort of *Eirenikon* between two apparently hostile forces : provided that each be directed in a perfectly honest and undogmatic spirit. The Churchman may, without shame, acknowledge that he cannot by understanding find out God ; and that, such knowledge being too excellent for him, he cannot attain unto it. The Agnostic, for his part, ought to have no hesitation in seeing that he is precluded from positive negation by the nature of his position. Conscious of the doubtfulness of doubt and the certainty of error, he may well adopt an urbane and modest compliance with the current observances of his neighbours : even as we may imagine Cicero throwing a pinch of incense on the altar of Jove.

Some of our British "Broad Church" have felt this : and it is a needless ignoring of charity to tax them with being insincere or mercenary. How much, or how little, of the theology of his time, Sydney Smith—for instance—may have really assimilated, it may not be possible to determine ; but we ought not to question his honesty, any more than we can deny his intelligence and mental strength. Perhaps he, too, felt that the then received dogmatic system was of human origin and no more than symbolic, a kind of theologic algebra—the attempt of fine minds in hours of aspiration, to translate the divine oracles into the language of mundane life ; though with an unknown quantity. In this sense, it may be dimly conjectured that the conventional image of "The Father," as conceived by mediæval painters, expresses the Providence that animates the universe and makes for righteousness. So, too, the Redeemer of the Creeds may stand for a type of the blessings that wait on obedience, and of the victory of suffering. In no other way does it seem easy to account for Chil-



lingworth and Hales, or the later conformity of such clergymen as Jowett and Arthur Stanley. Belief is one of those matters as to which earnestness is not the chief consideration.\*

Even the difficult question of Determinism is much helped by this clue. Pope adored a Deity who,

"Fixing Nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will."

The *thought* of the author was not always original : but, in his power of enunciation, he has, amongst English poets, no superior ; and his "universal prayer" is a treatise in a nutshell. If our faculties are equal only to phenomena, we cannot lay down the law for the absolute, which must be a law to itself. Thus, while the events of the world and its material facts may be bound in a chain of necessity, it may be fairly assumed that, in the spiritual sphere—where there is neither space nor time—, Will must be unconditioned and therefore free. The freedom only extends to the choice between good and evil ; and it is a purely *moral* factor.†

As to the efficacy of prayer, our principle of Relativity is equally useful. One may be tempted to think that asking for Rain or Fair weather is like an attempt to propitiate the Law of gravitation. Nevertheless, when the Soul is sad, to cast one's care upon God, to accept humbly the fiat of the great Disposer, to cultivate a cheerful, unegotistic temper, is a duty that is also a pleasure, nowise impaired by giving it the familiar old name of Prayer. The fancies and claims of priests or theologians have no effect on such a state of mind.

H. G. K.

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\* Matthew Arnold's objection to the Gospel according to Carlyle may be remembered here.

† See Wallace's *Kant*, p. 213.

## ART. XII.—THE DOCTRINES OF JAINISM.

### REPLY TO THE EDITOR'S NOTE.

**I**N this note there seems to be some complaint about obscurities. Of course I cannot, at present, give any detailed account of the subject, and the obscurities can be best removed by putting questions.

In one place, amongst his salient features, the Editor remarks that the writer has evaded the crucial question of the way in which matter acts upon mind, or soul. Perhaps he deduces this from the eighth paragraph of my article ; but there I did not mean to explain the way in which matter acts upon soul ; but, by giving a common and simple example of wine, my object was only to refute the theory of those who deny the action of matter upon soul, and to show that it does act upon soul. I have said something about this in my description of Karamas, because Draba Karamas are nothing but a combination of the atoms of matter. Of course I am not, at present, in a position to undertake a full treatment of the subject, but I will add some compendious remarks to what I have already said.

The nature of matter is that it is attracted towards, and brings in bondage, a soul infected by Rag Dwaish and Moh ; and it is also the nature of matter that it produces Rag Dwaish and Moh in a soul which is in bondage with it. Now if it be asked why matter does so, and since when it has begun to do so, the answer is that it is the nature of matter and that it does so from eternity. From eternity, soul and matter are intermingled with each other. Matter produces Rag Dwaish and Moh in soul, which, having become the cause of good and bad actions, attract new matter towards soul. It is matter which, according to its past merit and demerit, causes pleasures and pains to soul. Matter, having given pleasures and pains to soul, becomes detached from it ; and as, in enjoying pleasures and in suffering pains, Rag Dwaish and Moh are produced in soul, new matter is attracted towards it. This sequence of Draba Karamas (matter) and Bhava Karamas (passions) has continued from eternity and will continue till soul has purged itself of the latter. But this cannot be accomplished all at once. Rag Dwaish and Moh are overcome by degrees ; soul progresses gradually. First it abandons bad feelings and bad actions, and when it has succeeded in doing this, it begins to detach itself from good feelings and good actions also. When soul succeeds in clarifying itself from Rag Dwaish and Moh, new matter ceases to be attracted towards it, and the old matter, having



produced its result, which, owing to the destruction of Rag Dwaish and Moh, no longer influences soul, becomes detached, and the soul goes unto Nirvana. Again, among his questions, the Editor asks : " How can each of two or more souls be all-powerful ? " I do not see the inconsistency ; but the answer to this question depends on the sense in which he takes the word all-powerful. Perhaps by an All-powerful soul he means a soul having power over all others, a soul having power to create others. But that is not the meaning which Jainism gives to the word. According to Jainism an All-powerful souls means a soul which has power to its full extent ; that is, whose power is in no way diminished or impaired. Now the power of soul is its real *suvabhava* (distinguishing attribute) which is to know all things. Hence the soul in which this power has its full play is all powerful. As knowledge is power, so all knowledge is all-power. In Jainism an All-powerful Being does not mean a Being who can overcome all other beings, or who can create and destroy all other beings, or who can cause furious storm, or who can bring the world into existence out of nothing, or out of Himself. This, of course, is the worldly sense of the word ; but in reality such power shows the very weakness of that Being. An All-powerful Being is that Being whose *suvabhava* is at its pure and full display and who is influenced by no other being. Now it is not necessary that such an all-powerful soul should be one only ; but in this sense each of two or more souls can be all-powerful. (In the sense in which the writer uses the expression " all-powerful " this is of course true.—ED., C. R.) Besides this, there is another sense in which an emancipated soul is All-powerful. A soul becomes disentangled from the bondage of *Karmas* by gradually abandoning Rag Dwaish and Moh. No task is more difficult than subduing one's own passions. He who conquers himself is the strongest. No soul is so powerful as one that has got victory over its passions, therefore an All-powerful soul means a soul which has overcome such an awful enemy as the passions, and it is not necessary that such a soul should be one only, because it is only a condition or position into which every soul, if it chooses and tries to do so, can enter. The condition of God, or Godhood, is not for one soul only ; but infinite souls have placed themselves, and every soul can place itself, in that condition.

Further on, the Editor points out an inconsistency between my two statements in the tenth paragraph. There he undoubtedly misunderstands me. By the second statement I did not mean that Jainism teaches the existence of God as one Personal Creator, apart from the emancipated souls ; but my object was to repudiate this very doctrine. There are religion-

ists who hold that before Srishti (creation) soul was pure, and that it was when God had put it into the world, that it became impure. Now from this it is to be reasonably inferred that it is God who has rendered soul impure. But if He had Himself rendered soul impure, what necessity had He to send down the Revelations. A person who has himself made a thing impure, and then lays down rules for its purity, can hardly be called wise. If it be said here that God did so in order to ascertain the power of each individual soul, that is, to see which of them could attain purity, then this would denote a defect in his knowledge. If such were the case, He could not be All-knowing. Thus, to believe that soul has been put into the worldly condition by God, is to admit that He has made soul impure, because no soul is perfectly pure in the world. And when He has made soul impure, it is meaningless for Him to send Revelations, because that will stamp Him as defective in wisdom and knowledge. Hence Jainism does not hold that soul has been rendered impure, or in other words, put into the world, by God at some particular time, but that, owing to the effects of matter, it is in this worldly condition from eternity. Thus it will be seen that what I said in the tenth paragraph of my article, was in support of this, and in repudiation of the doctrine that God had put soul into the world, or, in other words, made it impure, at some particular time.

In addition to the above, it must be borne in mind that it is not that God is, in Jain phraseology, not spoken of as one. In Jainism, as I have already said in the article itself, prominence is given, not to the individuality, but to the condition or position, and that, as regards position or condition, God is one.

Again, when I spoke of God's desire that souls may be pure and obtain salvation, I was not propounding any doctrine of Jainism, but I was only hinting at the belief of some other religionists. Those who believe that God creates and destroys the world; gives rewards, and inflicts punishments, and composes scripture for the good of soul, seem to attribute desire to Him, because such acts cannot be done without desire. Of course, there is an inconsistency between desire and omnipotence. One who has desires, cannot be omnipotent. Jainism does not hold that God has desires, but that He is Betrag.

The last question is about the relation between the individual Paramatmas, on the one hand, and on the other, between those Paramatmas and the Jivas in the worldly condition. I do not exactly understand the sense in which the word "relation" is used. The individual Paramatmas have, in fact, no such relation as we have among ourselves. They do not



owe any duty to, or have any desire, sympathy, enmity, etc., towards one another. If they can be said to have any relation, it is this, that they are in one and the same condition, namely Godhood. Again, as regards the relation between the individual Paramatmas and the Jivas in the worldly condition, it is only this, that both of them are Jivas (souls), that is, they are of the same genus. It is not that the individual Paramatmas have any desire, good or bad, towards the worldly Jivas. The Editor seems to be under the impression that it is the doctrine of Jainism that God desires the emancipation of worldly Jivas ; but that was not my meaning ; I was only hinting at the belief of Kurta-badeer. According to Jainism ; God has neither any desire, nor does he act, because that will make Him just like a worldly soul.

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#### NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

It is not to be wondered at that the writer shrinks from all attempt to explain the way in which non-soul acts upon soul. This is the rock upon which every dualistic system necessarily splits ; and Jainism is, from its very nature, obviously debarred from resorting to any such easy theory on the subject as the Cartesian doctrine of "Occasional Causes," or the cognate theory of Pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz.

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## THE QUARTER.

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WITH the exception of the crisis in the Transvaal ; the Dreyfus trial ; the proceedings of the Peace Conference ; the outbreak of the plague in South Western Europe, and the untimely death of the Czarewitch, the period under review, though far from barren of incident, has been comparatively unproductive of striking events of general importance.

The difficulty in the Transvaal has, during the last few weeks, assumed a complexion which makes a peaceful settlement of the matters in dispute almost hopeless. In response to the representations of Her Majesty's Government, the Volksraad has passed a new franchise law which, though it ostensibly makes certain concessions to the Uitlanders, is regarded by them as altogether insufficient and to a great extent illusory. President Krüger, however, has declared that it represents the maximum which his Government will yield under present conditions, and has declined a proposal of Mr. Chamberlain for a Joint Commission of enquiry into its effect. At the same time he has put forward a much more liberal scheme which the British Government would probably be willing to accept if it were unconditional, but which his Government is prepared to grant only on conditions that would amount to a surrender of the British suzerainty over the South African Republic. To these conditions, or anything like them, Her Majesty's Government are resolutely determined not to consent, and their public declarations, coupled with the preparations they are making, leave no room for doubt that, failing the early submission of much more satisfactory proposals by President Krüger, their next step will be to present him with an ultimatum the rejection of which will be the signal for a declaration of war.

President Krüger is acute enough to see that the admission of the Uitlanders to equal rights of citizenship would mean ultimately the extinction of the supremacy of the Boers in the Republic. But he is not statesman enough to recognise the fact that the course of events has rendered that consummation practically inevitable, and that the choice for his government lies between accepting it as the gradual result of a peaceful evolution, and having it imposed on them by force, as the penalty of refusing to grant the claims of the Uitlanders.

In connexion with the question of the right of the British Government, in view of the terms of the Convention, to interfere in what is admittedly a matter of internal administration,



Lord Selborne, in the course of a speech in the debate on South African affairs in the House of Lords, has made an important statement, to the effect that, previous to the granting of the Convention, President Krüger had given explicit assurances that he would make no difference between Boers and Uitlanders. This, of course, would be conclusive. But it is noteworthy that the statement, which is repeated in the Queen's speech, should have been made, at this late stage of the controversy, for the first time, and it would be interesting to know exactly what form the alleged assurances assumed.

The outcome of the Peace Conference has been very much what was foreshadowed in these pages months ago. The proposal for a limitation of armaments was thrown overboard at the outset; but the majority of the Powers represented have signed, and it is expected that all of them will eventually sign, an important Convention for the encouragement of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes; fifteen of them have signed Conventions concerning the laws and customs of war on land, and adapting the principles of the Geneva Convention to naval warfare, the abstainers in both cases being Germany, Austria-Hungary, China, Great Britain, Italy, Portugal, Japan, Luxembourg, Servia, Switzerland and Turkey. Seventeen States have signed a declaration interdicting the throwing of projectiles from balloons, the abstainers being the same, with the omission of Portugal and Turkey; sixteen have signed a declaration prohibiting the use of projectiles containing asphyxiating gas, the abstainers being the same as in the case last mentioned, with the addition of the United States; and the same States, with the omission of Portugal, have signed a declaration prohibiting the use of expanding bullets and specially aimed against the Dum-Dum bullet.

The text of the Convention on arbitration is prefaced by a statement that the signatory Powers firmly desire to assist in the maintenance of the general peace; that they recognise the solidarity which unites the society of civilised nations; that they desire to extend the reign of law and strengthen the sentiment of international justice, and that they are convinced that the permanent institution of an arbitral jurisdiction, accessible to all, can effectively contribute to this result.

The text of the Convention itself contains elaborate provision for the employment of the good offices or mediation of friendly Powers, in the case of grave disagreement or conflict, before appealing to arms; for international arbitration, by voluntary agreement of the disputants, including the establishment of a permanent Court of arbitration, accessible to any Power, though not a signatory of the Convention, and for settling the procedure to be followed in cases of arbitration.

The most important result of the Conference is felt on all hands to be the agreement arrived at for the establishment of a permanent Court of arbitration. The extent to which the Powers will have recourse to it will naturally depend upon the degree of confidence it inspires ; and this is a point which experience, more or less prolonged, of its work can alone determine. In the first instance, at all events it is not to be expected that any but minor subjects of international dispute will be referred to it. But it is at least conceivable that its decisions may command such respect that in the course of time all but the most important will be brought before it.

The fresh trial of Dreyfus, which began at Rennes on the 7th August, has been the occasion of a dastardly attempt to assassinate M. Labori, the prisoner's Counsel, who, however, has fortunately recovered from the wound inflicted on him by his assailant. The trial is being watched with equanimity by the country at large ; but the attitude of the army is the ground of justifiable anxiety. The Government, however, is acting, in the meantime, with commendable firmness and vigour, as is shown by its action in depriving General Negrier of his office of Inspector of the Army and his seat on the Supreme Council of War ; as well as by its arrests of the leaders of various so-called Nationalist Leagues alleged to be engaged in a conspiracy, to overthrow the Republic.

A serious anarchist riot occurred in Paris on the 20th August, under circumstances the precise nature of which has not transpired. A body of the rioters sacked the Church of St. Josephus, where they were attacked by the Republican Guards, who, after a severe fight, succeeded in dislodging them. The mob in the streets seem to have joined in the struggle, which lasted for three hours, and were not finally dispersed till they were charged by Cavalry, and more than three hundred of their number killed or wounded. A hundred and fifty arrests were made, and the City has since been undisturbed.

The appearance of Plague on the coasts of the Iberian Peninsula at places so widely separated as Oporto and Barcelona is an event the significance of which cannot as yet be estimated, but which is pregnant with tremendous possibilities. If, as is stated, the outbreak at Oporto, where the disease first appeared, was concealed for two months, and if, as is probably the case, this implies that effective steps were not taken to prevent the spread of infection, the prospect is a serious one.

In connexion with the Far East, the most important events of the quarter are the spontaneous announcement of Russia that Talienwan will be opened to the trade of all nations ;



the application made by Italy to the Chinese Tsung-li-Yamen for a concession to an Italian Syndicate for the construction of a railway from a point on the Chekiang Coast to the Payang Lake, and the despatch of a Chinese embassy to Japan.

The treatise under which the last named country is opened to foreigners of all nations and the Consular jurisdictions are abolished, came into force during the period under review.

Parliament was prorogued on the 9th August after an unusually quiet, but far from wasted, Session. The following are the essential parts of the speech from the Throne, which was read by the Lord Chancellor:—

“The Conference summoned by the Emperor of Russia to consider measures for promoting the maintenance of peace has completed its sittings. Although the result of its deliberations has not fully corresponded with the lofty aims which it was summoned to accomplish, it has met with a considerable measure of success. The institution of a permanent Tribunal of Arbitration cannot fail to diminish the frequency of war, while the extension of the Geneva Convention will mitigate its horrors.

“I have concluded a Convention with the President of the French Republic, by which the spheres of influence of the two Powers over a large portion of Northern Africa have been determined. Such an Agreement had become necessary, especially in respect to the Valley of the Nile, in consequence of the successful operations of the Anglo-Egyptian Army during last autumn. I have concluded an Agreement with the Emperor of Russia for regulating the conditions under which either Government will encourage the development of railway enterprise by its own subjects in China.

“I have received a Petition from a considerable number of my subjects residing in the South African Republic praying for my assistance to obtain the removal of grievances and disabilities of which they complain. The position of my subjects in the South African Republic is inconsistent with the promises of equal treatment on which my grant of internal independence to that Republic was founded, and the unrest caused thereby is a constant source of danger to the peace and prosperity of my dominions in South Africa. Negotiations on this subject with the Government of the South African Republic have been entered into and are still proceeding.

“From my Indian Empire I have continued to receive satisfactory reports of the rapid recovery of agriculture and trade from the depression caused by the late famine; but during the last few weeks the rainfall has been insufficient over a portion of Western and Central India, and fears are entertained as to the prospects of the harvests in those regions. My

officers are carefully watching the situation and timely precautions to meet any scarcity, should it occur, will be adopted. I regret to add that the plague, though still confined to the areas affected last winter, shows no sign of abatement.

"The formal inclusion within my Empire of the territories occupied by the Royal Niger Company will facilitate the good administration of that region and the effective defence of its frontier.

"I have had great satisfaction in giving my assent to a Bill for completing the organization of Municipal Government in London. I do not doubt that the inhabitants of the various portions of this Metropolis will derive from it the benefits which similar institutions have conferred upon other cities and towns in this country.

"I have also gladly sanctioned Bills for the simplification of private legislation in Scotland, for the encouragement of agricultural and technical education in Ireland, for the better distribution of the supply of water in the Metropolis, for the removal of an injustice in regard to the incidence of rates under which the beneficed owners of tithe rent-charge have too long suffered, and for securing the purity of certain articles of food and drugs.

"I trust that the Bill which you have passed for consolidating the Educational Departments, and extending their powers, will tend to the improvement and completion of our educational system.

"The measures you have passed for facilitating the acquisition of the ownership of small houses by those who occupy them will be of considerable advantage to the working classes in many parts of the country."

Lord George Hamilton made the annual statement regarding the financial affairs of India on the penultimate day of the session, the most important features in his speech on the occasion being his advocacy of a vigorous prosecution of reproductive public works, and especially of encouraging private railway enterprise, and his remarks regarding the Report of the Currency Commission. On the latter subject, he stated it as his opinion that the most valuable portion of the report was that in which the committee declared that the establishment of a gold standard in India would serve the interests of the Indian people as much as those of the Indian Government. Those, he argued, who approved of a depreciating currency were really supporting a system that encouraged sweating. The establishment of a gold standard would be one of the most effective instruments by which to improve the industrial condition of the lowest paid of the wage-earners in India. The Government were ready to forego for the present a policy



of borrowing for the acquisition and accumulation of gold, but they intended to push on the currency changes proposed by the committee through the procedure which they suggested. To accelerate convertibility it would probably be desirable to increase the banking facilities of India and to establish a great bank on the lines of the Bank of England. Another measure which should be taken was the purchase by the Indian Government of the gold produced in Southern India.

An amendment moved by Mr. Caldwell and seconded by Sir William Wedderburn, to the effect that under our existing system the superintending authority of Parliament over Indian affairs was not exercised effectively ; that the salary of the Secretary of State should be placed on the Estimates ; that the debate on the Indian Budget should take place earlier in the Session ; and that the India accounts should be referred every year to a Select Committee with instructions to report on any special features deserving the attention of Parliament, was negatived on a division by 95 votes to 36.

After a debate of some length in the course of which Sir Henry Fowler congratulated him on the satisfactory character of his financial statement, Lord George Hamilton replied on the various questions raised, and concluded his speech by a somewhat violent attack on Sir William Wedderburn, whom he charged with endeavouring to excite ill-feeling against the Indian Government.

As far as India is concerned, the submission of the Report just mentioned, or rather its acceptance by the Indian Government, is the most noteworthy event of the Quarter. The Committee recommend, briefly, the adoption of a gold standard, which the Government shall undertake to make effective, at a ratio of fifteen rupees to the pound sterling, together with the establishment of a gold currency. The means recommended by them for the former purpose are the continued closure of the Mints to the coinage of silver for the public, the Government undertaking, as at present, to give rupees in exchange for gold at the rate of one rupee for 16*½*. and to coin fresh rupees in the event of the gold in the currency becoming redundant, and the accumulation of a gold reserve to be made freely available for the purpose of foreign remittance whenever exchange falls below the fixed ratio, in such ways and under such conditions as the Government may think fit. For the purpose of establishing a gold currency they recommend that the Government should undertake to coin gold sovereigns and half sovereigns for the public free of charge, the Indian being treated, in respect of such coinage as branches of the Imperial Mint and that sovereigns (and half-sovereigns), whether of English, Australian or Indian

wintage, should be declared legal tender at the rate of a sovereign for fifteen rupees ; rupees, at the same time, remaining, at least for the present, legal tender for any amount.

As to the way in which the gold reserve should be made available for the purposes of foreign remittance when exchange falls below specie point, the only specific suggestion they offer is that, under such conditions, the Government might despatch gold to the Secretary of State in London, so as to enable him to reduce his drawings on them to a corresponding extent.

The chief virtue of the Report, or rather of the acceptance by the Indian Government of the recommendations contained in it, lies, first, in the fact that it puts a termination to all controversy or doubt as to the main features of the Currency policy of the Government ; and, secondly, in the implied assurance that the Government is resolved to maintain the standard, coupled with the fact that it is within its power to do this, if it chooses, under all ordinary conditions.

That the specific measures recommended by the Committee would be wholly insufficient for the purpose, under unfavourable conditions of a kind which recent experience shows to be only too probable, is obvious. For though the free provision of gold by the Government in exchange for rupees at the fixed ratio for the purposes of foreign remittance would probably suffice to maintain the ratio under any conditions that need be considered, the Government gold reserve can be applied in this way only as long as it lasts.

As to the establishment of a gold Currency, it is difficult to understand how a body composed as the Currency Committee was, could have lent their sanction to the notion that, while gold was under-rated relatively to the rupee, and the latter coin remained legal tender, the end in view could be accomplished by declaring sovereigns also legal tender and undertaking to coin them for the public. Gold may, or may not, be coin into sovereigns for the public under such conditions—probably it will not—; but, should it be coined, it certainly will not remain in circulation.

As far, it may be added, as the maintenance of the ratio is concerned, the fewer the sovereigns coined for the public, the better.

Among a series of important administrative matters that have recently occupied the attention of the Government of India is that of the system of defence to be adopted on the North-West frontier between Chitral and Baluchistan, a revised plan for which has been submitted to the Secretary of State and received his sanction during the Quarter. The object of the new scheme is, as far as possible, to minimise the expense, as well as the deduction from the military strength



of the country, caused by the locking up of large numbers of the regular army in advanced fortified positions in tribal country at a distance from their base. For this purpose it is intended to withdraw or reduce such garrisons in most cases, at the same time enlisting the tribes in the defence of their own country in the form of a militia, and providing adequate support for positions the garrisons of which are withdrawn, or materially reduced, by the maintenance of camps or moveable columns at neighbouring points within or upon the administrative frontier of India, and linking them together wherever practicable by railways.

These changes will admit of the abandonment of various schemes for the construction of costly fortifications, and, when in full working, will, it is estimated, save the country an annual expenditure of some fourteen lakhs.

Other matters in which important reforms have been set on foot, or are under consideration by the Government of India, are the working of the Secretariat system and the reduction of the bulk of the administrative reports at present required from the heads of the various Departments.

A speech of great importance was delivered by the Viceroy at the recent meeting of the Railway Conference, at Simla. After criticising the constitution of the Conference, and the mode of procedure hitherto adopted by it, and expressing a doubt whether it realised the maximum possible advantage, or corresponded either in its character or in its results, with the intention of those who originally suggested it, His Excellency went on to say :—"To apply to it the test of a wider examination in which general considerations of policy shall play a part, and to recommend to the Government of India a systematic, and, so far as possible, a scientific programme, I have resumed the Conference this year, in order that I may have a personal experience of the advantages or faults of the system before passing a final judgment upon it, and because I propose, when our sittings are concluded, to take the public into our confidence to a greater degree than has previously been the case.

"I propose to recommend to the Government of India that the conclusions at which we arrive with reference to various lines shall be formulated in an easily intelligible shape, and be published. In this way the promoters will learn how their schemes stand in the estimation of the Government, instead of having to be content, as now, with the official intimation of success or the private inference of failure, while the public will gain an idea both of the magnitude and complexity of the problem which we are called upon to discuss, and of the general principles upon which we attempt to decide it. There

remains to be considered the question whether it is possible to invest the proceedings of this so-called Conference with any of those features in which I have described it as lacking. Upon this point I have had the benefit of the opinion and advice of my present Public Works colleague, Colonel Gardiner, who speaks with the double advantage of both official and commercial experience of railways in India. There are many difficulties in the way. We cannot suddenly constitute a body resembling a Parliamentary Committee at home. We have not the materials. The questions for decision are far more numerous and more complex. The Government of India is much more intimately concerned than is the Government in Great Britain. Above all, India is a much bigger country than England, and Simla is not, like London, an easily accessible centre to all parts of the kingdom.

"It has occurred to us, however, that there may be cases in which local interests are acutely involved, and in which local feeling is likely to be more fairly represented if it is heard upon the spot than by any official or semi-official representations at either Simla or Calcutta. It is therefore in my mind to constitute, should the case arise, a small peripatetic Commission in which Government should, of course, exercise predominant influence, the Public Works Member, in all probability, taking the chair, and which should, in the touring season, visit and conduct public enquiry in any locality where such a problem called for decision, the local Government, or local commercial bodies, being represented upon the Commission so as to lend both impartiality and weight to its decisions, which should then be communicated in the form of a recommendation to the Government of India.

"If we carry out this idea, the experiment will be a tentative one. If it is a failure, it can be dropped. Should it turn out a success, I conceive it as not impossible that a body so formed might constitute a germ or nucleus of a more permanent Commission, which should place the Government in constant touch with the currents of public opinion, and which should also satisfy the promoters as to the *bonâ fides* and thoroughness of the investigation to which their claims are submitted.

As regards the general railway policy of the Government, he said:—

"The natural inclination is, in my judgment, in the direction, not of expanding, but of gradually restricting Government agency. I must not be understood to deprecate in all cases State management or State construction; on the contrary, I see great advantages, both political and financial, in the maintenance of the Government staff. Still less would I impugn



the advantage of State ownership or the necessity of State control. I am myself a believer in the desirability of purchasing a few outstanding lines as these continue to fall in. While State supervision is of the essence of State possession, probably we shall, as times improve, and as better offers are made us, gradually divest ourselves of the working of the majority at any rate of those lines which are still both owned and maintained by the Government. The terms under which we may be prepared to part with them appear to me to be a matter of financial expediency rather than of fixed principle. Our object should be to make the best bargain for the State. For my own part, I do not think there is anything surprising in the fluctuations that have hitherto occurred in our policy. When Lord Dalhousie first introduced railways into India, Government was unequal to the venture, and capital required to be attracted by easy, and even generous, terms. Later on, when Government found it had been financially a heavy loser by the arrangements so made, there was a sharp reaction, and the railway policy of Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo was based upon strict governmental and centralising lines. We, who have now had a long experience of both systems, can discriminate between their virtues and vices, and can adopt a reasonable compromise. If that compromise tends towards a contraction of the area claimed by Government and an increasing expansion of facilities afforded to Companies, it is because we do not want to overweight the shoulders of Government with a burden they are unfitted to bear ; because we want to reinforce our own power and resources, with the assistance of capital, both British and native—and I wish that there were more of the latter forthcoming, as well as of the former—and because, in the spirit of healthy competition so engendered, seems to lie the best guarantee for the promotion of the public interest."

Another matter of moment on which orders have been passed by the Viceroy in Council is that of the new Municipal Bill for Calcutta as amended by the Select Committee, which was submitted to the Government of India with a view to their sanctioning its penal clauses, and which they have returned to the Government of Bengal with a series of important recommendations for its amendment.

The substance of these recommendations is that, instead of consisting of 75 members, of whom 50 are elected by the Wards, 10 elected by bodies representing trade, and 15 nominated by the Local Government as at present, and as proposed in the Bill, the Corporation should consist of 50 members, of whom 25 should be elected by the Wards, 10 elected by bodies

representing trade, and 15 appointed by the Local Government ; that the General Committee should consist of 12 members, of whom 4 should be appointed by the Government, and 8 elected by the entire Corporation, on such plan as "will secure to that proportion of the General Committee which is to be elected by the entire Corporation a strictly fair and proportionate representation of the constituent elements of the electoral body, and that rules should be laid down for the appointment of special committees and sub-committees which will secure their being, as far as possible, truly representative in respect of their constituent elements of the Corporation or General Committee appointing them." The Bill has accordingly been again referred to a Select Committee by whom it has been revised, ostensibly in accordance with these recommendations. The provision of section 8 of the re-Amended Bill which requires the General Committee to consist of 12 members, of whom 4 are to be appointed by the Government, 4 elected by the Ward Commissioners and 4 elected by the 25 remaining Commissioners, including those nominated by the Government, would appear to be altogether incompatible with either the letter or the spirit of the second recommendation. In the meantime an incident of a somewhat sensational character has occurred in connexion with the revision of the Municipal Constitution. The Government of India having referred in their letter to the fact of charges of corruption having been made against certain of the elected Commissioners by the late Lieutenant-Governor, the Corporation, at a Special Meeting held to consider the matter, by an overwhelming majority, passed a resolution that the Bengal Government should be respectfully asked to furnish the Corporation with the information on which the charge was based. The Government having declined to comply with this request, on the ground that the papers were confidential, twenty-nine of the elected Commissioners have given in their resignations.

Among noteworthy events of the period under review have been the occurrence of serious faction riots between Shanars and Maravars in the Tinnevely and Madura districts of the Madras Presidency and adjacent parts of Travancore, in the course of which 150 villages are said have been attacked, several thousand houses burnt, and many persons killed or injured, and the transfer in perpetuity to the Government of India of the Nushki district for an annual rent of Rs. 9,000.

Among the Bills introduced in the Supreme Legislative Council during the Quarter, the only one that calls for special notice here is the Press Telegraphic Messages Copyright Bill, by which it is proposed to extend protection for thirty-six hours from the time of first publication in India, or sixty hours from the time of receipt, whichever expires first, to foreign



press telegrams published as such by any newspaper. The prohibition against unauthorised publication of such messages extends not only to the messages themselves or their substance, but to any comment on or reference to the matter contained in them ; but it is provided that nothing in the Bill shall apply to any document published by, or under the authority of, the Government. Bills also for the incorporation of Scotch Kirk Sessions in India ; the conversion into British Indian currency of sums expressed in British Currency in the Army Act ; to rectify the drafting of the chapter of the Transfer of Property Act concerning actionable claims ; to make better provision for the Registration of British ships in India ; to amend the Central Provinces Tenancy and Court of Wards Acts ; to restrict second appeals in the Punjab, and to amend the Presidency Banks Act, have been introduced ; while among measures passed into law are a Bill to amend the Indian Registration Act ; a Bill to amend the Land Improvement Loans Act, and the Army Currency Bill above mentioned.

Business in the Bengal Legislative Council has been confined to the proceedings in connexion with the revision of the Calcutta Municipal Bill already mentioned, and the introduction of a Bill to repeal the Civil Court Amins Act of 1856.

In connexion with the progress of the Plague we have to record a serious recrudescence of the disease in Poona, where the mortality for some weeks past has far exceeded that of last year, and in other parts of the Bombay Presidency, while in Bombay itself the number of deaths from the disease shows a gratifying diminution as compared with the corresponding period of any year since its first appearance. In Calcutta the disease still lingers, and the number of cases has lately reached eight or ten a day, but it shows no tendency to spread to other parts of Bengal, and has apparently almost died out in Madras and Mysore.

The current monsoon season has been marked by prolonged drought in Southern, Central and Western India and in the extreme North-West, while in Central and East Bengal the rainfall has greatly exceeded the normal. During the past few days, however, there has been general rain over most of the affected districts, and agricultural prospects, though still poor in certain tracts, have much improved.

The obituary for the Quarter includes the names of the Grand Duke George, Czarewitch of Russia ; Professor Bunsen ; Sir Edward Frankland ; Lieut.-Col. F. W. Nicolay ; Admiral Sir Wyndham Hornby ; Vice-Admiral Richard Bradshaw ; Major-General J. C. Hay, C.B. ; Lieut.-General D. Macfarlane, C.B. ; Bishop Tozer ; Sir William Flower ; Victo

Cherbuliez ; Sir Alexander Armstrong ; Mr. Richard Congreve ; General Sir Arthur T. Cotton, K.C.S.I. ; Major-General Edmund Tyrwhit ; Vice-Admiral R. D. White, C.B. ; General Charles Scott-Elliott ; the Rev. William Wright, and Brigade-Surgeon George Yeates Hunter.

*September 8. 1899.*

J. W. F.

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# CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE HILSA.

TO THE EDITOR, "CALCUTTA REVIEW."

**W**HEN I wrote the article on the Hilsa, in the January number of the *Calcutta Review*, I was not in possession of the facts regarding the number of this fish sent yearly by train from Goalundo to Calcutta, and had to content myself with giving an approximate estimate of it. I have now come across the exact figures for some years, which, I hope, will be of interest to your readers and the public at large. There is an official correspondence extant regarding the diminution of the supply of this fish in the year 1881 in the river Pudma, and the Local and Imperial Governments instituted a somewhat interesting enquiry into the probable reason of the falling off.

The *hilsa* fish traffic from 1st November 1878 to 31st October 1881, on the Eastern Bengal Railway, was as follows :—

Year.	Maunds.	Seers.			
1879	144,113	12			
1880	130,748	0			
1881	28,424	12			
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1882	Maunds	Seers	Rs.	Freight. As.	P.
January	3,917	25	5.234	13	0
February	12,745	6	14,228	9	0
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	16,662	31	19,463	6	0
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The capture of this fish is in full swing during the rains in the months of July, August and September, and again during the winter, in the months of January, February and March, in the Pudma. Thus virtually the despatch of the fish by rail in any quantity is confined to six months in the year. Taking the figures of 1879 and 1880, we may reckon a lakh and a half maunds in round numbers as the actual weight of this fish transmitted to Calcutta by train. This would give 25,000 maunds a month for the six months, or, in other words, about a thousand maunds daily. This means about seventy or eighty thousand fish daily : certainly a large figure ! The freight charged would be something like Rs. 1,200 to Rs. 1,500

every day, and the actual sum realised by the sale of the fish in the market would be from ten to fifteen thousand rupees daily. The question of the development of this fish trade is thus one of considerable commercial importance.

The mode of capture is still very rude and there is certainly great room for improvement in this direction. Now for the conclusion arrived at by Government as to the cause of the diminished *hilsa* fish supply in the Pudma in the year 1882. All the officials said, in substance, that, the rainfall in that year having been a scanty one, there were no good freshets, which are supposed to be the only temptation to the *hilsa* to come up from the sea. This explanation was accepted by Government, but I have grave doubts as to its correctness. The present year has been marked by an exceptionally heavy rainfall throughout Bengal. The river Pudma and its tributaries have risen to a greater height than for many years past. Still, to our equal regret and surprise, we see that the supply of *hilsa* is as scanty as it was last year! It is a question which calls for the serious attention of Government and the public, whether our fish supply is not gradually diminishing. As to the diminution of the *hilsa* supply, I feel confident that the main reason of it is the formation of large sandy *churs* in the mouths of our large rivers, which have thus practically been obstructed, to a greater or less extent, during the greater part of the year. It is a well-known fact that it is only during the first rush of the freshets into the sea that these fish come up in large shoals; and it is probable that, if they are checked in their first efforts to go up, they make no very serious attempts to do so afterwards in large numbers.

J. L. CHOWDHURY.

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## SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS.

*North-West Provinces and Oudh, Forest Department. Annual Progress Report of Administration for the year ending June 30th, 1898.*

**D**URING the year 1897-98, the Forest Administration added 34 square miles to the area under its charge, making a total of 1,737 square miles of Reserved Forests, while that of District Protected Forests (under management of the Deputy Commissioners of Gurwal, Almora and Naini Tal), decreased by 46, leaving a residue of 9,177. The extent of Unclassed Forests remained at 30 square miles.

Demarcation of Forest boundaries cost Rs. 1,608 (Rs. 740 less than in previous year) ; 3,112 miles are now thus defined. Working plans cost Rs. 947.

*Communications and Buildings.*—Rs. 40,218 were expended on roads and buildings, being Rs. 292 less than in the previous year, when they cost Rs. 40,510.

*Protection.*—56 cases of breach of Forest Law were brought into Court, against 57 in 1896-97, in 38 of which convictions were secured, and 6 remained pending : cases convicted were 76 per cent., and persons, 69 per cent. on number sent for trial.

*Protection from Fire.*—Of 1,861 square miles, measures were taken to protect 1,366 against fire, as compared with 1,348; and 1,312 escaped scatheless, against 1,321. In a word, 12 square miles of useful trees were burnt and only 3 of valuable ones, as compared with 12 of the latter in the previous year. There were three prosecutions under this head, for carelessness, Section 25, Forest Act, punished, two with two months', and one with one month's imprisonment ; 9 cases under Section 67 of same Act were compounded.

*Grazing.*—A total number of 278,834 head of cattle were brought into the Forests during 1897-98, as compared with 267,481 in 1896-97, full rates being charged for 94,442 and 85,724, respectively : reduced rates were levied on 64,961 and 54,192, while 119,431 and 127,565 were admitted free. The Income derived from grazing was Rs. 20,353 as against Rs. 19,846, while loss to the State, from free grazing, represented Rs. 30,269 against Rs. 26,869.

*Artificial Reproduction.*—Area for this purpose was the same as in previous year, i.e., 358 acres. Expenditure was Rs. 1,877, against Rs. 979, the increase being caused by cost of walling in

250 acres of newly acquired land. Income was Rs. 3,021, against Rs. 2,053. Turpentine was distilled in the Naini Tál Division at a cost of Rs. 1,462, of which Rs. 1,385 was sold, and turpentine and resin remained in stock to the value of Rs. 1,364.

*Gross yield and outturn of Forest Produce.*—The outturn of timber was 74,000, and that of firewood 143,000 cubic feet in excess of previous year, while 1,917,000 fewer bamboos were sold, the latter fact being accounted for by the plague scare approaching within measurable distance of the Ganges Forests where they mostly grew.

*Financial Results.*—The total revenue of the circle amounted to Rs. 5,01,873, and expenditure to Rs. 3,16,403, showing a surplus of Rs. 1,85,440 or, taking the area exclusively managed by the Forest Department, Rs. 4,73,151 and Rs. 3,04,403 respectively, giving a surplus of Rs. 1,68,304.

Compared with previous years, the receipts of 1897-98, on forests solely managed by the Department, were Rs. 42,216 above those of the previous year, but less by Rs. 91,816 than the previous quinquennial average. However after counting in expenditure we find that the surplus of 1897-98 was Rs. 31,337 in excess of that of the previous year, and Rs. 63,317 less than the average of 3 years prior to the famine.

The value of timber sold in 1897-98 was Rs. 2,69,911 above average of previous 5 years.

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*Report on the Working of Municipalities in the Punjab during the year 1897-98.* Lahore. Printed at the Punjab Government Press, 1899.

THE first point which comes under notice in this Report is the apathy displayed with regard to elections of candidates for vacancies on the various Committees and the number of retiring members re-elected. Statistics are as follows for the year under review and that immediately preceding. In 1897-98 there were 296 vacancies, of which 122 only were contested and 217 old members were re-elected. In 1896-97, out of 287 vacant seats, 112 were contested. The percentage has certainly increased by 2, but this is not a startling advance. The only case in which actual excitement was aroused over an election, was in the town of Jhang, but this was for the purpose of excluding a candidate whose views on the subject of reducing marriage and funeral expenses had rendered him obnoxious to the Brahmins. "Homunculi quanti sunt!"

The working of the various Committees appears to have been generally good, those of Delhi, Simla, Amritsar and Amballa standing at the head of the list, and the credit in the last



named town, being given to Lála Múrlí Dhar for his exertions in the cause. Ferozepore appears to be in a hopeless condition, being divided into two factions, "*neither of which is interested in Municipal matters!*" Jágadhri and Sádhaúra, in Amballa, Multan, and Eminabad and Killa Didár Sing in Goojranwalla, seem to have behaved least satisfactorily. In Peshawar and the Derajat, all seem to have been well administered, especially the Sadr Committee at Déra Gházi Khán, for which much praise is bestowed on Mr. F. B. R. Spencer, the Vice-President.

Cases which called for intervention by the authorities, were not numerous, the most prominent being a reduction in the salary of the Secretary to Amballa Sadr on more than questionable grounds; a resolution at Rewari to spend Rs. 600 in sending representatives to Simla to present an address to the Viceroy, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee; proceedings of the Lahore Municipality as to Establishment of Factories in the Civil Station, and the dismissal of the Déra Nának Mohurrir, after 20 years' service, merely because he was a Mahommedan.

*Taxation.*—The gross revenue acquired under this head, Rs. 31,41,078, exceeded that realised in 1896-97 by Rs. 2,29,549, the surplus being made up of, octroi, Rs. 2,13,182 and "other taxes," Rs. 16,367, the latter sum being principally derived from "water" taxes. Simla alone contributes the very considerable sum of Rs. 1,41,585, composed of taxes on lands and houses, Rs. 1,16,177; on animals and vehicles, Rs. 9,534; on servants, Rs. 15,874. Other big items were, at Delhi, on animals and vehicles, Rs. 8,454; at Lahore, Rs. 9,425; and at Peshawar, Rs. 3,747; while houses and land produced, at Dalhousie, Rs. 8,549; at Murree, Rs. 7,344 and at Déra Gházi Khán, Rs. 15,253, the last named sum being Rs. 3,118 in excess of that for the previous year, the result of "better management," and "realization of outstanding accounts of previous years."

The large increase in the aggregate is, however, more apparent than real, 1896-97 having been an exceptionally bad year. It is in fact less by a lakh of rupees than the collections of 1895-96, showing that an equilibrium has not yet been regained. Refunds of Octroi were Rs. 30,758 higher than in 1896-97 and lower by Rs. 3,807 than those of 1895-96. The incidence of Octroi per head, taking the population of all the Municipalities, was, in 1896-97, Rs. 1-3-1; and, in 1897-98, Rs. 1-4-5; on Class I only it was Rs. 0-11-5 and Rs. 0-12-6 respectively.

*Revenue and Expenditure.*—The aggregate opening balance

of 1896-97 exceeded that of 1897-98 by Rs. 2,39,266 ; but, at the end of the year, this had been altered, and a closing balance of Rs. 84,652 is recorded. Thirteen municipalities exhibit a balance of over Rs. 20,000 and 9 possess funds less than the prescribed minimum, notably Ferozepore, which has but Rs. 125 at credit. Four municipalities, *viz.*, Delhi, Simla, Lahore and Dera Ghazi Khan, are heavily indebted to Government ; but the loans were contracted for objects of sterling utility and the obligations are in steady course of liquidation.

*Health* of the towns in the Province was, generally, good, except in the Derajat, where a bad type of malarial fever prevailed towards the end of the year, with a virulent and fatal epidemic of measles in Dera Ishmail Khan. Dera Ghazi Khan also suffered severely from a visitation of typhus fever.

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*Report on the Administration of the Panjab and its Dependencies for 1897-98.* Lahore : Printed at the Panjab Government Press. 1899.

THE year under review was marked by much political disturbance on and beyond the North-West Frontier, necessitating the despatch of several expeditions of more than ordinary magnitude, the results of which could not be rightly judged at the period when the report was closed ; but, for the first time, a British force penetrated as far as Tirah, the supposed impregnable stronghold of the powerful Afridi tribe, thus striking a blow at their prestige from which they are unlikely ever fully to recover.

Famine had, practically, been brought to an end before the commencement of the year, but we are now enabled to realise what was its extent, and the magnitude of the cost involved in successfully combating the calamity. It is calculated that 2·8 of the entire population required relief ; or, putting it in another shape, the relief afforded was equivalent to the feeding of the *entire population for 1 day*, and that the cost of the undertaking reached an approximate total of Rs. 55,83,333, *i.e.*, cost with supervision and distribution, 22  $\frac{1}{3}$  lakhs ; suspension of land revenue, 22 lakhs ; and loans for purchase of seed and cattle, 11  $\frac{1}{2}$  lakhs. Over and above this, again, Rs. 12,67,521 were distributed from the Indian Charitable Relief Fund, making a grand total of Rs. 68,50,854, as the monetary cost of the famine in the Province.

Owing, however, to the increased advantages accruing from extension of Irrigation, and consequent enhancement in value of land, the revenue does not appear to have been disturbed to such an extent as might have been anticipated, the value in question being assessed at £56,000,000, in excess of the



appraisement on the occasion of the last general famine in 1877-78.

While, however, congratulating ourselves upon the increased value of the land and its still further capabilities of expansion, we must remember that such value can only continue to increase, so long as it remains in the hands of the Agriculturist, whereas it is slowly, but, alas, too surely, passing out of his possession into that of the money-lender. The mortgage returns may not show startling figures in any particular year, but the downward course is none the less steady. The prevention of alienation, at *any* cost, is a problem which should, long ago, have been faced and it cannot longer be delayed.

*Crime*, judging from statistics would appear to have slightly diminished ; but, as there was an increase, as compared with the preceding 5 years, in such serious offences " as those affecting life," Wrongful Restraint and Confinement, Kidnapping, Abduction, Robbery, Dacoity, Hurt, Criminal Breach of Trust, Receiving Stolen Property, Cheating and Criminal Trespass, an apparent numerical diminution is but another proof of the misleading nature of tabular comparisons.

Convictions fell to a lower level than they had reached since 1890 being only 35%, and, in Sessions Courts 46, as against 60 in 1896 and 61 in 1895 ; that appeals were less successful and the proportion of capital cases confirmed larger, appears to be the only counterpoise and it is a poor one ; one thing it, however, shows, as admitted by the Judges, *i.e.*, better working on the part of the Police. In further proof of the last named fact, the Returns exhibit a rise in convictions, in cognisable cases, from 30 to 33 %, and of persons from 58 to 62. Murders, especially in the Western-Circle show the startling increase of from 294, last quinquennial average, to 441 ; but this crime is of a spasmodic nature, unpreventible either by legislation or by watch and ward.

The conduct of the Police force may be deemed to have been satisfactory, as judicial punishments of members thereof declined from 155 to 137 ; true, Departmental punishments rose from 1,517 to 2,133, but fluctuation in these latter figures may generally be attributed to the effects of individual idiosyncrasy.

*Prisons*.—An increase in the daily average prison population together with a rise in the price of food grains accounts for an increase of more than a lakh of rupees in dieting charges, while individual earnings fell from Rs. 11-12 to Rs. 6-7. This, however, is mainly attributable to the closure of the Chenawan Jail, the inmates of which were paid for Canal excavation, now completed, so that the loss is merely a paper one.

The prisoners appear to have enjoyed excellent health and their general conduct to have been good.

*Registration* shows an annually growing increase, the numbers being 174, 246, against 125, 701, and 170, 533 in the two immediately preceding years; this is, of course, due to the prevailing scarcity and, therefore, as already pointed out, a matter for regret, rather than congratulation. The large preponderance of cases in which land was transferred from zamindar to zamindar or from money-lender to zamindar, over transfers from zamindar to money-lender may be considered a healthy sign, but the fact remains unaltered, that the land in all these cases, has been alienated from its original owners and this is the really unsatisfactory and deplorable point.

*Municipalities* remain numerically the same and appear to have worked satisfactorily; interest in elections has diminished, as 57% of candidates were returned unopposed during the year, but this is not of much consequence as their duties are now more or less stereotyped; a plan of expenditure has been laid down, and surplus funds are, in rare instances, available. Rs. 2,30,000 was realised in excess of the previous year, when scarcity diminished the Octroi collections.

The total Municipal debt amounts to 37 lakhs, of which 35½ lakhs are owed to Government, five-sixths of this sum having been borrowed between the Municipalities of Simla, Lahore and Delhi.

*District and Local Boards* have worked fairly satisfactorily, but require keeping up to the collar in the matter of attendance.

*Trade.*—Value of imports and exports declined to 255 lakhs from 308 lakhs of the previous year, but this was an excess of 7 lakhs over the year 1895-96. Trade with Bazaar considerably exceeds that with the whole of Afghanistan (though the Swat outbreak affected this also), which is attributed to the opening out of the Chitral road, and still more extended results are hoped for from the Malakand Pass, having been rendered available for traffic. Imports increased during the year by Rs. 1,234 lakhs, while exports fell off from 1,126 to 827 lakhs, owing to non-recovery from the results of the famine year; excess, however, of imports over exports of food grains, rose from 150,000 tons to 214,000. Karachi is rapidly growing in importance, as a seaport, and now deals with 56% of the import and 71% of the export trade of the Province.

*Public Works.*—The amount expended on Public Works, including Imperial Military, Imperial Civil and "Private Contri-



butions," was Rs. 51,66,559, plus Rs. 5,56,671 spent on Famine Relief Works and Rs. 63,889 on the Jhelum Canal Works.

*Irrigation.*—The area watered by canals was 5,214,258 acres, as against 4,641,435 acres in the previous year, which, up to now, had been a "record." The revenue derived, therefrom, was Rs. 1,36,44,815, as compared with Rs. 1,21,27,537, in 1896-97, and amounts to more than a moiety of the land revenue of the Province.

*Finance.*—In demonstration of the powers of recuperation inherent in the Province, after a year of famine and scarcity, we find, in the revenue collections, a rise of about 25½ lakhs, *i.e.*, from Rs. 4,14,51,000 to Rs. 4,39,75,000, the land revenue alone showing an increase of nearly 23¾ lakhs. Stamp revenue was less by Rs. 1,91,000, which is a healthy sign, as the excess probably meant heavy borrowing, and, again, a rise in excise and income-tax collections of Rs. 1,55,000, and Rs. 71,000 respectively, shows decidedly improved conditions.

Continues the minimum reserve balance of the Local Government has been reduced by one-half; but when extraordinary burdens have been removed, little anxiety is felt as to restoration of the equilibrium.

*Medical and Sanitary.*—In the greater portion of the Province the year was a very healthy one, but sickness in a few districts upheld the death-rate, though that even was lowered, being 31·05 per thousand against 31·53 in 1896-97.

The birth-rate exceeded the death-rate by 11·6 per thousand.

Plague declared itself in a village, Khalkar Kalán, in the Jullundhur District, on October 17th, 1897, and spread rapidly through the Nawashahr and Phillour Tahsils of the Jullundhur, Garshanker Tahsil of the Hoshiarpore Districts, and the Phagwará Illáqua of the Kapurthála State, though, by great good fortune, it has hitherto confined itself to that area: up to the end of the year under review, there had been 2,681 cases and 1,536 deaths. Small-pox decreased by nearly two-thirds, 16,077 deaths being recorded during the year, against 45,084 in the previous one, the smallest number occurring in the Kangra District. Only 622 deaths were registered under the head of Cholera, out of which 538 were entered in the Hissar District. Two additional Dispensaries were opened, but the daily number of in-door patients slightly decreased, but this may fairly be set down to improvement in the general health.

On the other hand, the daily average of out-door patients applying for treatment rose from 19374·92 to 20577·20. Fewer operations were performed, a fact attributed to the Frontier disturbances preventing sufferers from across the Border, seeking relief.

Vaccination shows a decline in the number of operations performed, but a better percentage of successful results.

*Education.*—The number undergoing education in Public Institutions was 184,990, an increase of 1,252, though that in Private Seminaries was less by 4,623, the grand total of scholars being 262,551, *i.e.*, 240,522 males and 22,029 females, or a percentage of 14·24 and 1·52, respectively, of a school-going age. The reduction of 312 in the number of Private Institutions was principally from among the Rote schools or those devoted to Advanced Arabic, Persian or Sanskrit, and was possibly due to scarcity and in some parts, to the Frontier disturbances, also, probably, in great measure, to increased preference for the sounder and more general education imparted in the Public Institutions.

Hindus, as usual, preponderate largely, in fact to a greater extent than formerly, as 1,564 Mahommedans fell away from the Public Institutions, but in this, again, scarcity is probably a factor, as the Mahommedan lower ranks are poorer than the Hindus. The following comparisons may be of interest: The Mahommedans have 1 in every 14 boys at school and 1 in every 196 girls; Hindus 1 in 7 and 1 in 87; Sikhs, 1 in 7 and 1 in 52. As regards cost of education, we find that tuition itself entailed expenditure of Rs. 1,00,407 more than formerly, of which Imperial Revenues contributed Rs. 9,791 less, and District Funds Rs. 19,756 more, than before. There are now 11 Universities in existence, with 1,364 students; 44·6% passed on the Arts side and 5 out of 6 on the Oriental, in the examinations of the year; 38·5 obtained the B. A. degree, against 33·6, and 9 reached the M. A. against 16.

In Secondary Education there was an increase of 2,160 scholars, the total number being 59,706, of whom 57% learn English. At the High Stage of Education, out of 3,153, all but 68 learn English, and at the Middle Stage 65%; the annual cost of educating a boy in Secondary schools, is Rs. 15-8. Conduct and Discipline appear to have been satisfactory; indeed, the principal offenders against either seem to have been the teachers. There were 259 Boarding-houses, with 7,202 inmates. That interest in Physical Training is steadily on the increase, may be looked upon as a most satisfactory feature in the Report under review.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Our Code of Honour.* By HOPE HUNTLY. Sampson Low Marston & Co., London.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Huntly's book, *Our Code of Honour*, is not written *virginibus puerisque*, she has managed to tread on delicate ground with a reserve and restraint which should go far to disarm the criticism of those to whom such stories are *anathema*. That men who hold the code of honour regarding women formulated by Major Deyncourt are numerous will hardly be disputed, and if, by showing the unhappiness which may ensue from it to the innocent as well as to the guilty, some of these are driven to revise their code, the writer will have done good service to her sex. We are afraid, however, that her regard for her heroine and her natural desire to make things ultimately happy for her have prevented her from driving the lesson home with the force she might otherwise have used without doing any violence to probability. There are men who under the circumstances described would have pursued a different course from that taken by Beresford Freere. We cannot agree with the writer when she pessimistically,—we might say libellously, describes Sir Angus Forsyth, an unscrupulous, vindictive and uninteresting member of the Indian Civil Service, as “a typical product of our nineteenth century Empire.” To accept him as such would be to despair of our rule in India. His wife, the secondary heroine, as we may call her, strikes us as weak and unnaturally indiscreet; but Andrey is fresh and sweet as a heroine should be. From Mrs. Huntly's descriptions of scenes and scenery in India, it is clear that her local colour has been gained at first hand, on the spot, and we have one or two realistic pictures of places and things which show that she possesses no mean gift in this direction. The exacting critic might, perhaps, point to little slips here and there which show that, although she has evidently been in India, she has never kept house there. Otherwise she would have known that it does not form part of the duty of a *khidmutghar* to announce visitors, or hand letters to the lady of the house. But such slips are few and trifling and do not in any way detract from the interest of the story. The book is dedicated to Field Marshal, Right Honourable Lord Roberts, V. C., K. P., for whom the writer avows her “sincerest admiration.”

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*Rupert, by the Grace of God.* By Dora Greenwell McChesney.  
Macmillan & Co. London.

A REALLY good historical novel which has in it enough of truth to make it convincing and enough of fiction to prevent it from being a mere *rechauffé* of well-known incidents, is a very wholesome tonic to the mind as a change from the more vapid style of fiction so much in vogue. It serves to jog the memory regarding half-forgotten events of history, while it sheds over them a glamour of romance which adds greatly to their interest and to the pleasure of the reader. But books of this kind are exceedingly rare. It is hardly too much to say that since Sir Walter Scott laid down his pen, they might be counted on the fingers of one hand. To the successes in this domain of literature, however, Miss Dora McChesney's *Rupert by the Grace of God* must be added. It is written gracefully and forcibly throughout. Indeed, the vigour of the style makes it a matter of some wonder that it should have been written by a woman, since it deals with subjects which are, as a rule, somewhat out of her beat, the camp and the field bulking largely in its pages. There was, we believe, more than one plot during our civil wars to place Prince Rupert on the throne for which his uncle was so manifestly unfit, but that treated of in this tale is, as the title tells us, hitherto "unrecorded," and so may be taken as the coinage of Miss McChesney's brain. The story is told in the first person by one Will Fortescue, a Royalist soldier who is continually being made a traitor by force of circumstances and in spite of himself, but remains, notwithstanding, a fine character to the tragic end, and he tells it well. The scene in which he is cast off in scorn by his beloved Prince, his sword taken from him and broken, that it "shall serve no loyal man," and his life spared only in gratitude for past services, is full of pathos, and the man is sufficiently real for the reader to feel with him the humiliation and bitterness of his position. Prince Rupert, as drawn by the writer, is a strong and fascinating personality, and one lays down the book with something like regret that the plot which was to proclaim him king did not come to a more successful ending. The writer has not forgotten the love element essential to a perfect tale, and beside the clash of arms and the glint of steel there runs a note of tender passion. Her descriptive powers may be judged by the following passage in which she pictures the flight of a defeated and panic-stricken army—the flight of the Royalist troops before Cromwell's cavalry at Naseby.

Will Fortescue has ventured out for the first time since he was severely wounded in the knee, to join his comrades with the army round Daventry and Harborough.



"I had no thought" he says "of defeat that day; the sun was too bright. And wearied though I was with Sol's movements, I fell to singing snatches of camp and battle songs as I pushed on, measuring my strength against the road. Suddenly I stopped short, pulling in Sol so sharply that he whinnied and pawed. I lifted myself in the saddle and sat stone still, listening—listening to the beat of my own heart in my ears belike, for there was nothing else. Letting out my breath in a long sigh I rode on, but Sol had grown restless, and flung up his head with pricked ears and flaring nostrils. I gave him the spur in a causeless anger, and then again I checked him.

What was it? A muttering—a mourning in the air—a sigh that swept the fields—a shudder that shook the ground? What was it? The grumble of thunder afar—the thunder of distant guns? Nay, too broken, too confused. Then, in a moment, all was gone—and there was stillness about me. I waited, I knew not why—listened for I knew not what. Again a wave of sound—but nearer—more certain—hoarse, muffled, menacing, I rode for it, drawn by wonder—it was not fear yet. I could see nothing across the rolling country and through the warm summer sunlight, and I could not always hear. But I felt—even in the pauses of the sound—a waft of doubt and of terror. I raised myself in my stirrups, but I could see nothing—and the surge of sound rolled deeper—louder; and above it came a sharp and jangled note which tore through sound and stillness.

What was I riding for? I wondered; and as I wondered, across the rise of the ground came a single horseman, urged to uttermost speed—a messenger, I gasped, and knew as I spoke that I lied. The man wore the dress of Langdale's Horse—that much I could see—disordered, dust covered as he was, cowering in his saddle as he rode. I called to him as he passed and he sent back a fierce, half strangled cry, for answer, and goaded on his horse with bloody spurs.

I too cried out, and I too spurred my horse, but onward—southward. But another soldier passed me—and another—and then I counted not by single men. I questioned no more, nor doubted, for everywhere about me, along the road and across the fields went the mad hurry of Royalist fugitives. The dust rose, stifling and stinging me, and with the dust a cloud of cries, curses, prayers, and an out cry of panic without words.

The horsemen were thicker and thicker around, and here and there I saw one fallen by the way. A ball screamed past me, and then riding down through a lot of flying men I saw a trooper of the enemy. And I let out all my soul in the curse I hurled at him and speeded it with a bullet. The man

dropped and with that—the first deed I had done that day—I felt myself one of the army and the despair of a broken army laid hold on me. I turned my horse and galloped—fled with the rest.”

To all who like a wholesome bracing story, full of stirring incident, and told with grace and verve, we can heartily recommend the book.

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*The Second Afghan War, 1878-79-80 : Its Causes ; its Conduct, and its Consequences.* By Colonel H. B. HANNA, Vol. I. Westminster : Archibald Constable & Co., 1899.

IN his Preface, Colonel Hanna tells us that, when he sat down to write the introductory Chapter of his book, it was with the intention of explaining to his readers why the Indian Government had invaded a country with which it earnestly desired to live in peace and amity. But an examination of the evidence, official and non-official, forced on him the conviction that the war of 1878 “had sprung out of no change of attitude on the part of the Amir of Afghanistan, but out of a “change of policy on the part of the British Government—“a change due to fears, which experience of the country beyond “the Indus had shown him to be ill-founded—and that, instead “of having been reluctantly undertaken by an insulted and “endangered State for the vindication of its honour and the “protection of its frontiers, it had been deliberately led up to “by a series of steps, some diplomatic, some military, which, “in the end, had left Shere Ali no choice, but to consent to “the diminution of his own authority and his country’s independence, or to accept a contest in which his fortunes at “least were certain to suffer shipwreck.”

Two-thirds of his first volume is, in fact, occupied with proofs that this was the true origin of the war, and the verdict of most candid readers will be that the demonstration is conclusive. Not that the writer shows, or, indeed, attempts to show, that the British Government deliberately sought to pick a quarrel with the Amir. The new policy was dictated by a conviction based partly on its views of Russian policy and partly on distrust of the Amir, that it was necessary for the security of British interests that Quetta should be occupied in force and English agencies established at Kabul and elsewhere in Afghanistan, coupled with a belief that the Amir would not seriously object to the latter arrangement. On the first of these points, there was, no doubt, room for difference of opinion. The conclusion at which Lord Salisbury’s Ministry arrived on the latter, on the other hand, was opposed to the practically unanimous opinion of all the Indian autho-



rities consulted. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab ; Colonel Sir R. Pollock, Commissioner of Peshawar ; Major-General R. Taylor, Commissioner of Amritsar ; Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, Officiating Commissioner of the Derajat Division ; Captain Cavagnari, Officiating Deputy Commissioner of Peshawar, and Mr. T. H. Thornton, Secretary to the Punjab Government, "all agreed that the appointment of British officers, as residents at Kandahar, Herat or elsewhere, would be distasteful to the Amir and that he would not willingly consent to such a measure."

Lord Northbrook and his Council protested strongly against the proposed new departure. While admitting that the presence of a British Agent at Herat would be an excellent thing if he were there with the Amir's cordial consent, "they maintained that nothing but evil could flow from it if that consent were withheld, since either the British Government must accept Shere Ali's refusal without altering its policy towards him, a course which might encourage him to disregard its wishes in other matters—or else, treating it as a sign of unfriendly feeling on his part, it must withdraw from him its assurance of support. In either case British influence in Afghanistan must suffer ; in the latter a grave injustice would probably, be committed, for reluctance to accede to British wishes on this one point, the point of all others on which Afghan feeling was known to be sensitive, would not prove Shere Ali disloyal to the British alliance. It was true that his language after the Simla Conference had been unsatisfactory, but Sir R. Pollock, whose intimate acquaintance with Nur Mahomed Shah gave him the best means of forming a correct judgment of the Simla negotiations, and who, in 1874, had obtained confidential information as to the sentiments of the Amir—had stated his conviction that no unfavourable change whatever had taken place in them ; and the Indian Government itself could testify to the fact that, since the Ambala Conference, Shere Ali had never shown any disposition to neglect its advice as to the external affairs of Afghanistan, and that he had accepted fully, though reluctantly, the Seistan award, by which there was every reason to believe he would abide."

These and other arguments to the same end, however, made no impression on Lord Salisbury, and the Viceroy was instructed to send an embassy to the Amir, charged with some ostensible object of smaller political interest, but to dissemble for the present his intention of establishing a permanent mission in Afghanistan.

The Viceroy and his Council again protested, and asked for further explanation, in a despatch which closed with the follow-

ing passage :—" It is in the highest degree improbable that the Amir will yield a hearty consent to the location of British Officers in Afghanistan which the Mission is intended to accomplish ; and to place our officers on the Amir's frontier without his hearty consent would, in our opinion, be a most impolitic and dangerous movement. Setting aside the consideration of the personal risk to which, under such circumstances, the Agents would be exposed, and the serious political consequences which would ensue from their being insulted or attacked, their position would be entirely useless, they would be surrounded by spies under the pretext of guarding them or administering to their wants. Persons approaching or visiting them would be watched and removed ; and though nothing might be done ostensibly which could be complained of as an actual breach of friendship, the agents would be checked on every hand, and would soon find their position both humiliating and useless. Such was the experience of Major Todd at Herat in 1839, when his supplies of money failed. Such was the experience of Colonel Lumsden when he went to Candahar in 1857, as the dispenser of a magnificent subsidy.

A condition of things like this could not exist for any length of time without leading to altered relations, and possibly even, in the long run, to a rupture with Afghanistan, and thereby defeating the object which Her Majesty's Government have in view. We already see the fruits of the conciliatory policy which has been pursued since 1869, in the consolidation of the Amir's power and the establishment of a strong Government on our frontier. The Amir's not unnatural dread of our interference in his internal affairs and the difficulties of his position as described in our despatch of the 7th of June last, combined, perhaps, with the conviction that, if ever a struggle for the independence of Afghanistan should come, we must in our own interest help him, may have induced him to assume a colder attitude towards us than we should desire. But we have no reason to believe that he has any desire to prefer the friendship of other Powers. We are convinced that a patient adherence to the policy adopted towards Afghanistan by Lord Canning, Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo, which it has been our earnest endeavour to maintain, presents the greatest promise of the eventual establishment of our relations with the Amir on a satisfactory footing ; and we deprecate, as involving serious danger to the peace of Afghanistan and to the interests of the British Empire in India, the execution, under present circumstances, of the instructions conveyed in your Lordship's Despatch."

Here was plain speaking. But the Government of Lord Salisbury had resolved on a forward policy *coute que coute* ;



and Lord Northbrook's resignation, which went home by the same mail as the above Despatch, removed the chief obstacle to its inauguration. In his successor, Lord Lytton, the Government found a willing instrument. The instructions given him as regards Afghanistan were in effect, to lose no time in sending an envoy there charged with the task of obtaining the Amir's consent to the establishment of permanent British Agencies in his dominions, but ostensibly to notify to him the Queen's assumption of the Imperial title and Lord Lytton's assumption of the Viceregal Office.

Into the author's account of what followed—the interviews between the Viceroy and Nur Mahomed; Lord Lytton's instructions to Atta Mahomed; the Peshawar Conference, and its abrupt termination; Sir Lewis Pelly's letter to Nur Mahomed; the despatch of Sir Neville Chamberlain's Mission to Kabul in anticipation of the Amir's consent and its repulse from Ali Musjid, and the Viceroy's ultimatum it is impossible for us to follow him here. That account, which is distinguished no less by impartiality than by acumen, makes it impossible for us to say, of the use which Lord Lytton made of his instructions, what we have said of the policy of the Home Government, that there is no proof that it was dictated by a desire to pick a quarrel with the Amir. No unbiased reader of Colonel Hanna's pages can well doubt that, from the time of the Peshawar Conference to that of the despatch of the Mission, Lord Lytton was persistently bent upon forcing war on Shere Ali.

The volume before us closes with an excellent account of the theatre of operations and plan of campaign, together with the preparations for an advance, but stops short of the actual invasion of Afghanistan.

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*War to the Knife.* ROLF BOLDREWOOD, Macmillan & Co., London.

THERE is in Rolf Boldrewood's last tale, *War to the Knife*, enough of love, and the excitement incident to warfare with savage tribes to satisfy the most exacting of his admirers. Apart from these, however, the book is interesting, if only for the vivid descriptions it contains of the scenery and natural wonders of New Zealand. The hero, Roland Massinger, who seeks to heal a wounded heart by abandoning his English home in favour of sheep-farming in the Colonies, has the good luck to visit New Zealand while the pink and white terraces are in their full beauty, and to be conducted to see them and other sights by a majestic and bewitching Maori half-caste girl, and her companions.

"With the exception" says the writer, "of the world-famed terraces, no spot on earth was so rich in strange and wondrous surroundings as

this great lake of unfathomable depth, a thousand feet above the sea, sleeping amidst its volcanic blocks of quartzose lava and huge masses of pumice-stone. To the north-west they gazed at the wooded ridges of Rangi-toto and Tuhua, and, three thousand feet above the sea, the bare turreted pyramids of Titerau, towering in pride, as might, on the castled Rhine, the ruined fortress of a forgotten robber-baron. White pumice-stone cliffs gleaming in the sun bordered the eastern shore. Behind the sombre forest ranges, pyramidal monoliths, piercing the heavens at yet greater altitudes, gave to this amazing landscape the fantastic aspect of a dream-world."

More impressive even to the traveller is the mud volcano, in which, before the end of the tale, the villain finds a horrible death.

"There is one more sight, and not the least of the series," said Warwick, as they approached a curious soot-coloured cone, from which, of course, steam ascended, and strange sounds, with intermittent groanings, made themselves heard.

"The powers be merciful to us mortals, who can but believe and tremble!" ejaculated Massinger. "What demon's kitchen is this?"

"Only a mud volcano," answered Warwick. "Let us climb to the top and look in."

The mound, formed by the deposit of dried mud, some ten or twelve feet high, was easily ascended. Open at the top, it was filled with a boiling, opaque mass of seething, bubbling mud. Ever and anon were thrown up fountain-like spurts, which turned into grotesque shapes as they fell on the rim of the strange cauldron. A tiny dab fell upon Erena's *kaitaka*. She laughed.

"It will do this no harm; but it might have been my face. A mud scald is long of healing."

"What an awful place to fall into alive!" said Massinger, as he gazed at the steaming, impure liquid. "Is it known that any one ever slipped over the edge?"

"More than one, if old tales are true," said Warwick; "but they were *thrown in*, with bound hands, after battle. It was a choice way of disposing of a favourite enemy. He did not always sink at once; but none ever came out, dead or alive."

Most readers will probably lay down the book with the impression that, although New Zealand is endowed to an extraordinary extent with grand natural beauties and wonderfully interesting phenomena, it must be a somewhat uncomfortable country for the ignorant or inexperienced traveller. When to the usual discomfort and danger of going through rough country among more or less savage people, is added the risk of walking into an innocent-looking pool and being scalded to death, it is not difficult to understand the guide when he describes his sensations in the valley of Waiotapu—; "You have the feeling" he says, "of being on the lid of a boiling cauldron, and can realise most of the sensations belonging to a place where you may be boiled alive or burnt to death at any moment."

It would not be fair to the author to tell of the various adventures which befel the hero, or of their ultimate results—all that the reader must discover for himself.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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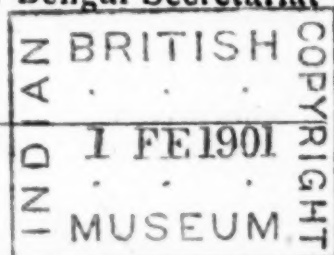
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